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VOLUME III

Portland, Maine
THOMAS B. MOSHER
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The Bibelot

THE Idyl, or little picture, is of Grecian origin, and in the hands of Theocritus came to its utmost perfection. Of his life we know almost nothing. That he was born at Syracuse,—'the greatest of Greek cities, the fairest of all cities,'—is probable; the period of his literary activity, (270 B. C.), is also tolerably certain. From the Egyptian court of Ptolemy Philadelphus in Alexandria, where his later years were passed he returned, possibly in old age, to his birthplace to die.

What remains of Theocritus embraces thirty idyls, (a few being of doubtful authenticity,) and a score of epigrams. His name, moreover, is indissolubly linked with the names of two other idyllic poets, Bion and Moschus.

The five idyls chosen by us will, it is believed, turn the reader to the entire text either as given in Mr. Andrew Lang's delightful prose, or in the equally delightful poetic version of C. S. Calverley. Of 'the immense obligation of Tennyson to Theocritus,' Mr. E. C. Stedman long ago made mention. It is an obligation shared by the

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Elizabethans, by Milton, by Shelley and by Matthew Arnold.

Indeed, as long as great cities exist such harkings back to a life of bucolic simplicity will ever and again recur in poetry. It was so in Virgil's day; it is doubly so in our own day. For we have only to enter this domain of unravished loveliness and straightway we are come to a land where neither hail nor snow can smite nor wintry rains decend, but where dwells unfading beauty,—Youth forever young.

FOR FEBRUARY:

THREE GREEK IDYLLISTS:
II.
BION AND MOSCHUS.

THREE GREEK IDYLLISTS.

I.

IDYLS
from
THEOCRITUS.

"Return Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues."

MILTON.

"Bring back the hour, Theocritus, when we
Shall sit together on a thymy knoll,
With few about us, and with none too nigh,
And when the song of shepherds and their glee
We may repeat."

LANDOR.

"IT will not harm the noble army of verse-readers to be guided for a moment to the original fountain of that stream from which they take their favorite draughts. . . . Nowadays, we have Homer and Horace by heart; but Theocritus, to most of us, is but the echo of a melodious name. As the creator of the fourth great order of poetry, the composite, or idyllic, he bears to it the relation of Homer to epic, Pindar to lyric, Æschylus to dramatic verse; and if he had not sung as he sang, in Syracuse and Alexandria, two thousand years ago, it is doubtful whether modern English fancy would have been under the spell of that minstrelsy by which it was of late so justly and delightfully enthralled."

E. C. STEDMAN, (*Victorian Poets.*)

"I believe Theocritus is one of the poets who will never die. He sees men and things, in his own light way, truly; and he describes them simply, honestly, with little touches of pathos and humor, while he floods his whole scene with that gorgeous Sicilian air, like one of Titian's pictures; . . and all this told in a language and a metre which shapes itself almost unconsciously, wave after wave, into the most luscious song."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Ay! Unto thee belong
The pipe and song,
Theocritus,—
Loved by the satyr and the fawn!
To thee the olive and the vine,
To thee the Mediterranean pine,
And the soft lapping sea!
Thine, Bacchus,
Thine, the blood-red revels,
Thine, the bearded goat!
Soft valleys unto thee,
And Aphrodite's shrine,
And maidens veiled in falling robes of lawn!
But unto us, to us,
The stalwart glories of the North;
Ours is the sounding main,
And ours the voices uttering forth
By midnight round these cliffs a mighty strain;
A tale of viewless islands in the deep
Washed by the waves' white fire;
Of mariners rocked asleep
In the great cradle, far from Grecian ire
Of Neptune and his train;
To us, to us,
The dark-leaved shadow and the shining birch,
The flight of gold through hollow woodlands
driven,

Soft dying of the year with many a sigh,
These, all, to us are given!
And eyes that eager ever more shall search
The hidden seed, and searching find again
Unfading blossoms of a fadeless spring;
These, these, to us!
The sacred youth and maid,
Coy and half afraid;
The sorrowful earthly pall,
Winter and wintry rain,
And Autumn's gathered grain,
With whispering music in their fall;
These unto us!
And unto thee, Theocritus,
To thee,
The immortal childhood of the world,
The laughing waters of an inland sea,
And beckoning signal of a sail unfurled!

ANNIE FIELDS

THREE GREEK IDYLLISTS.

I.

THEOCRITUS.

IDYL I.

THE DEATH OF DAPHNIS.

THYRSIS. A GOATHERD.

THYRSIS.

SWEET are the whispers of yon pine that makes
Low music o'er the spring, and, Goatherd, sweet
Thy piping; second thou to Pan alone.
Is his the hornèd ram? then thine the goat.
Is his the goat? to thee shall fall the kid;
And toothsome is the flesh of unmilked kids.

GOATHERD.

Shepherd, thy lay is as the noise of streams
Falling and falling aye from yon tall crag.
If for their meed the Muses claim the ewe,
Be thine the stall-fed lamb; or if they choose
The lamb, take thou the scarce less-valued ewe.

THYRSIS.

Pray, by the Nymphs, pray, Goatherd, seat thee here
Against this hill-slope in the tamarisk shade,
And pipe me somewhat, while I guard thy goats.

GOATHERD.

I durst not, Shepherd, O I durst not pipe
At noontide; fearing Pan, who at that hour
Rests from the toils of hunting. Harsh is he;
Wrath at his nostrils aye sits sentinel.
But, Thyrsis, thou canst sing of Daphnis' woes;
High is thy name for woodland minstrelsy:
Then rest we in the shadow of the elm
Fronting Priapus and the Fountain-nymphs.
There, where the oaks are and the Shepherd's seat,
Sing as thou sang'st erewhile, when matched with him
Of Libya, Chromis; and I'll give thee, first,
To milk, ay thrice, a goat—she suckles twins,
Yet ne'ertheless can fill two milkpails full;—
Next, a deep drinking-cup, with sweet wax scoured,
Two-handled, newly-carven, smacking yet
O' the chisel. Ivy reaches up and climbs
About its lip, gilt here and there with sprays
Of woodbine, that enwreathed about it flaunts
Her saffron fruitage. Framed therein appears
A damsel ('tis a miracle of art)
In robe and snood: and suitors at her side
With locks fair-flowing, on her right and left,
Battle with words, that fail to reach her heart.
She, laughing, glances now on this, flings now
Her chance regards on that: they, all for love

Wearied and eye-swoln, find their labour lost.
Carven elsewhere an ancient fisher stands
On the rough rocks: thereto the old man with pains
Drags his great casting-net, as one that toils
Full stoutly: every fibre of his frame
Seems fishing; so about the gray-beard's neck
(In might a youngster yet) the sinews swell.
Hard by that wave-beat sire a vineyard bends
Beneath its graceful load of burnished grapes;
A boy sits on the rude fence watching them.
Near him two foxes: down the rows of grapes
One ranging steals the ripest; one assails
With wiles the poor lad's scrip, to leave him soon
Stranded and supperless. He plaits meanwhile
With ears of corn a right fine cricket-trap,
And fits it on a rush: for vines, for scrip,
Little he cares, enamoured of his toy.
  The cup is hung all round with lissom briar,
Triumph of Æolian art, a wondrous sight.
It was a ferryman's of Calydon:
A goat it cost me, and a great white cheese.
Ne'er yet my lips came near it, virgin still
It stands. And welcome to such boon art thou,
If for my sake thou'lt sing that lay of lays.
I jest not: up, lad, sing: no songs thou'lt own
In the dim land where all things are forgot.

THYRSIS [*sings*].

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
The voice of Thyrsis. Ætna's Thyrsis I.
Where were ye, Nymphs, oh where, while Daphnis pined?
In fair Penëus' or in Pindus' glens?
For great Anapus' stream was not your haunt,
Nor Ætna's cliff, nor Acis' sacred rill.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
O'er him the wolves, the jackals howled o'er him;
The lion in the oak-copse mourned his death.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
The kine and oxen stood around his feet,
The heifers and the calves wailed all for him.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
First from the mountain Hermes came, and said,
"Daphnis, who frets thee? Lad, whom lov'st thou so?"
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
Came herdsmen, shepherds came, and goatherds came;
All asked what ailed the lad. Priapus came
And said, "Why pine, poor Daphnis? while the maid
Foots it round every pool and every grove,
(*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*)
"O lack-love and perverse, in quest of thee;
Herdsman in name, but goatherd rightlier called.
With eyes that yearn the goatherd marks his kids

Run riot, for he fain would frisk as they:
(*Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song*):
"With eyes that yearn dost thou too mark the laugh
Of maidens, for thou may'st not share their glee."
Still naught the herdsman said: he drained alone
His bitter portion, till the fatal end.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
Came Aphroditè, smiles on her sweet face,
False smiles, for heavy was her heart, and spake:
"So, Daphnis, thou must try a fall with Love!
But stalwart Love hath won the fall of thee."
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
Then "Ruthless Aphroditè," Daphnis said,
"Accursed Aphroditè, foe to man!
Say'st thou mine hour is come, my sun hath set?
Dead as alive, shall Daphnis work Love woe."
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Fly to Mount Ida, where the swain (men say)
And Aphroditè—to Anchises fly:
There are oak-forests; here but galingale,
And bees that make a music round the hives.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Adonis owed his bloom to tending flocks
And smiting hares, and bringing wild beasts down.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Face once more Diomed: tell him 'I have slain
The herdsman Daphnis; now I challenge thee.'

Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Farewell, wolf, jackal, mountain-prisoned bear!
Ye'll see no more by grove or glade or glen
Your herdsman Daphnis! Arethuse, farewell,
And the bright streams that pour down Thymbris' side.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"I am that Daphnis, who lead here my kine,
Bring here to drink my oxen and my calves.
Begin, sweet Maids, begin the woodland song.
"Pan, Pan, oh whether great Lyceum's crags
Thou haunt'st to-day, or mightier Mænalus,
Come to the Sicel isle! Abandon now
Rhium and Helicè, and the mountain-cairn
(That e'en gods cherish) of Lycaon's son!
Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song.
"Come, king of song, o'er this my pipe, compact
With wax and honey-breathing, arch thy lip:
For surely I am torn from life by Love.
Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song.
"From thicket now and thorn let violets spring,
Now let white lilies drape the juniper,
And pines grow figs, and nature all go wrong:
For Daphnis dies. Let deer pursue the hounds,
And mountain-owls outsing the nightingale.
Forget, sweet Maids, forget your woodland song."

So spake he, and he never spake again.

Fain Aphroditè would have raised his head;
But all his thread was spun. So down the stream
Went Daphnis: closed the waters o'er a head
Dear to the Nine, of nymphs not unbeloved.
Now give me goat and cup; that I may milk
The one, and pour the other to the Muse.
Fare ye well, Muses, o'er and o'er farewell!
I'll sing strains lovelier yet in days to be.

GOATHERD.

Thyrsis, let honey and the honeycomb
Fill thy sweet mouth, and figs of Ægilus:
For ne'er cicala trilled so sweet a song.
Here is the cup: mark, friend, how sweet it smells:
The Hours, thou'lt say, have washed it in their well.
Hither, Cissætha! Thou, go milk her! Kids,
Be steady, or your pranks will rouse the ram.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

IDYL II.

THE SORCERESS.

Simaetha, madly in love with Delphis, who has forsaken her, endeavours to subdue him to her by magic, and by invoking the Moon, in her character of Hecate, and of Selene. She tells the tale of the growth of her passion, and vows vengeance if her magic arts are unsuccessful.

The scene is probably some garden beneath the moonlit sky, near the town, and within sound of the sea. The characters are Simaetha, and Thestylis, her handmaid.

WHERE are my laurel leaves? come, bring them, Thestylis; and where are the love-charms? Wreath the bowl with bright-red wool, that I may knit the witch-knots against my grievous lover, [1] who for twelve days, oh cruel, has never come hither, nor knows whether I am alive or dead, nor has once knocked at my door, unkind that he is! Hath Love flown off with his light desires by some other path — Love and Aphrodite? To-morrow I will go to the wrestling school of Timagetus, to see my love and to reproach him with all the wrong he is doing me. But now I will bewitch him with my enchantments! Do thou, Selene,

[1] Reading καταδήσομαι. Cf. Fritzsche's note, and Harpocration, s. v.

shine clear and fair, for softly, Goddess, to thee will I sing, and to Hecate of hell. The very whelps shiver before her as she fares through black blood and across the barrows of the dead.

Hail, awful Hecate! to the end be thou of our company, and make this medicine of mine no weaker than the spells of Circe, or of Medea, or of Perimede of the golden hair.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, how the barley grain first smoulders in the fire,—nay, toss on the barley, Thestylis! Miserable maid, where are thy wits wandering? Even to thee, wretched that I am, have I become a laughing-stock, even to thee? Scatter the grain, and cry thus the while, 'Tis the bones of Delphis I am scattering!'

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Delphis troubled me, and I against Delphis am burning this laurel; and even as it crackles loudly when it has caught the flame, and suddenly is burned up, and we see not even the dust thereof, lo, even thus may the flesh of Delphis waste in the burning!

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Even as I melt this wax, with the god to aid, so speedily may he by love be molten, the Myndian Delphis! And as whirls this brazen wheel, [1] so restless, under Aphrodite's spell, may he turn and turn about my doors.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Now will I burn the husks, and thou, O Artemis, hast power to move hell's adamantine gates, and all else that is as stubborn. Thestylis, hark, 'tis so; the hounds are baying up and down the town! The Goddess stands where the three ways meet! Hasten, and clash the brazen cymbals.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, silent is the deep, and silent the winds, but never silent the torment in my breast. Nay, I am all on fire for him that made me, miserable me, no wife but a shameful thing, a girl no more a maiden.

---

1 On the word ῥόμβος, see Lobeck, *Aglaoph.* p. 700; and 'The Bull Roarer,' in the translator's *Custom and Myth.*

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Three times do I pour libation, and thrice, my Lady Moon, I speak this spell:—Be it with a friend that he lingers, be it with a leman he lies, may he as clean forget them as Theseus, of old, in Dia—so legends tell—did utterly forget the fair-tressed Ariadne.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Coltsfoot is an Arcadian weed that maddens, on the hills, the young stallions and fleet-footed mares. Ah! even as these may I see Delphis; and to this house of mine, may he speed like a madman, leaving the bright palaestra.

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

This fringe from his cloak Delphis lost; that now I shred and cast into the cruel flame. Ah, ah, thou torturing Love, why clingest thou to me like a leech of the fen, and drainest all the black blood from my body?

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

Lo, I will crush an eft, and a venomous draught to-morrow I will bring thee!

But now, Thestylis, take these magic herbs and secretly smear the juice on the jambs of his gate (whereat, even now, my heart is captive, though nothing he recks of me), and spit and whisper, 'Tis the bones of Delphis that I smear.'

My magic wheel, draw home to me the man I love!

And now that I am alone, whence shall I begin to bewail my love? Whence shall I take up the tale: who brought on me this sorrow? The maiden-bearer of the mystic vessel came our way, Anaxo, daughter of Eubulus, to the grove of Artemis; and behold, she had many other wild beasts paraded for that time, in the sacred show, and among them a lioness.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

And the Thracian servant of Theucharidas,— my nurse that is but lately dead, and who then dwelt at our doors,— besought me and implored me to come and see the show. And I went with her, wretched woman that

I am, clad about in a fair and sweeping linen stole, over which I had thrown the holiday dress of Clearista.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Lo! I was now come to the mid-point of the highway, near the dwelling of Lycon, and there I saw Delphis and Eudamippus walking together. Their beards were more golden than the golden flower of the ivy; their breasts (they coming fresh from the glorious wrestler's toil) were brighter of sheen than thyself, Selene!

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Even as I looked I loved, loved madly, and all my heart was wounded, woe is me, and my beauty began to wane. No more heed took I of that show, and how I came home I know not; but some parching fever utterly overthrew me, and I lay a-bed ten days and ten nights.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

And oftentimes my skin waxed wan as the colour of boxwood, and all my hair was fall-

ing from my head, and what was left of me was but skin and bones. Was there a wizard to whom I did not seek, or a crone to whose house I did not resort, of them that have art magical? But this was no light malady, and the time went fleeting on.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Thus I told the true story to my maiden, and said, 'Go, Thestylis, and find me some remedy for this sore disease. Ah me, the Myndian possesses me, body and soul! Nay, depart, and watch by the wrestling-ground of Timagetus, for there is his resort, and there he loves to loiter.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

'And when thou art sure he is alone, nod to him secretly, and say, "Simaetha bids thee to come to her," and lead him hither privily.' So I spoke; and she went and brought the bright-limbed Delphis to my house. But I, when I beheld him just crossing the threshold of the door, with his light step,—

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Grew colder all than snow, and the sweat streamed from my brow like the dank dews, and I had no strength to speak, nay, nor to utter as much as children murmur in their slumber, calling to their mother dear: and all my fair body turned stiff as a puppet of wax.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

Then when he had gazed on me, he that knows not love, he fixed his eyes on the ground, and sat down on my bed, and spake as he sat him down: 'Truly Simaetha, thou didst by no more outrun mine own coming hither, when thou badst me to thy roof, than of late I outran in the race the beautiful Philinus:

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

'For I should have come; yea, by sweet Love, I should have come, with friends of mine, two or three, as soon as night drew on, bearing in my breast the apples of Dionysus, and on my head silvery poplar leaves, the holy boughs of Heracles, all twined with bands of purple.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

'And if you had received me, they would have taken it well, for among all the youths unwed I have a name for beauty and speed of foot. With one kiss of thy lovely mouth I had been content; but an if ye had thrust me forth, and the door had been fastened with the bar, then truly should torch and axe have broken in upon you.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

'And now to Cypris first, methinks, my thanks are due, and after Cypris it is thou that hast caught me, lady, from the burning, in that thou badst me come to this thy house, half consumed as I am! Yea, Love, 'tis plain, lights oft a fiercer blaze than Hephaestus the God of Lipara.

Bethink thee of my love, and whence it came, my Lady Moon!

'With his madness dire, he scares both the maiden from her bower and the bride from the bridal bed, yet warm with the body of her lord!'

So he spake, and I, that was easy to win, took his hand, and drew him down on the soft bed beside me. And immediately body from body caught fire, and our faces glowed as they had not done, and sweetly we murmured. And now, dear Selene, to tell thee no long tale, the great rites were accomplished, and we twain came to our desire. Faultless was I in his sight, till yesterday, and he, again, in mine. But there came to me the mother of Philista, my flute player, and the mother of Melixo, to-day, when the horses of the Sun were climbing the sky, bearing Dawn of the rosy arms from the ocean stream. Many another thing she told me; and chiefly this, that Delphis is a lover, and whom he loves she vowed she knew not surely, but this only, that ever he filled up his cup with the unmixed wine, to drink a toast to his dearest. And at last he went off hastily, saying that he would cover with garlands the dwelling of his love.

This news my visitor told me, and she speaks the truth. For indeed, at other seasons, he would come to me thrice, or four times, in the day, and often would leave with me his Dorian oil flask. But now it is the

twelfth day since I have even looked on him! Can it be that he has not some other delight, and has forgotten me? Now with magic rites I will strive to bind him, [1] but if still he vexes me, he shall beat, by the Fates I vow it, at the gate of Hell. Such evil medicines I store against him in a certain coffer, the use whereof, my lady, an Assyrian stranger taught me.

But do thou farewell, and turn thy steeds to Ocean, Lady, and my pain I will bear, as even till now I have endured it. Farewell, Selene bright and fair, farewell ye other stars, that follow the wheels of quiet Night.

---

1 Reading *καταδήσομαι*. Cf. line 3, and note.

ANDREW LANG.

IDYL XI.

THE CYCLOPS IN LOVE.

There is no other medicine against love,
My Nicias, (so at least it seems to me,)
Either to cure it or to calm, but song.
That, that indeed is balmy to men's minds,
And sweet; but 'tis a balm rare to be found;
Though not by you, my friend, who are at once
Physician, and belov'd by all the Nine.

It was by this the Cyclops liv'd amongst us,
I mean that ancient shepherd, Polypheme,
Who lov'd the sea-nymph, when he budded first
About the lips and curling temples;—lov'd,
Not in the little present-making style,
With baskets of new fruit and pots of roses,
But with consuming passion. Many a time
Would his flocks go home by themselves at eve,
Leaving him wasting by the dark sea-shore;
And sunrise would behold him wasting still.
Yet ev'n a love like his found balm in verse,
For he would sit, and look along the sea,
And from his rock pipe to some strain like this:—

"O my white love, my Galatea, why
Avoid me thus? O whiter than the curd,
Gentler than any lamb, fuller of play
Than kids, yet bitterer than the bright young grape,

You come sometimes, when sweet sleep holds me fast;
You break away, when sweet sleep lets me loose;
Gone, like a lamb at sight of the grey wolf.

"Sweet, I began to love you, when you first
Came with my mother to the mountain side
To gather hyacinths. I show'd the way;
And then, and afterwards, and to this hour,
I could not cease to love you; you, who care
Nothing about my love — Great Jove! no, nothing.

"Fair one, I know why you avoid me thus:
It is because one rugged eyebrow spreads
Across my forehead, solitary and huge,
Shading this eye forlorn. My nose, too, presses
Flat tow'rds my lip. And yet, such as I am,
I feed a thousand sheep; and from them drink
Excellent milk; and never want for cheese
In summer, nor in autumn, nor dead winter,
Dairies I have, so full. I can play, too,
Upon the pipe, so as no Cyclops can,
Singing, sweet apple mine, of you and me,
Often till midnight. And I keep for you
Four bears' whelps, and eleven fawns with collars:
Come to me then, for you shall have them all.
Let the sea rake on the dull shore. Your nights
Would be far sweeter here, well hous'd with me.

The place is beautiful with laurel-trees,
With cypresses, with ivy, and the vine,
The dulcet vine: and here, too, is a stream,
Heavenly to drink, the water is so cold.
The woody Ætna sends it down to me
Out of her pure white snows. Who could have this,
And choose to live in the wild salt-sea waves?
Perhaps, when I am talking of my trees,
You think me ruder than the trunks? more rough;
More rugged-bodied? Ah, they keep me warm;
They blaze upon my hearth; yet, I could lose
Warmth, life, and all, and burn in the same fire,
Rather than dwell beside it without you.
Nay, I could burn the eye from out my head,
Though nothing else be dearer.

"Oh, poor me!
Alas! that I was born a finless body,
And cannot dive to you, and kiss your hand;
Or, if you grudg'd me that, bring you white lilies,
And the fresh poppy with its thin red leaves.
And yet not so; for poppies grow in summer,
Lilies in spring; and so I could not, both.
But should some coaster, sweetest, in his ship
Come here to see me, I would learn to swim;
And then I might find out what joy there is
In living, as you do, in the dark deeps.

"O Galatea, that you would but come;
And having come, forget, as I do now,
Here where I sat me, to go home again!
You should keep sheep with me, and milk the dams,
And press the cheese from the sharp-tasted curd.
It is my mother that's to blame. She never
Told you one kind, endearing thing of me,
Though she has seen me wasting day by day.
My very head and feet, for wretchedness,
Throb — and so let 'em; for I too am wretched.
O Cyclops, Cyclops, where are thy poor senses?
Go to thy basket-making; get their supper
For the young lambs. 'Twere wiser in thee, far.
Prize what thou hast, and let the lost sheep go.
Perhaps thou'lt find another Galatea,
Another, and a lovelier; for at night
Many girls call to me to come and play,
And when they find me list'ning, they all giggle
So that e'en I seem counted somebody."

Thus Polyphemus medicined his love
With pipe and song; and found it ease him more
Than all the balms he might have bought with gold.

LEIGH HUNT.

IDYL XV.

THE FESTIVAL OF ADONIS.

The idyl is dramatic. Somewhere about two hundred and eighty years before the Christian era, a couple of Syracusan women, staying at Alexandria, agreed on the occasion of a great religious solemnity,—the feast of Adonis,—to go together to the palace of King Ptolemy Philadelphus, to see the image of Adonis, which the queen Arsinoe, Ptolemy's wife, had had decorated with peculiar magnificence. A hymn, by a celebrated performer, was to be recited over the image. The names of the two women are Gorgo and Praxinoe; their maids, who are mentioned in the poem, are called Eunoe and Eutychis. Gorgo comes by appointment to Praxinoe's house to fetch her, and there the dialogue begins:—

Gorgo.—Is Praxinoe at home?

Praxinoe.—My dear Gorgo, at last! Yes, here I am. Eunoe, find a chair,—get a cushion for it.

Gorgo.—It will do beautifully as it is.

Praxinoe.—Do sit down.

Gorgo.—Oh, this gad-about spirit! I could hardly get to you, Praxinoe, through all the crowd and all the carriages. Nothing but heavy boots, nothing but men in uniform. And what a journey it is! My dear child, you really live *too* far off.

Praxinoe.—It is all that insane husband of mine. He has chosen to come out here to

the end of the world, and take a hole of a place,—for a house it is not,—on purpose that you and I might not be neighbours. He is always just the same;—anything to quarrel with one! anything for spite!

Gorgo.—My dear, don't talk so of your husband before the little fellow. Just see how astonished he looks at you. Never mind, Zopyrio, my pet, she is not talking about papa.

Praxinoe.—Good heavens! the child does really understand.

Gorgo.—Pretty papa!

Praxinoe.—That pretty papa of his the other day (though I told him beforehand to mind what he was about), when I sent him to a shop to buy soap and rouge, brought me home salt instead;—stupid, great, big, interminable animal!

Gorgo.—Mine is just the fellow to him. . . But never mind now, get on your things and let us be off to the palace to see the Adonis. I hear the Queen's decorations are something splendid.

Praxinoe.—In grand people's houses everything is grand. What things you have seen in Alexandria! What a deal you will have

to tell to anybody who has never been here!

Gorgo.—Come, we ought to be going.

Praxinoe.—Every day is holiday to people who have nothing to do. Eunoe, pick up your work; and take care, lazy girl, how you leave it lying about again; the cats find it just the bed they like. Come, stir yourself, fetch me some water, quick! I wanted the water first, and the girl brings me the soap. Never mind; give it me. Not all that, extravagant! Now pour out the water;—stupid! why don't you take care of my dress? That will do. I have got my hands washed as it pleased God. Where is the key of the large wardrobe? Bring it here;—quick!

Gorgo.—Praxinoe, you can't think how well that dress, made full, as you have got it, suits you. Tell me, how much did it cost? —the dress by itself, I mean.

Praxinoe.—Don't talk of it, Gorgo: more than eight guineas of good hard money. And about the work on it I have almost worn my life out.

Gorgo.—Well, you couldn't have done better.

Praxinoe.—Thank you. Bring me my shawl, and put my hat properly on my head;

—properly. No, child (*to her little boy*), I am not going to take you; there's a bogy on horseback, who bites. Cry as much as you like; I'm not going to have you lamed for life. Now we'll start. Nurse, take the little one and amuse him; call the dog in, and shut the street-door. (*They go out.*) Good heavens! what a crowd of people! How on earth are we ever to get through all this? They are like ants: you can't count them. My dearest Gorgo, what will become of us? here are the royal Horse Guards. My good man, don't ride over me! Look at that bay horse rearing bolt upright; what a vicious one! Eunoe, you mad girl, do take care!—that horse will certainly be the death of the man on his back. How glad I am now, that I left the child safe at home!

Gorgo.—All right, Praxinoe, we are safe behind them; and they have gone on to where they are stationed.

Praxinoe.—Well, yes, I begin to revive again. From the time I was a little girl I have had more horror of horses and snakes than of anything in the world. Let us get on; here's a great crowd coming this way upon us.

Gorgo (*to an old woman*).—Mother, are you from the palace?

Old Woman.—Yes, my dears.

Gorgo.—Has one a tolerable chance of getting there?

Old Woman.—My pretty young lady, the Greeks got to Troy by dint of trying hard; trying will do anything in this world.

Gorgo.—The old creature has delivered herself of an oracle and departed.

Praxinoe.—Women can tell you everything about everything, Jupiter's marriage with Juno not excepted.

Gorgo.—Look, Praxinoe, what a squeeze at the palace gates!

Praxinoe.—Tremendous! Take hold of me, Gorgo; and you, Eunoe, take hold of Eutychis!—tight hold, or you'll be lost. Here we go in all together. Hold tight to us, Eunoe! Oh, dear! oh, dear! Gorgo, there's my scarf torn right in two. For heaven's sake, my good man, as you hope to be saved, take care of my dress!

Stranger.—I'll do what I can, but it doesn't depend upon me.

Praxinoe.—What heaps of people! They push like a drove of pigs.

Stranger.—Don't be frightened, ma'am, we are all right.

Praxinoe.—May you be all right, my dear sir, to the last day you live, for the care you have taken of us! What a kind, considerate man! There is Eunoe jammed in a squeeze. Push, you goose, push! Capital! We are all of us the right side of the door, as the bridegroom said when he had locked himself in with the bride.

Gorgo.—Praxinoe, come this way. Do but look at that work, how delicate it is!—how exquisite! Why, they might wear it in heaven.

Praxinoe.—Heavenly patroness of needlewomen, what hands were hired to do that work? Who designed those beautiful patterns? They seem to stand up and move about, as if they were real;—as if they were living things, and not needlework. Well, man is a wonderful creature! And look, look, how charming he lies there on his silver couch, with just a soft down on his cheeks, that beloved Adonis,—Adonis, whom one loves even though he is dead!

Another Stranger.—You wretched women, do stop your incessant chatter! Like tur-

tles, you go on for ever. They are enough to kill one with their broad lingo,—nothing but *a, a, a.*

Gorgo.—Lord, where does this man come from? What is it to you if we *are* chatterboxes? Order about your own servants! Do you give orders to Syracusan women? If you want to know, we came originally from Corinth, as Bellerophon did; we speak Peloponnesian. I suppose Dorian women may be allowed to have a Dorian accent.

Praxinoe.—Oh, honey-sweet Proserpine, let us have no more masters than the one we've got! We don't the least care for *you;* pray don't trouble yourself for nothing.

Gorgo.—Be quiet, Praxinoe! That first-rate singer, the Argive woman's daughter, is going to sing the *Adonis* hymn. She is the same who was chosen to sing the dirge last year. We are sure to have something first-rate from *her.* She is going through her airs and graces ready to begin.—

THE HYMN OF ADONIS.

Mistress, who loveth the haunts of Golgi, and Idalium, and high-peaked Eryx, Aphrodite that playest with gold! how have the

delicate-footed Hours, after twelve months, brought thy Adonis back to thee from the ever-flowing Acheron! Tardiest of the immortals are the boon Hours, but all mankind wait their approach with longing, for they ever bring something with them. O Cypris, Dione's child! thou didst change — so is the story among men — Berenice from mortal to immortal, by dropping ambrosia into her fair bosom; and in gratitude to thee for this, O thou of many names and many temples! Berenice's daughter, Arsinoe, lovely Helen's living counterpart, makes much of Adonis with all manner of braveries.

All fruits that the tree bears are laid before him, all treasures of the garden in silver baskets, and alabaster boxes, gold-inlaid, of Syrian ointment; and all confectionery that cunning women make on their kneading-tray, kneading up every sort of flowers with white meal, and all that they make of sweet honey and delicate oil, and all winged and creeping things are here set before him. And there are built for him green bowers with wealth of tender anise, and little boy-loves flutter about over them, like young nightingales trying their new wings on the

tree, from bough to bough. Oh, the ebony, the gold, the eagle of white ivory that bears aloft his cup-bearer to Cronos-born Zeus! And up there, see! a second couch strewn for lovely Adonis, scarlet coverlets softer than sleep itself (so Miletus and the Samian wool-grower will say); Cypris has hers, and the rosy-armed Adonis has his, that eighteen or nineteen-year-old bridegroom. His kisses will not wound, the hair on his lip is yet light.

Now, Cypris, good-night, we leave thee with thy bridegroom; but to-morrow morning, with the earliest dew, we will one and all bear him forth to where the waves splash upon the sea-strand, and letting loose our locks, and letting fall our robes, with bosoms bare, we will set up this, our melodious strain:

'Beloved Adonis, alone of the demigods (so men say) thou art permitted to visit both us and Acheron! This lot had neither Agamemnon, nor the mighty moon-struck hero Ajax, nor Hector the first-born of Hecuba's twenty children, nor Patroclus, nor Pyrrhus who came home from Troy, nor those yet earlier Lapithæ and the sons of Deucalion,

nor the Pelasgians, the root of Argos and of Pelop's isle. Be gracious to us now, loved Adonis, and be favourable to us for the year to come! Dear to us hast thou been at this coming, dear to us shalt thou be when thou comest again.'

Gorgo.—Praxinoe, certainly women are wonderful things. That lucky woman to know all that! and luckier still to have such a splendid voice! And now we must see about getting home. My husband has not had his dinner. That man is all vinegar, and nothing else; and if you keep him waiting for his dinner, he's dangerous to go near. Adieu, precious Adonis, and may you find us all well when you come next year!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IDYL XIX.

This little piece is but doubtfully ascribed to Theocritus. The motif is that of a well-known Anacreontic Ode. The idyl has been translated by Ronsard.

THE thievish Love,—a cruel bee once stung him, as he was rifling honey from the hives, and pricked his finger-tips all; then he was in pain, and blew upon his hand, and leaped, and stamped the ground. And then he showed his hurt to Aphrodite, and made much complaint, how that the bee is a tiny creature, and yet what wounds it deals! And his mother laughed out, and said, 'Art thou not even such a creature as the bees, for tiny art thou, but what wounds thou dealest!'

ANDREW LANG.

O SINGER OF THE FIELD AND FOLD,
THEOCRITUS! PAN'S PIPE WAS THINE,—
THINE WAS THE HAPPIER AGE OF GOLD.

FOR THEE THE SCENT OF NEW-TURNED MOULD,
THE BEEHIVES, AND THE MURMURING PINE,
O SINGER OF THE FIELD AND FOLD!

THOU SANG'ST THE SIMPLE FEASTS OF OLD,—
THE BEECHEN BOWL MADE GLAD WITH WINE . .
THINE WAS THE HAPPIER AGE OF GOLD.

THOU BAD'ST THE RUSTIC LOVES BE TOLD,—
THOU BAD'ST THE TUNEFUL REEDS COMBINE,
O SINGER OF THE FIELD AND FOLD!

AND ROUND THEE, EVER-LAUGHING, ROLLED
THE BLITHE AND BLUE SICILIAN BRINE . .
THINE WAS THE HAPPIER AGE OF GOLD.

ALAS FOR US! OUR SONGS ARE COLD;
OUR NORTHERN SUNS TOO SADLY SHINE:—
O SINGER OF THE FIELD AND FOLD,
THINE WAS THE HAPPIER AGE OF GOLD!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

The Bibelot

WHAT *is known of Bion and Moschus may easily be compressed within limits of the severest Greek epigram. Bion was of Smyrna, the reputed birthplace of Homer; Moschus was out of Sicily. Both were youthful contemporaries of Theocritus. 'About the lives of these three idyllic poets literary history says little. About their death she only tells us through the dirge by Moschus that Bion was poisoned.'*

Alas for the irrecoverable poetry of that old Greek world! Back of the fragments of lyric beauty that we possess are the lost songs of Stesichorus and Sophron. Will they be found again? But yesterday Herondas came to light; to-day a mutilated text of Bacchylides, whose odes were reckoned the equal of Pindar's, has been discovered. The twentieth century may indeed recapture Sappho — a vision splendid, and such are the riches of old hushed Egypt's tombs not impossible of fulfilment.

For us the 'pastoral melancholy' that wells up so undyingly in the lament for Daphnis and for Bion has borne rich fruitage. The four greatest English elegiac

poems are Milton's Lycidas, *Shelley's* Adonais, *Arnold's* Thyrsis, *and Swinburne's* Ave Atque Vale; *not one of which had taken on their superb cast of classical allusion were it not for the idyls of Theocritus, Bion and Moschus.*

At some future time we shall do well to ponder these later elegiasts; for the present let us listen to those earlier singers of dead Hylas and the Field and Fold.

NOTE.—In this connection consult J. A. Symonds' Studies of the Greek Poets chapter xxi; E. C. Stedman's Victorian Poets chapter vi; English Pastorals edited by E. K. Chambers; Leigh Hunt's A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla. It is a matter of regret that Mr. Stedman has never seen fit to make a translation of Theocritus.

FOR MARCH:

THE EXEQUY AND OTHER POEMS
by
HENRY KING, D. D.

THREE GREEK IDYLLISTS.

II.

IDYLS
from
BION AND MOSCHUS.

BION.

The wail of Moschus on the mountains crying,
The Muses heard, and loved it long ago;
They heard the hollows of the hills replying,
They heard the weeping waters overflow;
They winged the sacred strain—the song undying,
The song that all about the world must go,—
When poets for a poet dead are sighing,
The minstrels for a minstrel friend laid low.
And dirge to dirge that answers, and the weeping
For Adonais by the summer sea,
The plaints for Lycidas, and Thyrsis (sleeping
Far from 'the forest ground called Thessaly'),
These hold thy memory, Bion, in their keeping,
And are but echoes of the moan for thee.

ANDREW LANG.

"THE studiously impassioned lament of Moschus for Bion is nearer than the poetry of his dead master, and of that master's master, Theocritus (always excepting the latter's "Thalysia"), to our own modes of feeling and treatment. It set the key for our great English elegies, from Spencer's "Astrophel" and Milton's "Lycidas" to Shelley's "Adonais" and Arnold's lament for Clough. The subjectivity of the Greek idyllists is thus demonstrated. They were influenced largely by the Oriental feeling, alike by its sensuousness and its solemnity, and at times they borrowed from its poets,—as in the transfer by Moschus of a passage from Job into his Dorian hexameters."

E. C. STEDMAN.

(*The Nature and Elements of Poetry.*)

"That wonderful elegy, "The Epitaph of Bion," . . . The novelty, the beauty, the fresh and modern thought of this undying poem were visible even to the school-fagged intellect of youths to whom poetry was a vague delight. Well might they be, for this elegy,—in which the pain and passion of lamentations for a brother-minstrel are sung in strains echoing those which Bion himself had chanted in artificial sorrow for the mystic Adonis,—this perpetual elegy was the mould, if not the inspiration, of four great English dirges: laments beyond which the force of poetic anguish can no further go, and each of which is but a later affirmation that the ancient pupil of Theocritus found the one key-note to which all high idyllic elegy should be attuned thenceforth."

E. C. STEDMAN.

(*Victorian Poets.*)

THREE GREEK IDYLLISTS.

II.

BION.

IDYL I.

LAMENT FOR ADONIS.

WAIL, wail, Ah for Adonis! He is lost to us, lovely Adonis!
Lost is lovely Adonis! The Loves respond with lamenting.

Nay, no longer in robes of purple recline, Aphrodite:
Wake from thy sleep, sad queen, black-stoled, rain blows on thy bosom;
Cry to the listening world, *He is lost to us, lovely Adonis!*
Wail, wail, Ah for Adonis! The Loves respond with lamenting.

Lovely Adonis is lying, sore hurt in his thigh, on the mountains,
Hurt in his thigh with the tusk, while grief consumes Aphrodite:
Slowly he droops toward death, and the black blood drips from his fair flesh,

Down from his snow-white skin; his eyes
wax dull 'neath the eyelids,
Yea and the rose hath failed his lips, and
around them the kisses
Die and wither, the kisses that Kupris will
not relinquish:
Still, though he lives no longer, a kiss con-
soles Aphrodite;
But he knows not, Adonis, she kissed him
while he was dying.
Wail, wail, Ah for Adonis! The Loves
respond with lamenting.

Cruel, cruel the wound in the thigh that
preys on Adonis:
But in her heart Cytherea hath yet worse
wounds to afflict her.
Round him his dear hounds bay, they howl
in their grief to the heavens;
Nymphs of the woodlands wail: but she, the
Queen Aphrodite,
Loosing her locks to the air, roams far and
wide through the forest,
Drowned in grief, dishevelled, unsandalled,
and as she flies onward,
Briars stab at her feet and cull the blood of
the goddess.

She with shrill lamentation thro' glen and thro' glade is carried,
Calling her Syrian lord, demanding him back, and demanding.
But where he lies, dark blood wells up and encircles the navel;
Blood from the gushing thighs empurples the breast; and the snow-white
Flank that was once so fair, is now dyed red for Adonis.
Wail, wail, Ah, Cytherea! The Loves respond with lamenting.

She then hath lost her lord, and with him hath lost her celestial
Beauty; for fair was he, and fair, while he lived, Aphrodite:
Now in his death her beauty hath died. *Ah, Ah, Cytherea!*
All the mountains lament, and the oaks moan, *Ah for Adonis!*
Streams as they murmur and flow complain of thy griefs, Aphrodite:
Yea and the springs on the hills, in the woods, weep tears for Adonis:
Flowers of the field for woe flush crimson red; and Cythêra,

Thorough the dells and the glens, shrills loud
the dirge of her anguish:
Woe, woe, Ah, Cytherea! He is lost to us,
lovely Adonis!
Echo repeats the groan: *Lost, lost, is lovely*
Adonis!
Kupris, who but bewailed thy pangs of a
love overwhelming?

She, when she saw, when she knew the un-
stanchable wound of Adonis,
When she beheld the red blood on his pale
thigh's withering blossom,
Spreading her arms full wide, she moaned
out: "Stay, my Adonis!
Stay, ill-fated Adonis! that I once more may
approach thee!
Clasp thee close to my breast, and these lips
mingle with thy lips!
Rouse for a moment, Adonis, and kiss me
again for the last time;
Kiss me as long as the kiss can live on the
lips of a lover;
Till from thy inmost soul to my mouth and
down to my marrow
Thy life-breath shall run, and I quaff the
wine of thy philtre,

Draining the draught of thy love: that kiss
will I treasure, Adonis,
E'en as it were thyself; since thou, ill-starred,
art departing,
Fleeing me far, O Adonis, to Acheron faring,
the sad realm
Ruled by a stern savage king: while I, the
unhappy, the luckless,
I live; goddess am I, and I may not follow
or find thee.
Persephone, take thou my lord, my lover; I
know thee
Stronger far than myself: all fair things drift
to thy dwelling.
I meanwhile am accursed, possessed with
insatiable sorrow,
Weeping my dead, my Adonis who died, and
am shaken and shattered.
Diest thou then, my desired? and desire like
a dream hath escaped me.
Widowed is now Cytherea; the Loves in her
halls are abandoned;
Perished with thee is my girdle. Ah, why
wouldst thou hunt, over-bold one?
Being so beautiful, why wast thou mad to
fight with a wild beast?"

Thus then Kupris mourned; and the Loves respond with lamenting:

Wail, wail, Ah for Adonis! He is lost to us, lovely Adonis!

Tears the Paphian shed, drop by drop for the drops of Adonis'

Blood; and on earth each drop, as it fell, grew into a blossom:

Roses sprang from the blood, and the tears gave birth to the wind-flower.

Wail, wail, Ah, Cytherea! He is lost to us, lovely Adonis!

Wail, wail, Ah for Adonis! He is lost to us, lovely Adonis!

Now in the oak-woods cease to lament for thy lord, Aphrodite.

No proper couch is this which the wild leaves strew for Adonis.

Let him thy own bed share, Cytherea, the corpse of Adonis;

E'en as a corpse he is fair, fair corpse as fallen aslumber.

Now lay him soft to sleep, sleep well in the wool of the bedclothes,

Where with thee through the night in holy dreams he commingled,

Stretched on a couch all gold, that yearns
for him stark though he now be.
Shower on him garlands, flowers: all fair
things died in his dying;
Yea, as he faded away, so shrivel and wither
the blossoms.
Syrian spikenard scatter, anoint him with
myrrh and with unguents:
Perish perfumes all, since he, thy perfume,
is perished.
Wail, wail, Ah for Adonis! The Loves
respond with lamenting.

Lapped in his purple robes is the delicate
form of Adonis.
Round him weeping Loves complain and
moan in their anguish,
Clipping their locks for Adonis: and one of
them treads on his arrows,
One of them breaks his bow, and one sets
heel on the quiver;
One hath loosed for Adonis the latchet of
sandals, and some bring
Water to pour in an urn; one laves the
wound in his white thigh;
One from behind with his wings keeps fan-
ning dainty Adonis.

Wail, wail, Ah for Adonis! The Loves respond with lamenting.

Wail, wail, Ah, Cytherea! The Loves respond with lamenting.
Every torch at the doors hath been quenched by thy hand, Hymenaeus;
Every bridal wreath hath been torn to shreds; and no longer,
Hymen, Hymen no more is the song, but a new song of sorrow,
Woe, woe! and *Ah for Adonis!* resounds in lieu of the bridesong.
This the Graces are shrilling, the son of Cinyras hymning,
Lost is lovely Adonis! in loud antiphonal accents.
Woe, woe! sharply repeat, far more than the praises of Paiôn,
Woe! and *Ah for Adonis!* the Muses who wail for Adonis,
Chaunt their charms to Adonis.—But he lists not to their singing;
Not that he wills not to hear, but the Maiden doth not release him.

Cease from moans, Cytherea, to-day refrain
from the death-songs:
Thou must lament him again, and again shed
tears in a new year.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

This translation appeared in *The Century Guild Hobby Horse* (London) for October, 1890, and has never to our knowledge been reprinted.

ED. BIBELOT.

A NOTE UPON THE FOREGOING LAMENT OUT OF BION, BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Bion's Lament for Adonis, like many of the Greek Idyls, preserves in semi-dramatic form the tradition of rites and customs which would else be vague to the modern imagination. In this case it is a Greek Passion-play we have presented to us. The autumnal celebration of the death of Adonis and of Aphrodite's sorrow—celestial universal beauty mourning over the decay of lovely life in nature—that is the theme of the poem. Theocritus, in his fifteenth Idyl (so exquisitely translated into prose by Matthew Arnold), describes the incidents of one such festival at Syracuse, and gives a specimen of the kind of funeral hymn, or threnos, sung there. With the help of both poems, we are able to reconstruct the scene.

Bion's Lament is partly descriptive, partly dramatic. The poet wishes to relate the legend of Adonis slain among the mountains, of Aphrodite hurrying to find him, of her passionate grief, and then of the translation of his body to her temple, where he is finally laid to rest upon their genial couch of gold. In the Passion-play, an image of Adonis used to be stretched upon an ornamental bier, and surrounded with living flowers arrayed in artificial gardens. These were called *Adonidis Horti*.

But, while Bion relates the legend, he does not adopt the epical form. His poem is different in style from the Hero and Leander of Musaeus. Adhering in his metre to hexameters, he uses them so as to suggest dramatic action and lyrical improvisation. There is a chorus, and a solo. The chorus, which sings the refrains, appears to have been divided in semi-choruses, chaunting antiphonally at certain moments of the action; one semi-chorus for Cytherea, and one for

Adonis. The solo-voice sustains the burden of the narrative; and it may be questioned whether the long impressive threnody poured forth by Aphrodite, was not assigned to a second voice. That thrilling cry of divine sorrow is, at any rate, the climax of the poem considered as a Passion-song. The way in which it is introduced reminds us of those Passion-poems called *Corrotti*, which were popular in mediæval Italy. (For an example see my "Renaissance in Italy," vol. iv. p. 535.)

Probably the Lament for Adonis followed pretty closely upon the lines of those half-dithyrambs, half-dramas, which Stesichorus is said to have composed with eminent success in Sicily, and out of which Greek tragedy emerged.

In my translation of the Idyl I have attempted, by divisions into stanzas, to mark the changes of the poem's movement, and to indicate the several parts assigned to solo-voices and chorus. As for the text, I have followed Ahrens in some particulars; but though I agree with him that many lines of the *textus receptus* are interpolations, I have not felt justified in omitting them: partly because they are intrinsically beautiful, and partly because there is no external authority for their rejection.

The characteristics of Bion's verse are a palpitating, bounding rhythm, with the suggestion of shrill Phrygian melody. The hexameters, winged with innumerable dactyls, sustain a wild enthusiastic flight, which cannot be adequately reproduced in English. The translator has to do the best he can by the manipulation of monosyllables, and to supply the defects of our accentual prosody by a careful use of alliteration.

J. A. S.

IDYL II.

THE LOVE OF ACHILLES.

Lycidas sings to Myrson a fragment about the loves of Achilles and Deidamia.

Myrson. Wilt thou be pleased now, Lycidas, to sing me sweetly some sweet Sicilian song, some wistful strain delectable, some lay of love, such as the Cyclops Polyphemus sang on the sea-banks to Galatea?

Lycidas. Yes, Myrson, and I too fain would pipe, but what shall I sing?

Myrson. A song of Scyra, Lycidas, is my desire,—a sweet love-story,—the stolen kisses of the son of Peleus, the stolen bed of love; how he, that was a boy, did on the weeds of women, and how he belied his form, and how among the heedless daughters of Lycomedes, Deidamia cherished Achilles in her bower. [1]

Lycidas. The herdsman bore off Helen, upon a time, and carried her to Ida, sore sorrow to Œnone. And Lacedaemon waxed wroth, and gathered together all the Achaean folk; there was never a Hellene, not one of the Mycenaeans, nor any man of Elis, nor of the Laconians, that tarried in his house, and shunned the cruel Ares.

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[1] This conjecture of Meineke's offers, at least, a meaning.

But Achilles alone lay hid among the daughters of Lycomedes, and was trained to work in wools, in place of arms, and in his white hand held the bough of maidenhood, in semblance a maiden. For he put on women's ways, like them, and a bloom like theirs blushed on his cheek of snow, and he walked with maiden gait, and covered his locks with the snood. But the heart of a man had he, and the love of a man. From dawn to dark he would sit by Deidamia, and anon would kiss her hand, and oft would lift the beautiful warp of her loom and praise the sweet threads, having no such joy in any other girl of her company. Yea, all things he essayed, and all for one end, that they twain might share an undivided sleep.

Now he once even spake to her, saying—

'With one another other sisters sleep, but I lie alone, and alone, maiden, dost thou lie, both being girls unwedded of like age, both fair, and single both in bed do we sleep. The wicked Nysa, the crafty nurse it is that cruelly severs me from thee. For not of thee have I . . .'

[*The rest is lost.*]

IDYL III.

THE SEASONS.

Cleodamus and Myrson discuss the charms of the seasons, and give the palm to a southern spring.

Cleodamus. Which is sweetest, to thee, Myrson, spring, or winter or the late autumn or the summer; of which dost thou most desire the coming? Summer, when all are ended, the toils whereat we labour, or the sweet autumn, when hunger weighs lightest on men, or even idle winter, for even in winter many sit warm by the fire, and are lulled in rest and indolence. Or has beautiful spring more delight for thee? Say, which does thy heart choose? For our leisure lends us time to gossip.

Myrson. It beseems not mortals to judge the works of God; for sacred are all these things, and all are sweet, yet for thy sake I will speak out, Cleodamus, and declare what is sweeter to me than the rest. I would not have summer here, for then the sun doth scorch me, and autumn I would not choose, for the ripe fruits breed disease. The ruinous winter, bearing snow and frost, I dread. But spring, the thrice desirable, be with me the whole year through, when there is neither

frost, nor is the sun so heavy upon us. In springtime all is fruitful, all sweet things blossom in spring, and night and dawn are evenly meted to men.

IDYL IV.

THE BOY AND LOVE.

A fowler, while yet a boy, was hunting birds in a woodland glade, and there he saw the winged Love, perched on a box-tree bough. And when he beheld him, he rejoiced, so big the bird seemed to him, and he put together all his rods at once, and lay in wait for Love, that kept hopping, now here, now there. And the boy, being angered that his toil was endless, cast down his fowling gear, and went to the old husbandman, that had taught him his art, and told him all, and showed him Love on his perch. But the old man, smiling, shook his head, and answered the lad, 'Pursue this chase no longer, and go not after this bird. Nay, flee far from him. 'Tis an evil creature. Thou wilt be happy, so long as thou dost not catch him, but if thou comest to the measure of manhood, this bird that flees thee now, and hops away, will come uncalled, and of a sudden, and settle on thy head.'

IDYL V.

THE TUTOR OF LOVE.

Great Cypris stood beside me, while still I slumbered, and with her beautiful hand she led the child Love, whose head was earthward bowed. This word she spake to me, 'Dear herdsman, prithee, take Love, and teach him to sing.' So said she, and departed, and I—my store of pastoral song I taught to Love, in my innocence, as if he had been fain to learn. I taught him how the cross-flute was invented by Pan, and the flute by Athene, and by Hermes the tortoise-shell lyre, and the harp by sweet Apollo. All these things I taught him as best I might; but he, not heeding my words, himself would sing me ditties of love, and taught me the desires of mortals and immortals, and all the deeds of his mother. And I clean forgot the lore I was teaching to Love, but what Love taught me, and his love ditties, I learned them all.

IDYL VI.

LOVE AND THE MUSES.

The Muses do not fear the wild Love, but heartily they cherish, and fleetly follow him. Yea, and if any man sing that hath a loveless heart, him do they flee, and do not choose to teach him. But if the mind of any be swayed by Love, and sweetly he sings, to him the Muses all run eagerly. A witness hereto am I, that this saying is wholly true, for if I sing of any other, mortal or immortal, then falters my tongue, and sings no longer as of old, but if again to Love, and Lycidas I sing, then gladly from my lips flows forth the voice of song.

Idyls II–VI translated by ANDREW LANG.

THREE GREEK IDYLLISTS.

III.

MOSCHUS.

IDYL I.

LOVE THE RUNAWAY.

CYPRIS was raising the hue and cry for Love, her child,—'Who, where the three ways meet, has seen Love wandering? He is my runaway, whosoever has aught to tell of him shall win his reward. His prize is the kiss of Cypris, but if thou bringest him, not the bare kiss, O stranger, but yet more shalt thou win. The child is most notable, thou couldst tell him among twenty together, his skin is not white, but flame coloured, his eyes are keen and burning, an evil heart and a sweet tongue has he, for his speech and his mind are at variance. Like honey is his voice, but his heart of gall, all tameless is he, and deceitful, the truth is not in him, a wily brat, and cruel in his pastime. The locks of his hair are lovely, but his brow is impudent, and tiny are his little hands, yet far he shoots his arrows, shoots even to Acheron, and to the King of Hades.

'The body of Love is naked, but well is his spirit hidden, and winged like a bird he

flits and descends, now here, now there, upon men and women, and nestles in their inmost hearts. He hath a little bow, and an arrow always on the string, tiny is the shaft, but it carries as high as heaven. A golden quiver on his back he bears, and within it his bitter arrows, wherewith full many a time he wounds even me.

'Cruel are all these instruments of his, but more cruel by far the little torch, his very own, wherewith he lights up the sun himself.

'And if thou catch Love, bind him, and bring him, and have no pity, and if thou see him weeping, take heed lest he give thee the slip; and if he laugh, hale him along.

'Yea, and if he wish to kiss thee, beware, for evil is his kiss, and his lips enchanted.

'And should he say, "Take these, I give thee in free gift all my armoury," touch not at all his treacherous gifts, for they all are dipped in fire.'

ANDREW LANG.

'The Hue and Cry after Cupid' by Ben Jonson is an exquisite imitation of this Idyl. A delightful variation on the same old theme of a runaway Love is to be found under the title of *A Lost Child* in the late H. C. Bunner's ever beautiful book of verses,— *Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere,* (New York · Charles Scribner's Sons, 1884.)

ED. BIBELOT.

IDYL III.

THE LAMENT FOR BION.

WAIL, let me hear you wail, ye woodland glades, and thou Dorian water; and weep ye rivers, for Bion, the well beloved! Now all ye green things mourn, and now ye groves lament him, ye flowers now in sad clusters breathe yourselves away. Now redden ye roses in your sorrow, and now wax red ye wind-flowers, now thou hyacinth, whisper the letters on thee graven, and add a deeper *ai ai* to thy petals; he is dead, the beautiful singer.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ye nightingales that lament among the thick leaves of the trees, tell ye to the Sicilian waters of Arethusa the tidings that Bion the herdsman is dead, and that with Bion song too has died, and perished hath the Dorion minstrelsy.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ye Strymonian swans, sadly wail ye by the waters, and chant with melancholy notes the dolorous song, even such a song as in his time with voice like yours he was wont to sing. And tell again to the Œagrian

maidens, tell to all the Nymphs Bistonian, how that he hath perished, the Dorian Orpheus.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

No more to his herds he sings, that beloved herdsman, no more 'neath the lonely oaks he sits and sings, nay, but by Pluteus's side he chants a refrain of oblivion. The mountains too are voiceless: and the heifers that wander by the bulls lament and refuse their pasture.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Thy sudden doom, O Bion, Apollo himself lamented, and the Satyrs mourned thee, and the Priapi in sable raiment, and the Panes sorrow for thy song, and the fountain fairies in the wood made moan, and their tears turned to rivers of waters. And Echo in the rocks laments that thou art silent, and no more she mimics thy voice. And in sorrow for thy fall the trees cast down their fruit, and all the flowers have faded. From the ewes hath flowed no fair milk, nor honey from the hives, nay, it hath perished for mere sorrow in the wax, for now hath thy honey

perished, and no more it behoves men to gather the honey of the bees.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Not so much did the dolphin mourn beside the sea-banks, nor ever sang so sweet the nightingale on the cliffs, nor so much lamented the swallow on the long ranges of the hills, nor shrilled so loud the halcyon o'er his sorrows;

(*Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.*)

Nor so much, by the grey sea-waves, did ever the sea-bird sing, nor so much in the dells of dawn did the bird of Memnon bewail the son of the Morning, fluttering around his tomb, as they lamented for Bion dead.

Nightingales, and all the swallows that once he was wont to delight, that he would teach to speak, they sat over against each other on the boughs and kept moaning, and the birds sang in answer, 'Wail, ye wretched ones, even ye!'

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Who, ah who will ever make music on thy pipe, O thrice desired Bion, and who will put

his mouth to the reeds of thine instrument? who is so bold?

For still thy lips and still thy breath survive, and Echo, among the reeds, doth still feed upon thy songs. To Pan shall I bear the pipe? Nay, perchance even he would fear to set his mouth to it, lest, after thee, he should win but the second prize.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Yea, and Galatea laments thy song, she whom once thou wouldst delight, as with thee she sat by the sea-banks. For not like the Cyclops didst thou sing—him fair Galatea ever fled, but on thee she still looked more kindly than on the salt water. And now hath she forgotten the wave, and sits on the lonely sands, but still she keeps thy kine.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

All the gifts of the Muses, herdsman, have died with thee, the delightful kisses of maidens, the lips of boys; and woful round thy tomb the loves are weeping. But Cypris loves thee far more than the kiss wherewith she kissed the dying Adonis.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

This, O most musical of rivers, is thy second sorrow, this, Meles, thy new woe. Of old didst thou lose Homer, that sweet mouth of Calliope, and men say thou didst bewail thy goodly son with streams of many tears, and didst fill all the salt sea with the voice of thy lamentation—now again another son thou weepest, and in a new sorrow art thou wasting away.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Both were beloved of the fountains, and one ever drank of the Pegasean fount, but the other would drain a draught of Arethusa. And the one sang the fair daughter of Tyndarus, and the mighty son of Thetis, and Menelaus Atreus's son, but that other,—not of wars, not of tears, but of Pan, would he sing, and of herdsmen would he chant, and so singing, he tended the herds. And pipes he would fashion, and would milk the sweet heifer, and taught lads how to kiss, and Love he cherished in his bosom and woke the passion of Aphrodite.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Every famous city laments thee, Bion, and

all the towns. Ascra laments thee far more than her Hesiod, and Pindar is less regretted by the forests of Boeotia. Nor so much did pleasant Lesbos mourn for Alcaeus, nor did the Teian town so greatly bewail her poet, while for thee more than for Archilochus doth Paros yearn, and not for Sappho, but still for thee doth Mytilene wail her musical lament;

[*Here seven verses are lost.*]

And in Syracuse Theocritus; but I sing thee the dirge of an Ausonian sorrow, I that am no stranger to the pastoral song, but heir of the Doric Muse which thou didst teach thy pupils. This was thy gift to me; to others didst thou leave thy wealth, to me thy minstrelsy.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Ah me, when the mallows wither in the garden, and the green parsley, and the curled tendrils of the anise, on a later day they live again, and spring in another year; but we men, we, the great and mighty, or wise, when once we have died, in hollow earth we sleep, gone down into silence; a right long, and

endless, and unawakening sleep.[1] And thou too, in the earth wilt be lapped in silence, but the nymphs have thought good that the frog should eternally sing. Nay, him I would not envy, for 'tis no sweet song he singeth.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

Poison came, Bion, to thy mouth, thou didst know poison. To such lips as thine did it come, and was not sweetened? What mortal was so cruel that could mix poison for thee, or who could give thee the venom that heard thy voice? surely he had no music in his soul.

Begin, ye Sicilian Muses, begin the dirge.

But justice hath overtaken them all. Still

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1 This is the parallelism mentioned by Mr. Stedman, as occurring in Moschus:

"For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down, and riseth not. till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."—JOB, XIV, 7-12.

for this sorrow I weep, and bewail thy ruin. But ah, if I might have gone down like Orpheus to Tartarus, or as once Odysseus, or Alcides of yore, I too would speedily have come to the house of Pluteus, that thee perchance I might behold, and if thou singest to Pluteus, that I might hear what is thy song. Nay, sing to the Maiden some strain of Sicily, sing some sweet pastoral lay.

And she too is Sicilian, and on the shores by Aetna she was wont to play, and she knew the Dorian strain. Not unrewarded will the singing be; and as once to Orpheus's sweet minstrelsy she gave Eurydice to return with him, even so will she send thee too, Bion, to the hills. But if I, even I, and my piping had aught availed, before Pluteus I too would have sung.

ANDREW LANG.

The Bibelot

THE POEMS *of Henry King 'sometime Lord Bishop of Chichester' cannot be said to have attracted wide attention at their date of issue,*[1] *the original edition having sufficed the reader's interest nearly two centuries. That the on-coming Restoration delayed the recognition of King equally with his greater contemporaries sufficiently explains this neglect: it does not however, quite explain its continuance.*

For from this indifference Donne and 'Rare Ben'—two of King's dearest friends, —long ago recovered; but not before 1853 did his own poetry find its first, and quite likely its last editor in the late Archdeacon Hannah.[2]

And yet there is that in Henry King's elegiac verse not to be confused with the

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1. *There is a curious bit of bibliographical history connected with this little volume. But one edition was ever printed,—in 1657. In 1664 a new title-page was given the unused copies together with 38 pages of additional verse, while in 1700 a third title-page*—Ben Johnson's Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes and Sonets,—*appeared, the sheets apparently remaining unsold until then.*

2. *Poems and Psalms by Henry King, D. D., edited by Rev. J. Hannah. Fcap 8vo, Pp. cxxx; 224. London: William Pickering. 1843.*

more brilliant work of his generation. Many exquisite tributes to 'dear dead women' exist in English literature: none with a sincerer note of personal emotion than in these few poems consecrated by her husband to the memory of Anne King.

The Exequy *long since attracted the attention of Poe—no ordinary judge of mortuary beauty;—and it has seemed well to give for the first time in fac-simile a page of this lament, not to be glanced at without a recurrent sense of human bereavement never quite made up to him who wrote it, or for us who read. Nor is it a 'far cry' to say that a kindred emotion exists in Mill's dedication of his famous Essay, and in Renan's inscription of his* Life of Jesus; *or, taking an illustration from our own writers, is to be found in Dr. T. W. Parsons' "Into the noiseless country Annie went." For this touch of the Hereafter is limitless as to time and place, being present and abiding continually in the heart of man.*

FOR APRIL:

SELECTIONS
from
DR. JOHN DONNE.

The Exequy and Other Poems

by

Henry King, D. D.

(1592-1669.)

"Urns and odours bring away!
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying;
Balms and gums and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials filled with tears,
And clamours through the wild air flying!

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed Pleasure's foes!
We convent naught else but woes.

JOHN FLETCHER.
(1579-1625.)

"PERHAPS the most beautiful of his Poems are those which he dedicated to the memory of his wife; and this circumstance makes us anxious to discover every trace of her history which may have been accidently preserved; but her early death has caused these notices to be unusually scanty, and I am not aware that even her name has been recorded by any of his older Biographers. It appears, however, . . . that he married Anne, the eldest daughter of Robert Berkeley, Esq. . . . We may infer that it (the marriage) was solemnized about the year 1617. . . . King became a widower in the year 1624 at the very latest. . . . His wife died when she had scarcely reached her four-and-twentieth year."

"The original edition of King's Poems was published in 1657; nor has it ever been reprinted until the present time, (1843) although copies are found with the dates of 1664, and 1700. . . . It may be proper to add, that four copies of this scarce volume are in my own possession,—two with the first title-page, one with the second,* and one with the third."

REV. J. HANNAH.

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* With which the present selections have been collated.

ED. BIBELOT.

THE EXEQUY.

ACCEPT, thou Shrine of my dead Saint,
Insteed of Dirges this complaint;
And for sweet flowres to crown thy hearse,
Receive a strew of weeping verse
From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'st see
Quite melted into tears for thee.

Dear loss! since thy untimely fate,
My task hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee: thou art the book,
The library, whereon I look,
Though almost blind. For thee (lov'd clay)
I languish out, not live, the day,
Using no other exercise
But what I practice with mine eyes:
By which wet glasses, I find out
How lazily time creeps about
To one that mourns: this, onely this,
My exercise and bus'ness is:
So I compute the weary houres
With sighs dissolved into showres.

Nor wonder, if my time go thus
Backward and most preposterous;
Thou hast benighted me; thy set
This Eve of blackness did beget,

Who was't my day, (though overcast,
Before thou had'st thy Noon-tide past)
And I remember must in tears,
Thou scarce had'st seen so many years
As Day tells houres. By thy cleer Sun,
My love and fortune first did run;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my Hemisphear,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled Star is fall'n and gon,
And twixt me and my soules dear wish
The earth now interposed is,
Which such a strange eclipse doth make,
As ne're was read in Almanake.

I could allow thee, for a time,
To darken me and my sad Clime,
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then;
And all that space my mirth adjourn,
So thou wouldst promise to return;
And putting off thy ashy shrowd,
At length disperse this sorrows cloud.

But woe is me! the longest date
Too narrow is to calculate
These empty hopes: never shall I
Be so much blest as to descry

A glimpse of thee, till that day come,
Which shall the earth to cinders doome,
And a fierce Feaver must calcine
The body of this world, like thine,
My Little World! That fit of fire
Once off, our bodies shall aspire
To our soules bliss: then we shall rise,
And view our selves with cleerer eyes
In that calm Region, where no night
Can hide us from each others sight.

Mean time, thou hast her, earth; much good
May my harm do thee. Since it stood
With Heavens will, I might not call
Her longer mine, — I give thee all
My short-liv'd right and interest
In her, whom living I lov'd best:
With a most free and bounteous grief,
I give thee, what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and prethee look
Thou write into thy Dooms-day book
Each parcell of this Rarity,
Which in thy Casket shrin'd doth ly:
See that thy make thy reck'ning streight,
And yield her back again by weight;
For thou must audit on thy trust
Each graine and atome of this dust,
As thou wilt answer *Him* that lent,

Not gave thee, my dear Monument.
So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw; — my Bride is laid.

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake,
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy Tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow Vale:
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And ev'ry houre a step towards thee.
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise neerer my West
Of life, almost by eight houres saile
Then when sleep breath'd his drowsie gale.

Thus from the Sun my Bottom stears,
And my dayes Compass downward bears:
Nor labour I to stemme the tide,
Through which to *Thee* I swiftly glide.

So close the ground, and 'bout her shade
Black curtains draw, my *Bride* is laid.

Sleep on my *Love* in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy Tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hallow Vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And ev'ry houre a step towards thee.
At night when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise neerer my West
Of life, almost by eight houres saile,
Then when sleep breath'd his drowsie gale.

Thus

FAC-SIMILE OF PAGE 56 OF "POEMS, ELEGIES, PARADOXES, AND SONETS." (LONDON 1664.)

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou, like the Vann, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory,
In thus adventuring to dy
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But heark! My Pulse, like a soft Drum,
Beats my approch, tells *Thee* I come;
And slow howere my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by *Thee*.

The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear, (forgive
The crime,) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

My once dear Love! hapless that I no more
Must call thee so; the rich affections store
That fed our hopes, lies now exhaust & spent,
Like summes of treasure unto Bankrupts lent.

We, that did nothing study but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts, the day
Rose with delight to us, and with them, set,
Must learn the hateful Art, how to forget.

We, that did nothing wish that Heav'n could give,
Beyond our selves, nor did desire to live
Beyond that wish, all these now cancell must,
As if not writ in faith, but words and dust.

Yet witness those cleer vowes which Lovers make,
Witness the chast desires that never brake
Into unruly heats; witness that brest
Which in thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest,
'Tis no default in us; I dare acquite
Thy Maiden faith, thy purpose, fair and white,
As thy pure self. Cross Planets did envie
Us to each other, and Heaven did untie
Faster than vowes could binde. O that the Starres,
When Lovers meet, should stand oppos'd in warres!

Since then some higher Destinies command,
Let us not strive nor labour to withstand
What is past help. The longest date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief;
And though we waste our selves in moist laments,
Tears may drown us, but not our discontents.

Fold back our arms, take home our fruitless loves,
That must new fortunes trie, like Turtle Doves
Dislodged from their haunts. We must in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thy self,—so thou again art free.
Thou in another, sad as that, resend
The truest heart that Lover ere did lend.

Now turn from each. So fare our sever'd hearts,
As the divorc't soul from her body parts.

My dearest Love! when thou and I must part,
And th' icy hand of death shall seize that heart
Which is all thine; within some spacious will
Ile leave no blanks for Legacies to fill:
'Tis my ambition to die one of those,
Who, but himself, hath nothing to dispose.

And since that is already thine, what need
I to re-give it by some newer deed?
Yet take it once again. Free circumstance
Does oft the value of mean things advance:
Who thus repeats what he bequeath'd before,
Proclaims his bounty richer then his store.

But let me not upon my love bestow
What is not worth the giving. I do ow
Somewhat to dust: my bodies pamper'd care,
Hungry corruption and the worm will share.
That mouldring relick which in earth must lie,
Would prove a gift of horrour to thine eie.

With this cast ragge of my mortalitie,
Let all my faults and errours buried be.
And as my sear-cloth rots, so may kind fate
Those worst acts of my life incinerate.
He shall in story fill a glorious room,
Whose ashes and whose sins sleep in one Tomb.

If now to my cold hearse thou deign to bring
Some melting sighs as thy last offering,
My peacefull exequies are crown'd. Nor shall
I ask more honour at my Funerall.
Thou wilt more richly balm me with thy tears,
Then all the Nard fragrant Arabia bears.

And as the Paphian Queen by her griefs show'r
Brought up her dead Loves Spirit in a flow'r:
So by those precious drops rain'd from thine eies,
Out of my dust, O may some vertue rise!
And like thy better Genius thee attend,
Till thou in my dark Period shalt end.

Lastly, my constant truth let me commend
To him thou choosest next to be thy friend.
For (witness all things good) I would not have
Thy Youth and Beauty married to my grave,
'T would shew thou didst repent the style of wife,
Should'st thou relapse into a single life.

They with preposterous grief the world delude,
Who mourn for their lost Mates in solitude;
Since Widdowhood more strongly doth enforce
The much lamented lot of their divorce.
Themselves then of their losses guilty are,
Who may, yet will not, suffer a repaire.

Those were Barbarian wives, that did invent
Weeping to death at th' Husbands Monument;
But in more civil Rites She doth approve
Her first, who ventures on a second Love;
For else it may be thought, if She refrain,
She sped so ill, Shee durst not trie again.

Up then, my Love, and choose some worthier one,
Who may supply my room when I am gone;
So will the stock of our affection thrive
No less in death, then were I still alive.
And in my urne I shall rejoyce, that I
Am both Testatour thus and Legacie.

THE ANNIVERSE.

AN ELEGY.

So soon grown old! hast thou been six years dead?
Poor earth, once by my Love inhabited!
And must I live to calculate the time
To which thy blooming youth could never climbe,
But fell in the ascent! yet have not I
Studi'd enough thy losses history.

How happy were mankind, if Death's strict lawes
Consum'd our lamentations like the cause!
Or that our grief, turning to dust, might end
With the dissolved body of a friend!

But sacred Heaven! O, how just thou art
In stamping deaths impression on that heart,
Which through thy favours would grow insolent,
Were it not physick't by sharp discontent.
If, then, it stand resolv'd in thy decree,
That still I must doom'd to a Desart be,
Sprung out of my lone thoughts, which know no path
But what my own misfortune beaten hath;—
If thou wilt bind me living to a coarse,
And I must slowly waste; I then of force
Stoop to thy great appointment, and obey
That will which nought avail me to gainsay.

For whil'st in sorrowes Maze I wander on,
I do but follow lifes vocation.
Sure we were made to grieve: at our first birth,
With cries we took possession of the earth;
And though the lucky man reputed be
Fortunes adopted son, yet onely he
Is Natures true born child, who summes his years
(Like me) with no Arithmetick but tears.

ON TWO CHILDREN,

DYING OF ONE DISEASE, AND BURIED IN ONE GRAVE.

BROUGHT forth in sorrow, and bred up in care,
Two tender Children here entombed are:
One Place, one Sire, one Womb, their being gave,
They had one mortal sickness, and one grave.
And though they cannot number many years
In their Account, yet with their Parents tears
This comfort mingles; Though their dayes were few,
They scarcely sinne, but never sorrow knew;
So that they well might boast, they carry'd hence
What riper ages lose, their innocence.

You pretty losses, that revive the fate,
Which, in your mother, death did antedate,
O let my high-swol'n grief distill on you
The saddest drops of a Parentall dew:
You ask no other dower then what my eyes
Lay out on your untimely exequies:
When once I have discharg'd that mournfull skore,
Heav'n hath decreed you ne're shall cost me more,
Since you release and quit my borrow'd trust,
By taking this inheritance of dust.

BEING WAKED OUT OF MY SLEEP BY A SNUFF OF CANDLE WHICH OFFENDED ME, I THUS THOUGHT.

PERHAPS 'twas but conceit. Erroneous sence!
Thou art thine own distemper and offence.
Imagine then, that sick unwholsom steam
Was thy corruption breath'd into a dream.
Nor is it strange, when we in charnells dwell,
That all our thoughts of earth and frailty smell.

Man is a Candle, whose unhappy light
Burns in the day and smothers in the night.
And as you see the dying taper waste,
By such degrees does he to darkness haste.

Here is the diff'rence: When our bodies lamps
Blinded by age, or choakt with mortall damps,
Now faint and dim, and sickly 'gin to wink,
And in their hollow sockets lowly sink;
When all our vital fires ceasing to burn,
Leave nought but snuff and ashes in our Urn:
God will restore those fallen lights again,
And kindle them to an Eternal flame.

MY MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

Ill busi'd man! why should'st thou take such care
To lengthen out thy lifes short Kalendar?
When e'ry spectacle thou lookst upon
Presents and acts thy execution.
Each drooping season and each flower doth cry,
Fool! as I fade and wither, thou must dy.

The beating of thy pulse (when thou art well)
Is just the tolling of thy Passing Bell:
Night is thy Hearse, whose sable Canopie
Covers alike deceased day and thee.
And all those weeping dewes which nightly fall.
Are but the tears shed for thy funerall.

TO MY DEAD FRIEND BEN: JOHNSON.

[DIED AUGUST 6: 1637:]

I SEE that wreath, which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off deaths pale dart. For, *Johnson*, then
Thou hadst been number'd still with living men.
Times sithe had fear'd thy Lawrel to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.

Among those many votaries who come
To offer up their Garlands at thy Tombe;
Whil'st some more lofty pens, in their bright verse,
(Like glorious Tapers flaming on thy herse,)
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see,
How great a maim it suffers, wanting thee;
Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I
Pay meaner Rites unto thy memory;
And since I nought can adde but in desire,
Restore some sparks which leapt from thine own fire.

What ends soever others quills invite,
I can protest, it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But meerly Love and Justice to the dead,
Which rais'd my fameless Muse; and caus'd her bring
These drops, as tributes thrown into that spring,
To whose most rich and fruitful head we ow
The purest streams of language which can flow.

For 'tis but truth, thou taught'st the ruder age
To speake by Grammar, and reform'dst the Stage:
Thy Comic Sock induc'd such purged sense,
A *Lucrece* might have heard without offence.
Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate
Our English, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thy self was one
Helpt lift it up to such proportion;
That thus refin'd and roab'd, it shall not spare
With the full *Greek* or *Latine* to compare.
For what tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
Great *Tully's* Eloquence, or *Homers* State?
Both which in their unblemisht lustre shine,
From *Chapmans* pen, and from thy *Catiline.*
All I would ask for thee, in recompence
Of thy successful toyl and times expence,
Is onely this poor Boon; that those who can
Perhaps read *French,* or talk *Italian,*
Or do the lofty *Spaniard* effect,
To shew their skill in Forrein Dialect,
Prove not themselves so unnaturally wise,
They therefore should their *Mother-Tongue* despise,
(As if her Poets, both for style and wit,
Not equall'd, or not pass'd, their best that writ,)
Untill by studying *Johnson* they have known
The height and strength and plenty of their own.

Thus in what low earth or neglected room
Soere thou sleep'st, *thy book* shall be thy tomb.

Thou wilt go down a happy Coarse, bestrew'd
With thine own Flowres; and feel thyself renew'd,
Whil'st thy immortal, never-with'ring Bayes
Shall yearly flourish in thy Readers praise.
And when more spreading Titles are forgot,
Or spight of all their Lead and Sear-cloth rot,
Thou wrapt and Shrin'd in *thine own sheets* wilt ly,
A Relick fam'd by all Posterity.

THE DIRGE.

WHAT is th' Existence of Mans life
But open war, or slumber'd strife?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the Elements:
And never feels a perfect Peace,
Till deaths cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm, where the hot blood
Out-vies in rage the boyling flood;
And each loud Passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his Bark with many a Wave,
Till he casts Anchor in the Grave.

It is a flower, which buds and growes,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep:
Then shrinks into that fatal mold,
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moraliz'd in age and youth:
Where all the comforts he can share
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a Diall, which points out
The Sun-set as it moves about:
And shadowes out in lines of night
The subtile stages of times flight,
Till all obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary enterlude
Which doth short joyes, long woes include.
The World the Stage, the Prologue tears,
The Acts, vain hope, and vary'd fears:
The Scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no Epilogue but Death.

LIKE TO THE FALLING OF A STAR.

NOTE.—A question that may never find final answer has arisen over these lines. *Was* Bishop Henry King their author? They are included among his Poems under the title *Sic Vita;* they are also found word for word in the Poems of Francis Beaumont, the dramatist. At least five different writers lay claim to this stanza of twelve lines; and the existing variants here given — the last two being from MS. sources, — set forth its extreme popularity during the first half of the seventeenth century. The subject has been thoroughly considered in Hannah's edition of King's Poems (see Appendix D. p. *cxviii.*) but without reaching any positive conclusion.

KING AND BEAUMONT.

[1.]

LIKE to the falling of a Starre;
Or as the flights of Eagles are;
Or like the fresh springs gawdy hew;
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is streight call'd in, and paid to night.
The Wind blowes out; the Bubble dies;
The Sping entomb'd in Autumn lies;
The Dew dries up; the Starre is shot;
The Flight is past; and Man forgot.

[II.]

1. Like as the Damaske Rose you see;
Or like the blossome on the tree;
Or like the daintie flower of May;
Or like the morning to the day;
Or like the Sunne; or like the shade;
Or like the Gourd which Ionas had;
Euen such is man, whose thred is spun,
Drawne out, and cut, and so is done.
The Rose withers; the blossome blasteth;
The flower fades; the morning hasteth;
The Sun sets; the shadow flies;
The Gourd consumes; and man he dyes.

[III.]

2. Like to the Grasse thats newly sprung;
Or like a tale thats new begun;
Or like the bird thats here to day;
Or like the pearled dew of May;
Or like an houre; or like a span;
Or like the singing of a Swan;
Euen such is man, who liues by breath,
Is here, now there, in life, and death.
The Grasse withers; the tale is ended;
The bird is flowne; the dew's ascended;
The houre is short; the span not long;
The Swan's neere death; mans life is done.

[IV.]

3. Like to the bubble in the brooke;
Or, in a Glasse, much like a looke;
Or like a shuttle in Weauers hand;
Or like the writing on the sand;
Or like a thought; or like a dreame;
Or like the glyding of the streame;
Euen such is man, who liues by breath,
Is heere, now there, in life, and death.
The Bubble's cut; the looke's forgot;
The Shuttle's flung; the writing's blot;
The thought is past; the dreame is gone;
The water glides; mans life is done.

[V.]

4. Like to an Arrow from the Bow;
Or like swift course of watery flow;
Or like the time twixt flood and ebbe;
Or like the Spiders tender webbe;
Or like a race; or like a Gole;
Or like the dealing of a dole;
Euen such is man, whose britle state
Is alwayes subiect vnto fate.
The Arrowe's shot; the flood soone spent;
The time no time; the webbe soone rent;
The race soone run; the Goale soone wonne;
The dole soone dealt; Mans life first done.

[VI.]

5. Like to the lightning from the skie;
Or like a Post that quicke doth hie;
Or like a quauer in short song;
Or like a Iourney three dayes long;
Or like the Snow when Summer's come;
Or like the Peare; or like the Plum;
Euen such is man, who heapes vp sorrow,
Liues but this day, and dyes to morrow.
The Lightning's past; the Post must goe;
The Song is short; the Iourney's so;
The Peare doth rot; the Plum doth fall;
The Snow dissolues; and so must all.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

1. Like to the damaske Rose you see, &c.

[VII.]

2. Like to the blaze of fond delight;
Or like a morning cleare and bright;
Or like a post; or like a showre;
Or like the pride of *Babels* Towre;
Or like the houre that guides the time;
Or like to beauty in her prime;
Euen such is man, whose glorie lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends.
Delights vanish; the morne o're casteth;
The frost breakes; the shower hasteth;
The Tower fals; the hour spends;
The beauty fades; and mans life ends.

[VIII.]

Like to a silkworm of one year;
Or like a wronged lover's tear;
Or on the waves a rudder's dint;
Or like the sparkles of a flint;
Or like to little cakes perfum'd;
Or fireworks made to be consum'd;
Even such is man, and all that trust
In weak and animated dust.
The silkworm droops; the tear's soon shed;
The ship's way lost; the sparkle dead;
The cake is burnt; the firework done;
And Man as these as quickly gone.

[Browne has also a variant unnoticed by Hannah:

I know that like to silkworms of one year,
Or like a kind and wronged lover's tear,
Or on the pathless waves a rudder's dint,
Or like the little sparkles of a flint,
Or like to thin round cakes with cost perfum'd,
Or fireworks only made to be consum'd;
I know that such is man, and all that trust
In that weak piece of animated dust.
The silkworm droops, the lover's tears soon shed,
The ship's way quickly lost, the sparkle dead;
The cake burns out in haste, the firework's done,
And man as soon as these as quickly gone.

BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS. *Bk. III: 552-563.*]

[IX.]

1. Like to the Rowlinge of an Eye;
Or like a Starre shot from the Sky;
Or like a hand vpon a Clocke;
Or like a Waue vpon a Rocke;
Or like a Winde; or like a Flame;
Or like false Newes which people frame;
Even such is man, of equall Stay,
Whoes very Growth leades to Decay.
The eye is turnd; the Starre downe bendeth;
The hand doth steale; the waue descendeth;
The wind is spent; the fflame vnfir'd;
The Newes disprou'd; mans life expir'd.

[X.]

2. Like to an eye which Sleepe doth chaine;
Or like a Starre whose fall wee faine;
Or like a Shade on Athaz Watch;
Or like a Waue which Gulfes doe snatch;
Or like a Winde or flame that's past;
Or smother'd Newes confirm'd att last;
Even soe mans life, pawn'd in the Graue,
Waits for a Risinge it must haue;
The eye still sees; the Starre still blazeth;
The Shade goes backe; the waue escapeth;
The Winde is turn'd, the Flame reviu'd,
The Newes renew'd; and man new liu'd.

The Bibelot

Of Dr. John Donne, poet and divine, the book remains unwritten which shall reveal him to us as he was.[1] *Mr. Gosse has well said, "We would fain see his portrait drawn from his first wild escapade into the Azores down to his voluntary penitence in his pulpit and the winding-sheet."*[2]

Human documents in this case are wanting however. Born in 1573 what of storm and stress there was, the tempestuous yet not ignoble period of Donne's youth ended when he married Anne More in 1601, who, dying in 1617 left him with a love unknow-

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1 Walton's Lives of Dr. John Donne, etc., *is the contemporary source and basis of all later memoirs. See the edition revised by A. H. Bullen, (Bohn's Illustrated Library) London, 1884.*

2 Gossip in a Library, *by Edmund Gosse (article entitled "Death's Duel" pp. 55-64) London 1891. See also* The Jacobean Poets *by Edmund Gosse (chapter III) London, 1894.*

The Life and Poetry of Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, *an essay by Clyde Bowman Furst, in* The Citizen, *(Philadelphia, September, 1896), together with Mr. Furst's later suggestions, the Editor of the Bibelot desires to acknowledge with thanks.*

ing any second choice. Fourteen years later upon his death-bed he could say, as if in enraptured vision of 'Life in God, and union there,' — "I were miserable if I might not die."

We may concede at once that Donne's poetry appeals to a narrow circle, the saving remnant whose judgments are something other than mere obiter dicta. *Fortunately it is a widening circle.*[1] *There is an inspired breath of the Renaissance in his verse, flashes of supreme insight as in the world of tragic art Webster only knew; single lines of beauty unsurpassed discoverable in this man's work and nowhere else. Let us consider the lyrics here chosen: they represent this great poet not unworthily.*

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1 Poems of John Donne, *edited by E. K. Chambers with an Introduction by George Saintsbury, 2 vols, Fcap 8vo. London and New York (Scribner's) 1896. The index to First Lines is absolutely valueless. In all other respects this edition is a delightful piece of book-making.*

FOR MAY:

LETTERS OF MARQUE:

SELECTIONS FROM A SUPPRESSED BOOK,
BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

SELECTIONS
from
DR. JOHN DONNE.
(1573—1631.)

"Something new in English literature begins in Donne, something which proceeded, under his potent influence, to colour poetry for nearly a hundred years. The exact mode in which that influence was immediately distributed is unknown to us, or very dimly perceived. . . . The style of Donne, like a very odd perfume, was found to cling to every one who touched it. . . . There is no writer who demands more careful study than this enigmatical and subterranean master, this veiled Isis whose utterances outweighed the oracles of all the visible gods."

EDMUND GOSSE.

"It is true that . . there are those, and many of them, who can never and will never like Donne. No one who thinks Don Quixote a merely funny book, no one who sees in Aristophanes a dirty-minded fellow with a knack of Greek versification, no one who thinks it impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had not written the Sonnets, no one who wonders what on earth Giordano Bruno meant by *Gli eroici Furori*, need trouble himself even to attempt to like Donne. . . But for those who have experienced, or who at least understand, the ups-and-downs, the ins-and-outs of human temperament, the alternations not merely of passion and satiety, but of passion and laughter, of passion and melancholy reflection, of passion earthly enough and spiritual rapture almost heavenly, there is no poet and hardly any writer like Donne. . . *Nos passions*, says Bossuet, *ont quelque chose d'infini*. To express infinity no doubt is a contradiction in terms. But no poet has gone nearer to the hinting and adumbration of this infinite quality of passion, and of the relapses and reactions from passion, than the author of 'The Second Anniversary,' and 'The Dream,' of 'The Relique,' and 'The Ecstasy.'"

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SONG.

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear,
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know;
Such a pilgrimage were sweet.
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet.
Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

THE UNDERTAKING.

I HAVE done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart
The skill of specular stone,
When he, which can have learn'd the art
To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,
Others — because no more
Such stuff to work upon, there is —
Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within
Hath found, all outward loathes,
For he who colour loves, and skin,
Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do
Virtue in woman see,
And dare love that, and say so too,
And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placèd so,
From profane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this bestow,
Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing
  Than all the Worthies did;
And a braver thence will spring,
  Which is, to keep that hid.

BREAK OF DAY.

STAY, O sweet, and do not rise;
  The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
  Stay, or else my joys will die
  And perish in their infancy.

SONG.

SWEETEST love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
At the last must part, 'tis best,
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way;
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot add another hour,
Nor a lost hour recall;
But come bad chance,
And we join to it our strength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,
  But sigh'st my soul away;
When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,
  My life's blood doth decay.
    It cannot be
That thou lovest me as thou say'st,
If in thine my life thou waste,
  That art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart
  Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part,
  And may thy fears fulfil.
    But think that we
Are but turn'd aside to sleep.
They who one another keep
  Alive, ne'er parted be.

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes time, as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw.
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

Two graves must hide thine and mine corse;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! as well as other princes, we
—Who prince enough in one another be—
Must leave at last in death these eyes and ears,
Oft fed with true oaths, and with sweet salt tears;
But souls where nothing dwells but love
—All other thoughts being inmates—then shall prove
This or a love increasèd there above,
When bodies to their graves, souls from their graves remove.

And then we shall be throughly blest;
But now no more than all the rest.
Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
Can be such kings, nor of such subjects be.

Who is so safe as we? where none can do
Treason to us, except one of us two.
  True and false fears let us refrain,
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years and years unto years, till we attain
To write threescore; this is the second of our reign.

GOOD we must love and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still;
But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate, nor love,
But one, and then another prove,
As we shall find our fancy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some we might hate, and some choose;
But since she did them so create,
That we may neither love, nor hate,
Only this rests, all all may use.

If they were good, it would be seen;
Good is as visible as green,
And to all eyes itself betrays.
If they were bad, they could not last;
Bad doth itself and others waste;
So they deserve nor blame, nor praise.

But they are ours as fruits are ours;
He that but tastes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well;
Changed loves are but changed sorts of meat;
And when he hath the kernel eat,
Who doth not fling away the shell?

LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with some old lover's ghost,
Who died before the god of love was born.
I cannot think that he, who then loved most,
Sunk so low as to love one which did scorn.
But since this god produced a destiny,
And that vice-nature, custom, lets it be,
I must love her that loves not me.

Sure, they which made him god, meant not so much,
Nor he in his young godhead practised it.
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to passives. Correspondency
Only his subject was; it cannot be
Love, till I love her, who loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vast prerogative as far as Jove.
To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlieu of the god of love.
O! were we waken'd by this tyranny
To ungod this child again, it could not be
I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and atheist too, why murmur I,
As though I felt the worst that love could do?

Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too;
Which, since she loves before, I'm loth to see.
Falsehood is worse than hate; and that must be,
If she whom I love, should love me.

WHEN my grave is broke up again
Some second guest to entertain,
—For graves have learn'd that woman-head,
To be to more than one a bed—
And he that digs it, spies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will not he let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,
Who thought that this device might be some way
To make their souls at the last busy day
Meet at this grave, and make a little stay?

If this fall in a time, or land,
Where mass-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the bishop or the king,
To make us relics; then
Thou shalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A something else thereby;
All women shall adore us, and some men.
And, since at such time miracles are sought,
I would have that age by this paper taught
What miracles we harmless lovers wrought.

First we loved well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we loved, nor why;

Difference of sex we never knew,
No more than guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiss, but not between those meals;
Our hands ne'er touch'd the seals,
Which nature, injured by late law, sets free.
These miracles we did; but now alas!
All measure, and all language, I should pass,
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

THE PROHIBITION.

TAKE heed of loving me;
At least remember, I forbade it thee;
Not that I shall repair my unthrifty waste
Of breath and blood, upon thy sighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou wast;
But so great joy our life at once outwears.
Then, lest thy love by my death frustrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the victory;
Not that I shall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate;
But thou wilt lose the style of conqueror,
If I, thy conquest, perish by thy hate.
Then, lest my being nothing lessen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too;
So these extremes shall ne'er their office do;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate me; because thy love's too great for me;
Or let these two, themselves, not me, decay;
So shall I live thy stage, not triumph be.
Lest thou thy love and hate, and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too.

IF SHE DERIDE.

GREAT and good if she deride me,
Let me walk, I'll not despair;
Ere to-morrow I'll provide me
One as great, less proud, more fair.
They that seek love to constrain
Have their labour for their pain.

They that strongly can importune,
And will never yield nor tire,
Gain the pay in spite of Fortune;
But such gain I'll not desire.
Where the prize is shame or sin,
Winners lose, and losers win.

Look upon the faithful lover;
Grief stands painted in his face;
Groans and sighs and tears discover
That they are his only grace.
He must weep as children do,
That will in the fashion woo.

I, who fly these idle fancies
Which my dearest rest betray,
Warn'd by other's harmful chances,
Use my freedom as I may.
When all the world says what it can,
'Tis but — O! unconstant man!

BELIEVE YOUR GLASS.

BELIEVE your glass, and it will tell you, dear,
Your eyes enshrine
A brighter shine
Than fair Apollo; look if there appear
The milky sky,
The crimson dye
Mixed in your cheeks; and then bid Phoebus set;
More glory than he owes appears. But yet

Make use of youth and beauty while they flourish,
Time never sleeps;
Though it but creeps
It still gets forward. Do not vainly nourish
Them to self-use:
It is abuse;
The richest grounds lying waste turn bogs and rot,
And so being useless were as good were not.

Walk in a meadow by a river-side,
Upon whose banks
Grow milk-white ranks
Of full-blown lilies in their height of pride,
Which downward bend,
And nothing tend
Save their own beauties in their glassy stream:
Look to yourself; compare yourself with them —

In show, in beauty: mark what follows then;
Summer must end,
The sun must bend
Its long absented beams to others; when
Their Spring being crossed
By winter's frost,
And snipped by bitter storms 'gainst which nought boots,
They bend their proud tops lower than their roots.

Then none regard them, but with heedless feet
In dust each treads
Their declin'd heads.
So when youth's wasted, Age and you shall meet;
Then I alone
Shall sadly moan
That interview; others it will not move;
So light regard we what we little love.

ABSENCE.

That time and absence proves
Rather helps than hurts to loves.

ABSENCE, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance, and length;
Do what thou canst for alteration,
For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join and time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
His mind hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality;
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is present, Time doth tarry,

My senses want their outward motion,
Which now within
Reason doth win,
Redoubled by her secret notion;
Like rich men that take pleasure
In hiding more than handling treasure.

By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain;
There I embrace and kiss her,
And so enjoy her, and none miss her.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I WONDER, by my troth, what thou and I
Did, till we loved? were we not wean'd till then?
But suck'd on country pleasures, childishly?
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be;
If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other sights controls,
And makes one little room an everywhere.
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone;
Let maps to other, worlds on worlds have shown;
Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face is thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres
Without sharp north, without declining west?
Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally;
If our two loves be one, or thou and I
Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN last I died, and, dear, I die
As often as from thee I go,
Though it be but an hour ago
—And lovers' hours be full eternity—
I can remember yet, that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
Though I be dead, which sent me, I might be
Mine own executor, and legacy.

I heard me say, "Tell her anon,
That myself," that is you, not I,
"Did kill me," and when I felt me die,
I bid me send my heart, when I was gone;
But I alas! could there find none;
When I had ripp'd, and search'd where hearts should lie,
It kill'd me again, that I who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
But colours it, and corners had;
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was entire to none, and few had part;
As good as could be made by art
It seemed, and therefore for our loss be sad.
I meant to send that heart instead of mine,
But O! no man could hold it, for 'twas thine.

BEFORE I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies; I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women or the sea, my tears:
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none, but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness,
To Jesuits; to buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any, who abroad hath been;
My money to a Capuchin:
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the Schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an University;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;

My patience let gamesters share:
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit:
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her, who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make, as though I gave, when I do
but restore.

To him for whom the passing-bell next tolls,
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, mine English tongue:
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.

Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more use shall have,
Than a sun-dial in a grave:
Thou, Love, taugh'st me by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent, and practise this one way, to annihilate all three.

THE FUNERAL.

WHOEVER comes to shroud me, do not harm,
Nor question much,
That subtle wreath of hair, which crowns my arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch;
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto heaven being gone,
Will leave this to control
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
Through every part
Can tie those parts, and make me one of all,
Those hairs which upward grew, and strength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't; except she meant that I
By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemn'd to die.

Whate'er she meant by it, bury it with me,
For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands these relics came.
As 'twas humility
To afford to it all that a soul can do,
So 'tis some bravery,
That since you would have none of me, I bury some of you.

DEAR love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream;
It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy.
Therefore thou waked'st me wisely; yet
My dream thou brokest not, but continued'st it.
Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths, and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best,
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

As lightning, or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noise waked me;
Yet I thought thee
—For thou lovest truth — an angel, at first sight;
But when I saw thou saw'st my heart,
And knew'st my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'st what I dreamt, when thou knew'st
when
Excess of joy would wake me, and camest then,
I must confess, it could not choose but be
Profane, to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and staying show'd thee, thee,
But rising makes me doubt, that now
Thou art not thou.

That love is weak where fear's as strong as he;
'Tis not all spirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of fear, shame, honour have;
Perchance as torches, which must ready be,
Men light and put out, so thou deal'st with me;
Thou camest to kindle, go'st to come; then I
Will dream that hope again, but else would die.

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all;
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure, which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent;
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant.
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have thee all.

Or if then thou gavest me all,
All was but all, which thou hadst then;
But if in thy heart since there be or shall
New love created be by other men,
Which have their stocks entire, and can in tears,
In sighs, in oaths, and letters, outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee.
And yet it was, thy gift being general;
The ground, thy heart, is mine; what ever shall
Grow there, dear, I should have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet.
He that hath all can have no more;

And since my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou should'st have new rewards in store;
Thou canst not every day give me thy heart,
If thou canst give it, then thou never gavest it;
Love's riddles are, that though thy heart depart,
It stays at home, and thou with losing savest it;
But we will have a way more liberal,
Than changing hearts, to join them; so we shall
Be one, and one another's all.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

I.

WILT Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

II.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

III.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou hast done;
I fear no more.

The Bibelot

"LETTERS OF MARQUE" *first appeared in book form in 1891, at Allahabad; an unlovely octavo, now quite priceless, having been almost immediately withdrawn from circulation by its author. In* Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century *(vol. ii, p. 405) under title of "The Suppressed Works of Rudyard Kipling," the editors have this to say:*

"It is happily not our business to record Mr. Kipling's contributions to Indian journalism. Many of them have not been reprinted—will never be reprinted." . . . Letters of Marque "*were issued by the publishers in perfect good faith while Mr. Kipling was on his travels, but they,*" *as well as some earlier articles,* "*were thought by the author and his friends too immature for separate publication. Many passages, however, show the writer at his best, though the whole has evidently been written* currente calamo."

Strangely enough after this appreciation Messers Nicoll and Wise offer slight evidence of having read the book entire; Chitor and the Palace of Boondi—shall we say in

the exigencies of compilation? — being passed over in silence. And yet, Sirs, it is in just these two deeply etched descriptions that an impression very like to the necromantic effects of "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came" creeps in upon us. Is it too much to hope that Mr. Kipling may yet revise and reissue this book? From first to last we feel in its pages a revelation of one who is predestinately a great and enduring teller of stories,—a great and enduring interpreter of the occult and mysterious East. Surely a revision such as he alone could give would not be labour lost.

FOR JUNE:

FATHER DAMIEN,
by
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LETTERS OF MARQUE

I. The Dead City of Amber.
II. Chitor.
III. The Palace of Boondi.

"If you look long enough across the sands, while a voice in your ear is telling you of half-buried cities, old as old Time and wholly unvisited by Sahibs, of districts where the white man is unknown, and of the wonders of far-way Jeysulmir ruled by a half distraught king, sand-locked and now smitten by a terrible food and water famine . . you will be conscious of a great desire to take one of the lobbing camels and get away into the desert, away from the last touch of To-day, to meet the Past face to face."

LETTERS OF MARQUE.

"BEHIND the hosts of suns and stars, behind
The rushing of the chariots of the wind,
Behind all noises and all shapes of things,
And men, and deeds, behind the blaze of kings,
Princes and paladins and potentates,
An immense, solitary Spectre waits.
It has no shape: it has no sound: it has
No place: it has no time: it is, and was,
And will be: it is never more nor less,
Nor glad, nor sad. Its name is Nothingness.
Power walketh high: and Misery doth crawl:
And the clepsydra drips: and the sands fall
Down in the hourglass: and the shadows sweep
Around the dial: and men wake, and sleep,
Live, strive, regret, forget, and love, and hate,
And know it not. This spectre saith, 'I wait.'
And at the last it beckons, and they pass.
And still the red sands fall within the glass:
And still the shades around the dial sweep:
And still the water-clock doth drip and weep:
And this is all."

OWEN MEREDITH.

I.

THE DEAD CITY OF AMBER.

AND what shall be said of Amber, Queen of the Pass—the city that Jey Singh bade his people slough as snakes cast their skins. The Globe-Trotter will assure you that it must be "done" before anything else, and the Globe-Trotter is, for once, perfectly correct. Amber lies between six and seven miles from Jeypore among the "tumbled fragments of the hills," and is reachable by so prosaic a conveyance as a ticca-ghari and so uncomfortable a one as an elephant. *He* is provided by the Maharaja, and the people who make India their prey, are apt to accept his services as a matter of course.

Rise very early in the morning, before the stars have gone out, and drive through the sleeping city till the pavement gives place to cactus and sand, and educational and enlightened institutions to mile upon mile of semi-decayed Hindu temples—brown and weather-beaten—running down to the shores of the great Man Sagar Lake, wherein are more ruined temples, palaces and fragments of causeways. The water-birds have their home in the half-submerged arcades and the *mugger* nuzzles the shafts of the pillars. It

is a fitting prelude to the desolation of Amber. Beyond the Man Sagar the road of to-day climbs up-hill, and by its side runs the huge stone-causeway of yesterday — blocks sunk in concrete. Down this path the swords of Amber went out to kill. A triple wall rings the city, and, at the third gate, the road drops into the valley of Amber. In the half light of dawn, a great city sunk between hills and built round three sides of a lake is dimly visible, and one waits to catch the hum that should rise from it as the day breaks. The air in the valley is bitterly chill. With the growing light, Amber stands revealed, and the traveller sees that it is a city that will never wake. A few *meenas* live in huts at the end of the valley, but the temples, the shrines, the palaces and the tiers-on-tiers of houses are desolate. Trees grow in and split open the walls, the windows are filled with brush wood, and the cactus chokes the street. The Englishman made his way up the side of the hill to the great palace that overlooks everything except the red fort of Jeighur, guardian of Amber. As the elephant swung up the steep roads paved with stone and built out on the sides of the

hill, the Englishman looked into empty houses where the little grey squirrel sat and scratched its ears. The peacock walked upon the house-tops and the blue pigeon roosted within. He passed under iron-studded gates whereof the hinges were eaten out with rust, and by walls plumed and crowned with grass, and under more gateways, till, at last, he reached the palace and came suddenly into a great quadrangle where two blinded, arrogant stallions, covered with red and gold trappings, screamed and neighed at each other from opposite ends of the vast space. For a little time these were the only visible living beings, and they were in perfect accord with the spirit of the spot. Afterwards certain workmen appeared, for it seems that the Maharaja keeps the old palace of his forefathers in good repair, but they were modern and mercenary, and with great difficulty were detached from the skirts of the traveller. A somewhat extensive experience of palace-seeing had taught him that it is best to see palaces alone, for the Oriental as a guide is undiscriminating and sets too great a store on corrugated iron-roofs and glazed drain-pipes.

So the Englishman went into this palace built of stone, bedded on stone, springing out of scarped rock, and reached by stone ways — nothing but stone. Presently, he stumbled across a little temple of Kali, a gem of marble tracery and inlay, very dark and, at that hour of the morning, very cold.

If, as Violet-le-Duc tells us to believe, a building reflects the character of its inhabitants it must be impossible for one reared in an Eastern palace to think straightly or speak freely or — but here the annals of Rajputana contradict the theory — to act openly. The crampt and darkened rooms, the narrow smooth-walled passages with recesses where a man might wait for his enemy unseen, the maze of ascending and descending stairs leading nowhither, the ever present screens of marble tracery that may hide or reveal so much, — all these things breathe of plot and counter-plot, league and intrigue. In a living palace where the sight-seer knows and feels that there are human beings everwhere, and that he is followed by scores of unseen eyes, the impression is almost unendurable. In a dead palace — a cemetery of loves and hatreds done with

hundreds of years ago, and of plottings that had for their end — though the grey beards who plotted knew it not — the coming of the British tourist with guide-book and sunhat — oppression gives place to simply impertinent curiosity. The Englishman wandered into all parts of the palace, for there was no one to stop him — not even the ghosts of the dead Ranis — through ivory-studded doors, into the women's quarters, where a stream of water once flowed over a chiselled marble channel. A creeper had set its hands upon the lattice here, and there was dust of old nests in one of the niches in the wall. Did the lady of light virtue who managed to become possessed of so great a portion of Jey Singh's library ever set her dainty feet in the trim garden of the Hall of Pleasure beyond the screen-work? Was it in the forty-pillared Hall of Audience that the order went forth that the Chief of Birjooghar was to be slain, and from what wall did the King look out when the horsemen clattered up the steep stone path to the palace, bearing on their saddle-bows the heads of the bravest of Rajore? There were questions innumerable to be asked in each court and

keep and cell; aye, but the only answer was the cooing of the pigeons on the walls.

If a man desired beauty, there was enough and to spare in the palace; and of strength more than enough. By inlay and carved marble, by glass and colour, the Kings who took their pleasure in that now desolate pile, made all that their eyes rested upon royal and superb. But any description of the artistic side of the palace, if it were not impossible, would be wearisome. The wise man will visit it when time and occasion serve, and will then, in some small measure, understand what must have been the riotous, sumptuous, murderous life to which our Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, Commissioners and Deputy Commissioners, Colonels and Captains and the Subalterns after their kind, have put an end.

From the top of the palace you may read if you please the Book of Ezekiel written in stone upon the hillside. Coming up, the Englishman had seen the city from below or on a level. He now looked into its very heart — the heart that had ceased to beat. There was no sound of men or cattle, or grind-stones in those pitiful streets — nothing

but the cooing of the pigeons. At first it seemed that the palace was not ruined at all — that presently the women would come up on the house-tops and the bells would ring in the temples. But as he attempted to follow with his eye the turns of the streets, the Englishman saw that they died out in wood tangle and blocks of fallen stone, and that some of the houses were rent with great cracks, and pierced from roof to road with holes that let in the morning sun. The drip-stones of the eaves were gap-toothed, and the tracery of the screens had fallen out so that zenana-rooms lay shamelessly open to the day. On the outskirts of the city, the strong walled houses dwindled and sank down to mere stone-heaps and faint indications of plinth and wall, hard to trace against the background of stony soil. The shadow of the palace lay over two-thirds of the city and the trees deepened the shadow. "He who has bent him o'er the dead" *after* the hour of which Byron sings, knows that the features of the man become blunted as it were — the face begins to fade. The same hideous look lies on the face of the Queen of the Pass, and when once this is realized,

the eye wonders that it could have ever believed in the life of her. She is the city "whose graves are set in the side of the pit, and her company is, round about her graves," sister of Pathros, Zoan and No.

Moved by a thoroughly insular instinct, the Englishman took up a piece of plaster and heaved it from the palace wall into the dark streets below. It bounded from a house-top to a window-ledge, and thence into a little square, and the sound of its fall was hollow and echoing, as the sound of a stone in a well. Then the silence closed up upon the sound, till in the far away courtyard below the roped stallions began screaming afresh. There may be desolation in the great Indian Desert to the westward, and there is desolation upon the open seas; but the desolation of Amber is beyond the loneliness either of land or sea. Men by the hundred thousand must have toiled at the walls that bound it, the temples and bastions that stud the walls, the fort that overlooks all, the canals that once lifted water to the palace, and the garden in the lake of the valley. Rénan could describe it as it stands to-day, and Vereschaguin could paint it.

II.

CHITOR.

THE death of Amber was as nothing to the death of Chitor—a body whence the life had been driven by riot and sword. Men had parcelled the gardens of her palaces and the courtyards of her temples into fields; and cattle grazed among the remnants of the shattered tombs. But over all—over rent bastion, split temple-wall, pierced roof and prone pillar—lay the "shadow of its beauty while it flourished in its pride." The Englishman walked into a stately palace of many rooms, where the sunlight streamed in through wall and roof, and up crazy stone stairways, held together, it seemed, by the marauding trees. In one bastion, a wind-sown peepul had wrenched a thick slab clear of the wall, but held it tight pressed in a crook of a branch, as a man holds down a fallen enemy under his elbow, shoulder and forearm. In another place, a strange, uncanny wind, sprung from nowhere, was singing all alone among the pillars of what may have been a Hall of Audience. The Englishman wandered so far in one palace that he came to an almost black-dark room, high up in a wall, and said proudly to him-

self:— "I must be the first man who has been here;" meaning thereby no harm or insult to any one. But he tripped and fell, and as he put out his hands, he felt that the stairs had been worn hollow and smooth by the tread of innumerable naked feet. Then he was afraid, and came away very quickly, stepping delicately over fallen friezes and bits of sculptured men, so as not to offend the dead; and was mightily relieved when he recovered his elephant and allowed the guide to take him to Kumbha Rana's Tower of Victory.

This stands, like all things in Chitor, among ruins, but time and the other enemies have been good to it. It is a Jain edifice, nine storeys high, crowned atop — Was this designed insult or undesigned repair? — with a purely Mahomedan dome, wherein the pigeons and the bats live. Excepting this blemish, the Tower of Victory is nearly as fair as when it left the hands of the builder whose name has not been handed down to us. It is to be observed here that the first, or more ruined, Tower of Victory, built in Alluji's days, when Chitor was comparatively young, was raised by some pious Jain as

proof of conquest over things spiritual. The second tower is more worldly in intent.

Those who care to look, may find elsewhere a definition of its architecture and its more striking peculiarities. It was in kind, but not in degree, like the Jugdesh Temple at Udaipur, and, as it exceeded it in magnificence, so its effect upon the mind was more intense. The confusing intricacy of the figures with which it was wreathed from top to bottom, the recurrence of the one calm face, the God enthroned, holding the Wheel of the Law, and the appalling lavishness of decoration, all worked towards the instilment of fear and aversion.

Surely this must have been one of the objects of the architect. The tower, in the arrangement of its stairways, is like the interior of a Chinese carved ivory puzzle-ball. The idea given is that, even while you are ascending, you are wrapping yourself deeper and deeper in the tangle of a mighty maze. Add to this the half-light, the thronging armies of sculptured figures, the mad profusion of design splashed as impartially upon the undersides of the stone window-slabs as upon the door-beam of the threshold — add,

most abhorrent of all, the slippery sliminess of the walls worn smooth by naked men, and you will understand that the tower is not a soothing place to visit. The Englishman fancied presumptuously that he had, in a way, grasped the builder's idea; and when he came to the top storey and sat among the pigeons his theory was this: — To attain power, wrote the builder of old, in sentences of fine stone, it is necessary to pass through all sorts of close-packed horrors, treacheries, battles and insults, in darkness and without knowledge whether the road leads upward or into a hopeless *cul-de-sac*. Kumbha Rana must many times have climbed to the top storey, and looked out towards the uplands of Malwa on the one side and his own great Mewar on the other, in the days when all the rock hummed with life and the clatter of hooves upon the stony ways, and Mahmoud of Malwa was safe in hold. How he must have swelled with pride — fine insolent pride of life and rule and power, — power not only to break things but to compel such builders as those who piled the tower to his royal will! There was no decoration in the top storey to bewilder or amaze —

nothing but well-grooved stone-slabs, and a boundless view fit for kings who traced their ancestry—

"From times when forth from the sunlight, the first of our kings came down,
And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown."

The builder had left no mark behind him—not even a mark on the threshold of the door, or a sign in the head of the topmost step. The Englishman looked in both places, believing that those were the places generally chosen for mark-cutting. So he sat and meditated on the beauties of kingship, and the unholiness of Hindu art, and what power a shadow-land of lewd monstrosities had upon those who believed in it, and what Lord Dufferin, who is the nearest approach to a king in this India, must have thought when A.—D.—C.'s clanked after him up the narrow steps. But the day was wearing, and he came down—in both senses—and, in his descent, the carven things on every side of the tower and above and below, once more took hold of and perverted his fancy, so that he arrived at the bottom in a frame of mind

eminently fitted for a descent into the Gau-Mukh, which is nothing more terrible than a little spring, falling into a reservoir, in the side of the hill.

He stumbled across more ruins and passed between tombs of dead Ranis, till he came to a flight of steps, built out and cut out from rock, going down as far as he could see into a growth of trees on a terrace below him. The stone of the steps had been worn and polished by naked feet till it showed its markings clearly as agate; and where the steps ended in a rock-slope, there was a visible glair, a great snail track, upon the rocks. It was hard to keep safe footing on the sliminess. The air was thick with the sick smell of stale incense, and grains of rice were scattered upon the steps. But there was no one to be seen. Now this in itself was not specially alarming; but the Genius of the Place must be responsible for making it so. The Englishman slipped and bumped on the rocks, and arrived, more suddenly than he desired, upon the edge of a dull blue tank, sunk between walls of timeless masonry. In a slabbed-in recess, water was pouring through a shapeless stone gargoyle, into a

trough; which trough again dripped into the tank. Almost under the little trickle of water, was the loathesome Emblem of Creation, and there were flowers and rice around it. Water was trickling from a score of places in the cut face of the hill oozing between the edges of the steps and welling up between the stone slabs of the terrace. Trees sprouted in the sides of the tank and hid its surroundings. It seemed as though the descent had led the Englishman, *firstly*, two thousand years away from his own century, and *secondly*, into a trap, and that he would fall off the polished stones into the stinking tank, or that the Gau-Mukh would continue to pour water placidly until the tank rose up and swamped him, or that some of the stone slabs would fall forward and crush him flat.

Then he was conscious of remembering, with peculiar and unnecessary distinctness, that, from the Gau-Mukh, a passage led to the subterranean chambers in which fair Pudmini and her handmaids had slain themselves. Also, that Tod had written and the Station-master at Chitor had said, that some sort of devil, or ghoul, or some thing, stood at

the entrance or that approach. All of which was a nightmare bred in full day, and folly to boot; but it was the fault of the Genius of the Place, who made the Englishman feel that he had done a great wrong in trespassing into the very heart and soul of all Chitor. And, behind him, the Gau-Mukh guggled and choked like a man in his death-throe. The Englishman endured as long as he could — about two minutes. Then it came upon him that he must go quickly out of this place of years and blood — must get back to the afternoon sunshine, and Gerowlia, and the dâk-bungalow with the French bedstead. He desired no archæological information, he wished to take no notes, and, above all, he did not care to look behind him, where stood the reminder that he was no better than the beasts that perish. But he had to cross the smooth, worn rocks, and he felt their sliminess through his boot-soles. It was as though he were treading on the soft, oiled skin of a Hindu. As soon as the steps gave refuge, he floundered up them, and so came out of the Gau-Mukh, bedewed with that perspiration which follows alike on honest toil or — childish fear.

"This," said he to himself, "is absurd!" and sat down on the fallen top of a temple to review the situation. But the Gau-Mukh had disappeared. He could see the dip in the ground, and the beginning of the steps, but nothing more.

III.

THE PALACE OF BOONDI.

It has been written "the *coup d'œil* of the castellated Palace of Boondi, from whichever side you approach it, is perhaps the most striking in India. Whoever has seen the Palace of Boondi can easily picture to himself the hanging gardens of Semiramis." This is true—and more too. To give on paper any adequate idea of the Boondi-ki-Mahal is impossible. Jeypore Palace may be called the Versailles of India; Udaipur's House of State is dwarfed by the hills round it and the spread of the Pichola lake; Jodhpur's House of Strife grey towers on red rock, is the work of giants; but the Palace of Boondi, even in broad day-light, is such a Palace as men build for themselves in

uneasy dreams — the work of goblins more than the work of men. It is built into and out of hill side, in gigantic terrace on terrace, and dominates the whole of the city. But a detailed description of it were useless. Owing to the dip of the valley in which the city stands, it can only be well seen from one place, the main road of the city; and from that point seems like an avalanche of masonry ready to rush down and whelm the gorge. Like all the other Palaces of Rajputana, it is the work of many hands, and the present Raja has thrown out a bastion of no small size on one of the lower levels, which has been four or five years in the building. Only by scaling this annexe, and, from the other side of the valley, seeing how insignificant is its great bulk in the entire scheme, is it possible to get some idea of the stupendous size of the Palace. No one knows where the hill begins and where the Palace ends. Men say that there are subterranean chambers leading into the heart of the hills, and passages communicating with the extreme limits of Taragarh, the giant fortress that crowns the hill and flanks the whole of the valley on the Palace side.

They say that there is as much room under as above ground, and that none know the whole extent of the Palace. Looking at it from below, the Englishman could readily believe that nothing was impossible for those who had built it. The dominant impression was of height — height that heaved itself out of the hillside and weighed upon the eyelids of the beholder. The steep slope of the land had helped the builders in securing this effect. From the main road of the city a steep stone-paved ascent led to the first gate — name not communicated by the zealous following. Two gaudily painted fishes faced each other over the arch, and there was little except glaring colour ornamentation visible. This gate gave into what they called the *chowk* of the Palace, and one had need to look twice ere realizing that this open space, crammed with human life, was a spur of the hill on which the Palace stood, paved and built over. There had been little attempt at levelling the ground. The foot-worn stones followed the contour of the ground, and ran up to the walls of the Palace smooth as glass. Immediately facing the Gate of the Fish was the Quarter-Guard barracks, a dark and dirty

room, and here, in a chamber hollowed out in a wall, were stored the big drums of State, the *nakarras*. The appearance of the Englishman seemed to be the signal for smiting the biggest of all the drums, and the dull thunder rolled up the Palace *chowk*, and came back from the unpierced Palace walls in hollow groaning. It was an eerie welcome —this single, sullen boom. In this enclosure, four hundred years ago, if the legend be true, a son of the great Rao Bando, who dreamed a dream as Pharoah did and saved Boondi from famine, left a little band of Haras to wait his bidding while he went up into the Palace and slew his two uncles who had usurped the throne and abandoned the faith of their fathers. When he had pierced one and hacked the other, as they sat alone and unattended, he called out to his followers, who made a slaughter-house of the enclosure and cut up the usurpers' adherents. At the best of times men slip on these smooth stones; and when the place was swimming in blood, foothold must have been treacherous indeed.

. . . . . .

The Englishman was taken down the steps and fell into the arms of a bristled giant who had left his horse in the courtyard, and the giant spoke at length, waving his arms in the air, but the Englishman could not understand him and dropped into the hub-bub at the Palace foot. Except the main lines of the building there is nothing straight or angular about it. The rush of people seems to have rounded and softened every corner, as a river grinds down boulders. From the lowest tier, two zigzags, all of rounded stones sunk in mortar, took the Englishman to a gate where two carved elephants were thrusting at each other over the arch; and, because neither he nor any one round him could give the gate a name, he called it the "Gate of the Elephants." Here the noise from the Treasury was softened, and entry through the gate brought him into a well-known world, the drowsy peace of a King's Palace. There was a courtyard surrounded by stables, in which were kept chosen horses, and two or three *saises* were sleeping in the sun. There was no other life except the whirr and coo of the pigeons. In time — though really there is no such a thing as time off the line of

railway — an official appeared begirt with the skewer-like keys that open the native bayonet-locks, each from six inches to a foot long. Where was the Raj Mahal in which, sixty-six years ago, Tod formally installed Ram Singh, "who is now in his eleventh year, fair and with a lively intelligent cast of face?" The warden made no answer, but led to a room, overlooking the courtyard, in which two armed men stood before an empty throne of white marble. They motioned silently that none must pass immediately before the *takht* of the King, but go round, keeping to the far side of the double row of pillars. Near the walls were stone slabs pierced to take the butts of long, venomous, black bamboo lances; rude coffers were disposed about the room, and ruder sketches of Ganesh adorned the walls. "The men," said the warden, "watch here day and night because this place is the Rutton Daulat." That, you will concede, is lucid enough. He who does not understand it, may go to for a thick-headed barbarian.

From the Rutton Daulat the warden unlocked doors that led into a hall of audience — the Chutter Mahal — built by

Raja Chutter Lal, who was killed more than two hundred years ago in the latter days of Shah Jehan for whom he fought. Two rooms, each supported on double rows of pillars, flank the open space, in the centre of which is a marble reservoir. Here the Englishman looked anxiously for some of the atrocities of the West, and was pleased to find that, with the exception of a vase of artificial flowers and a clock, both hid in *mihrabs*, there was nothing that jarred with the exquisite pillars, and the raw blaze of colour in the roofs of the rooms. In the middle of these impertinent observations, something sighed—sighed like a distressed ghost. Unaccountable voices are at all times unpleasant, especially when the hearer is some hundred feet or so above ground in an unknown Palace in an unknown land. A gust of wind had found its way through one of the latticed balconies, and had breathed upon a thin plate of metal, some astrological instrument, slung gongwise on a tripod. The tone was as soft as that of an Æolian harp, and, because of the surroundings, infinitely more plaintive.

There was an inlaid ivory door, set in

lintel and posts crusted with looking-glass — all apparently old work. This opened into a darkened room where there were gilt and silver charpoys, and portraits, in the native fashion, of the illustrious dead of Boondi. Beyond the darkness was a balcony clinging to the sheer side of the Palace, and it was then that the Englishman realized to what a height he had climbed without knowing it. He looked down upon the bustle of the Treasury and the stream of life flowing into and out of the Gate of the Fishes where the big *nakarras* lie. Lifting his eyes, he saw how Boondi City had built itself, spreading from west to east as the confined valley became too narrow and the years more peaceable. The Boondi hills are the barrier that separates the stony-uneven ground near Deoli from the flats of Kotah, twenty miles away. From the Palace balcony the road to the eye is clear to the banks of the Chumbul river, which was the Debateable Ford in times gone by and was leaped, as all rivers with any pretensions to a pedigree have been, by more than one magic horse. Northward and easterly the hills run out to Indurgarh, and southward and westerly to territory

marked "disputed" on the map in the present year of grace. From this balcony the Raja can see to the limit of his territory eastward, like the good King of Yves, his empire is all under his hand. He is, or the politicals err, that same Ram Singh who was installed by Tod in 1821, and for whose success in killing his first deer, Tod was, by the Queen-Mother of Boondi, bidden to rejoice. To-day the people of Boondi say:—"This Durbar is very old, so old that few men remember its beginning, for they were in our fathers' time." It is related also of Boondi that, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, they said proudly that their ruler had reigned for sixty years, and he was a man. They saw nothing astonishing in the fact of a woman having reigned for fifty. History does not say whether they jubilated; for there are no Englishmen in Boondi to write accounts of demonstrations and foundation-stone laying to the daily newspapers, and then Boondi is very, very small. In the early morning you may see a man being pantingly chased out of the city by another man with a naked sword. This is the dâk and the dâk-guard; and the effect is as though runner and swordsman

lay under a doom — the one to fly with the fear of death always before him, as men fly in dreams, and the other to perpetually fail of his revenge. But this leaves us still in the swallow nest balcony.

The warden unlocked more doors and led the Englishman still higher, but into a garden — a heavily timbered garden with a tank for gold fish in the midst! For once the impassive following smiled when they saw that the Englishman was impressed.

"This," said they, "is the Rang Bilas." "But who made it?" "Who knows? It was made long ago." The Englishman looked over the garden-wall, a foot-high parapet, and shuddered. There was only the flat side of the Palace, and a drop on to the stones of the zig-zags scores of feet below. Above him was the riven hillside and the decaying wall of Taragarh, and behind him this fair garden, hung like Mahomet's coffin, full of the noise of birds and the talking of the wind in the branches. The warden entered into a lengthy explanation of the nature of the delusion, showing how — but he was stopped before he was finished. His listener did not want to know

"how the trick was done." Here was the garden, and there were three or four storeys climbed to reach to it. At one end of the garden was a small room, under treatment by native artists who were painting the panels with historical pictures, in distemper. Their's was florid polychromatic art, but skirting the floor was a series of frescoes in red, black and white, of combats with elephants, bold and temperate as good German work. They were worn and defaced in places; but the hand of some bye-gone limner, who did not know how to waste a line, showed under the bruises and scratches, and put the newer work to shame.

Here the tour of the Palace ended; and it must be remembered that the Englishman had not gone the depth of three rooms into one flank. Acres of building lay to the right of him, and above the lines of the terraces he could see the tops of green trees. "Who knew how many gardens, such as the Rang Bilas, were to be found in the Palace?" No one answered directly, but all said that there were many. The warden gathered up his keys, and locking each door behind him as he passed, led the way down to earth. But

before he had crossed the garden the Englishman heard, deep down in the bowels of the Palace, a woman's voice singing, and the voice rang as do voices in caves. All Palaces in India excepting dead ones such as that of Amber, are full of eyes. In some, as has been said, the idea of being watched is stronger than in other. In Boondi Palace it was overpowering — being far worse than in the green shuttered corridors of Jodhpur. There were trap-doors on the tops of terraces, and windows veiled in foliage, and bull's-eyes set low in unexpected walls, and many other peep-holes and places of vantage. In the end, the Englishman looked devoutly at the floor, but when the voice of the woman came up from under his feet, he felt that there was nothing left for him but to go. Yet, excepting only this voice, there was deep silence everywhere, and nothing could be seen.

The Bibelot

"WITH Mr. R. L. Stevenson's compliments. FATHER DAMIEN. An Open Letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde of Honolulu from Robert Louis Stevenson. Sidney. 1890."[1] *Such is the title-page of a little pamphlet that was privately printed by its author for presentation only: nevertheless it has become part and parcel of English literature, and must be reckoned with.*[2]

Outside of what the Letter tells us of Father Damien would you know how he fared in the seventeen years given up to wretches forsaken of man,—almost forgotten of God? Is it not well to see this solitary priest as he was,—the single star of hope in a long night of human misery?[3]

Somehow, at the time, one fancies a sort of critical indifference; at best as who

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1. *It is in 12mo. Pp. 32. Issued March 27, 1890. For the various reprints see* "A Bibliography of Robert Louis Stevenson" by *Mr. E. D. North* (The Bookman, *September, 1896.*)

2. *There is an earlier 'open letter' of great interest,—the* 'Letter to a Gentleman upon Pooley's Case.' *See* Miscellaneous and Posthumous Works of H. T. Buckle, *London, 1872. Compare Ingersoll's drastic* 'Reply to the New York Observer.' (*A vindication of Thomas Paine*), *8vo, 'Peoria, Illinois, 1877.*

3. *The story has been well and briefly told by Mr. Archibald Ballantyne in* Longman's Magazine *for May, 1888.*

should say, why vex yourself over a Dr. *Hyde? Have you not given us an imaginary* Mr. *Hyde? The lost souls of the imagination interest us vastly more than this obscure traducer and a far off leper colony. Besides, your Letter reads like truth and who cares for,—indeed, what is Truth?*

Perhaps it is one cause of our love for him that Robert Louis Stevenson did *care for Truth. The despicable charges against Damien touched his soul to fine and fiery issues. Through him the world of living men first beheld this humble Belgian priest ministering to untold suffering in such wise as he might until the night came wherein no man laboured more.*

In any age,—out of many lands, where find a greater sacrifice of self? Creeds pass; conduct alone endures. Stevenson saw the abiding spirit of God in Father Damien. Who would gainsay his wider vision?

"Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by."

FOR JULY:

THE HOLLOW LAND
A Tale by
WILLIAM MORRIS.

FATHER DAMIEN

AN OPEN LETTER

by

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Remember what a martyr said
On the rude tablet overhead!
"I was born sickly, poor and mean,
A slave: no misery could screen
The holders of the pearl of price
From Cæsar's envy; therefore twice
I fought with beasts, three times I saw
My children suffer by his law;
At last my own release was earned;
I was some time in being burned,
But at the close a Hand came through
The fire above my head, and drew
My soul to Christ, whom now I see.
Sergius, a brother, writes for me
This testimony on the wall—
For me, I have forgot it all."

ROBERT BROWNING.

"One need not share Damien's particular form of faith to recognize the simple and unrewarded heroism of his life and work. There are not too many heroisms in the world; the earth, as Carlyle said, will not become too God-like. Obscure bigots who are never tired of proclaiming that they are Christians will take very good care of that. But to ignorant intolerance, which presumes to revile such a life as Damien's because he is not this and he is not that, may be very decisively applied the crushing rebuke which the brother of the dead Ophelia addressed to the 'churlish priest' in *Hamlet*.

ARCHIBALD BALLANTYNE.

FATHER DAMIEN.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE REVEREND DR. HYDE OF HONOLULU.

Sydney, February 25, 1890.

SIR,—It may probably occur to you that we have met, and visited, and conversed; on my side, with interest. You may remember that you have done me several courtesies, for which I was prepared to be grateful. But there are duties which come before gratitude, and offences which justly divide friends, far more acquaintances. Your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage is a document which, in my sight, if you had filled me with bread when I was starving, if you had sat up to nurse my father when he lay a-dying, would yet absolve me from the bonds of gratitude. You know enough, doubtless, of the process of canonisation to be aware that, a hundred years after the death of Damien, there will appear a man charged with the painful office of the *devil's advocate*. After that noble brother of mine, and of all frail clay, shall have lain a century at rest, one shall accuse, one defend him. The circumstance is unusual that the devil's advocate should be a volunteer, should be a member of a sect immediately rival, and should make

haste to take upon himself his ugly office ere the bones are cold; unusual, and of a taste which I shall leave my readers free to qualify; unusual, and to me inspiring. If I have at all learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion, you have at last furnished me with a subject. For it is in the interest of all mankind and the cause of public decency in every quarter of the world, not only that Damien should be righted, but that you and your letter should be displayed at length, in their true colours, to the public eye.

To do this properly, I must begin by quoting you at large: I shall then proceed to criticise your utterance from several points of view, divine and human, in the course of which I shall attempt to draw again and with more specification the character of the dead saint whom it has pleased you to villify: so much being done, I shall say farewell to you for ever.

'*Honolulu, Aug. 2, 1889.*

'REV. H. B. GAGE.

'Dear Brother,—In answer to your inquiries about Father Damien, I can only reply that

we who know the man are surprised at the extravagant newspaper laudations, as if he was a most saintly philanthropist. The simple truth is, he was a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted. He was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders; did not stay at the leper settlement (before he became one himself), but circulated freely over the whole island (less than half the island is devoted to the lepers), and he came often to Honolulu. He had no hand in the reforms and improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health, as occasion required and means were provided. He was not a pure man in his relations with women, and the leprosy of which he died should be attributed to his vices and carelessness. Others have done much for the lepers, our own ministers, the government physicians, and so forth, but never with the Catholic idea of meriting eternal life.—Yours, etc.,

'C. M. HYDE.'[1]

To deal fitly with a letter so extraordinary, I must draw at the outset on my private

[1] From the Sydney *Presbyterian*, October 26, 1889.

knowledge of the signatory and his sect. It may offend others; scarcely you, who have been so busy to collect, so bold to publish, gossip on your rivals. And this is perhaps the moment when I may best explain to you the character of what you are to read: I conceive you as a man quite beyond and below the reticences of civility: with what measure you mete, with that shall it be measured you again; with you, at last, I rejoice to feel the button off the foil and to plunge home. And if in aught that I shall say I should offend others, your colleagues, whom I respect and remember with affection, I can but offer them my regret; I am not free, I am inspired by the consideration of interests far more large; and such pain as can be inflicted by anything from me must be indeed trifling when compared with the pain with which they read your letter. It is not the hangman, but the criminal, that brings dishonour on the house.

You belong, sir, to a sect — I believe my sect, and that in which my ancestors laboured — which has enjoyed, and partly failed to utilise, an exceptional advantage in the islands of Hawaii. The first missionaries

came; they found the land already self-purged of its old and bloody faith; they were embraced, almost on their arrival, with enthusiasm; what troubles they supported came far more from whites than from Hawaiians; and to these last they stood (in a rough figure) in the shoes of God. This is not the place to enter into the degree or causes of their failure, such as it is. One element alone is pertinent, and must here be plainly dealt with. In the course of their evangelical calling, they — or too many of them — grew rich. It may be news to you that the houses of missionaries are a cause of mocking on the streets of Honolulu. It will at least be news to you, that when I returned your civil visit, the driver of my cab commented on the size, the taste, and the comfort of your home. It would have been news certainly to myself, had any one told me that afternoon that I should live to drag such matter into print. But you see, sir, how you degrade better men to your own level; and it is needful that those who are to judge betwixt you and me, betwixt Damien and the devil's advocate, should understand your letter to have been penned

in a house which could raise, and that very justly, the envy and the comments of the passers-by. I think (to employ a phrase of yours which I admire) it 'should be attributed' to you that you have never visited the scene of Damien's life and death. If you had, and had recalled it, and looked about your pleasant rooms, even your pen perhaps would have been stayed.

Your sect (and remember, as far as any sect avows me, it is mine) has not done ill in a worldly sense in the Hawaiian Kingdom. When calamity befell their innocent parishioners, when leprosy descended and took root in the Eight Islands, a *quid pro quo* was to be looked for. To that prosperous mission, and to you, as one of its adornments, God had sent at last an opportunity. I know I am touching here upon a nerve acutely sensitive. I know that others of your colleagues look back on the inertia of your Church, and the intrusive and decisive heroism of Damien, with something almost to be called remorse. I am sure it is so with yourself; I am persuaded your letter was inspired by a certain envy, not essentially ignoble, and the one human trait to be

espied in that performance. You were thinking of the lost chance, the past day; of that which should have been conceived and was not; of the service due and not rendered. *Time was*, said the voice in your ear, in your pleasant room, as you sat raging and writing; and if the words written were base beyond parallel, the rage, I am happy to repeat — it is the only compliment I shall pay you — the rage was almost virtuous. But, sir, when we have failed, and another has succeeded; when we have stood by, and another has stepped in; when we sit and grow bulky in our charming mansions, and a plain, uncouth peasant steps into the battle, under the eyes of God, and succours the afflicted, and consoles the dying, and is himself afflicted in his turn, and dies upon the field of honour — the battle cannot be retrieved as your unhappy irritation has suggested. It is a lost battle, and lost for ever. One thing remained to you in your defeat — some rags of common honour; and these you have made haste to cast away.

Common honour; not the honour of having done anything right, but the honour of not having done aught conspicuously foul;

the honour of the inert: that was what remained to you. We are not all expected to be Damiens; a man may conceive his duty more narrowly, he may love his comforts better; and none will cast a stone at him for that. But will a gentleman of your reverend profession allow me an example from the fields of gallantry? When two gentlemen compete for the favour of a lady, and the one succeeds and the other is rejected, and (as will sometimes happen) matter damaging to the successful rival's credit reaches the ear of the defeated, it is held by plain men of no pretensions that his mouth is, in the circumstance, almost necessarily closed. Your Church and Damien's were in Hawaii upon a rivalry to do well: to help, to edify, to set divine examples. You having (in one huge instance) failed, and Damien succeeded, I marvel it should not have occurred to you that you were doomed to silence; that when you had been outstripped in that high rivalry, and sat inglorious in the midst of your well-being, in your pleasant room — and Damien, crowned with glories and horrors, toiled and rotted in that pigstye of his under

the cliffs of Kalawao — you, the elect, who would not, were the last man on earth to collect and propagate gossip on the volunteer who would and did.

I think I see you — for I try to see you in the flesh as I write these sentences — I think I see you leap at the word pigstye, a hyperbolical expression at the best. 'He had no hand in the reforms,' he was 'a coarse, dirty man'; these were your own words; and you may think it possible that I am come to support you with fresh evidence. In a sense, it is even so. Damien has been too much depicted with a conventional halo and conventional features; so drawn by men who perhaps had not the eye to remark or the pen to express the individual; or who perhaps were only blinded and silenced by generous admiration, such as I partly envy for myself — such as you, if your soul were enlightened, would envy on your bended knees. It is the least defect of such a method of portraiture that it makes the path easy for the devil's advocate, and leaves for the misuse of the slanderer a considerable field of truth. For the truth that is suppressed by friends is the readiest weapon of

the enemy. The world, in your despite, may perhaps owe you something, if your letter be the means of substituting once for all a credible likeness for a wax abstraction. For, if that world at all remember you, on the day when Damien of Molokai shall be named Saint, it will be in virtue of one work: your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage.

You may ask on what authority I speak. It was my inclement destiny to become acquainted, not with Damien, but with Dr. Hyde. When I visited the lazaretto Damien was already in his resting grave. But such information as I have, I gathered on the spot in conversation with those who knew him well and long: some indeed who revered his memory; but others who had sparred and wrangled with him, who beheld him with no halo, who perhaps regarded him with small respect, and through whose unprepared and scarcely partial communications the plain, human features of the man shone on me convincingly. These gave me what knowledge I possess; and I learnt it in that scene where it could be most completely and sensitively understood — Kalawao, which you have never visited,

about which you have never so much as endeavoured to inform yourself: for, brief as your letter is, you have found the means to stumble into that confession. '*Less than one-half* of the island,' you say, 'is devoted to the lepers.' Molokai—'*Molokai ahina*,' the 'grey,' lofty, and most desolate island—along all its northern side plunges a front of precipice into a sea of unusual profundity. This range of cliff is, from east to west, the true end and frontier of the island. Only in one spot there projects into the ocean a certain triangular and rugged down, grassy, stony, windy, and rising in the midst into a hill with a dead crater: the whole bearing to the cliff that overhangs it somewhat the same relation as a bracket to a wall. With this hint you will now be able to pick out the leper station on a map; you will be able to judge how much of Molokai is thus cut off between the surf and precipice, whether less than a half, or less than a quarter, or a fifth, or a tenth—or say, a twentieth; and the next time you burst into print you will be in a position to share with us the issue of your calculations.

I imagine you to be one of those persons

who talk with cheerfulness of that place which oxen and wainropes could not drag you to behold. You, who do not even know its situation on the map, probably denounce sensational descriptions, stretching your limbs the while in your pleasant parlour on Beretania Street. When I was pulled ashore there one early morning, there sat with me in the boat two sisters, bidding farewell (in humble imitation of Damien) to the lights and joys of human life. One of these wept silently; I could not withhold myself from joining her. Had you been there, it is my belief that nature would have triumphed even in you; and as the boat drew but a little nearer, and you beheld the stairs crowded with abominable deformations of our common manhood, and saw yourself landing in the midst of such a population as only now and then surrounds us in the horror of a nightmare — what a haggard eye you would have rolled over your reluctant shoulder towards the house on Beretania Street! Had you gone on; had you found every fourth face a blot upon the landscape; had you visited the hospital and seen the butt-ends of human beings lying there

almost unrecognisable, but still breathing, still thinking, still remembering; you would have understood that life in the lazaretto is an ordeal from which the nerves of a man's spirit shrink, even as his eye quails under the brightness of the sun; you would have felt it was (even to-day) a pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in. It is not the fear of possible infection. That seems a little thing when compared with the pain, the pity, and the disgust of the visitor's surroundings, and the atmosphere of affliction, disease, and physical disgrace in which he breathes. I do not think I am a man more than usually timid; but I never recall the days and nights I spent upon that island promontory (eight days and seven nights), without heartfelt thankfulness that I am somewhere else. I find in my diary that I speak of my stay as a 'grinding experience': I have once jotted in the margin, '*Harrowing* is the word'; and when the *Mokolii* bore me at last towards the outer world, I kept repeating to myself, with a new conception of their pregnancy, those simple words of the song —

'"'Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen.'

And observe: that which I saw and suffered from was a settlement purged, bettered, beautified; the new village built, the hospital and the Bishop-Home excellently arranged; the sisters, the doctor, and the missionaries, all indefatigable in their noble tasks. It was a different place when Damien came there, and made his great renunciation, and slept that first night under a tree amidst his rotting brethren: alone with pestilence; and looking forward (with what courage, with what pitiful sinkings of dread, God only knows) to a lifetime of dressing sores and stumps.

You will say, perhaps, I am too sensitive, that sights as painful abound in cancer hospitals and are confronted daily by doctors and nurses. I have long learned to admire and envy the doctors and the nurses. But there is no cancer hospital so large and populous as Kalawao and Kalaupapa; and in such a matter every fresh case, like every inch of length in the pipe of an organ, deepens the note of the impression; for what daunts the onlooker is that monstrous sum of human suffering by which he stands surrounded. Lastly, no doctor or nurse is

called upon to enter once for all the doors of that gehenna; they do not say farewell, they need not abandon hope, on its sad threshold; they but go for a time to their high calling, and can look forward as they go to relief, to recreation, and to rest. But Damien shut to with his own hand the doors of his own sepulchre.

I shall now extract three passages from my diary at Kalawao.

A. 'Damien is dead and already somewhat ungratefully remembered in the field of his labours and sufferings. "He was a good man, but very officious," says one. Another tells me he had fallen (as other priests so easily do) into something of the ways and habits of thought of a Kanaka; but he had the wit to recognise the fact, and the good sense to laugh at' [over] 'it. A plain man it seems he was; I cannot find he was a popular.'

B. 'After Ragsdale's death' [Ragsdale was a famous Luna, or overseer, of the unruly settlement] 'there followed a brief term of office by Father Damien which served only to publish the weakness of that noble man. He was rough in his ways, and

he had no control. Authority was relaxed; Damien's life was threatened, and he was soon eager to resign.'

C. 'Of Damien I begin to have an idea. He seems to have been a man of the peasant class, certainly of the peasant type: shrewd; ignorant and bigoted, yet with an open mind, and capable of receiving and digesting a reproof if it were bluntly administered; superbly generous in the least thing as well as in the greatest, and as ready to give his last shirt (although not without human grumbling) as he had been to sacrifice his life; essentially indiscreet and officious, which made him a troublesome colleague; domineering in all his ways, which made him incurably unpopular with the Kanakas, but yet destitute of real authority, so that his boys laughed at him and he must carry out his wishes by the means of bribes. He learned to have a mania for doctoring; and set up the Kanakas against the remedies of his regular rivals: perhaps (if anything matter at all in the treatment of such a disease) the worst thing that he did, and certainly the easiest. The best and worst of the man appear very plainly in his dealings

with Mr. Chapman's money; he had originally laid it out' [intended to lay it out] 'entirely for the benefit of Catholics, and even so not wisely; but after a long, plain talk, he admitted his error fully and revised the list. The sad state of the boys' home is in part the result of his lack of control; in part, of his own slovenly ways and false ideas of hygiene. Brother officials used to call it "Damien's Chinatown." "Well," they would say, "your Chinatown keeps growing." And he would laugh with perfect good-nature, and adhere to his errors with perfect obstinacy. So much I have gathered of truth about this plain, noble human brother and father of ours; his imperfections are the traits of his face, by which we know him for our fellow; his martyrdom and his example nothing can lessen or annul; and only a person here on the spot can properly appreciate their greatness.'

I have set down these private passages, as you perceive, without correction; thanks to you, the public has them in their bluntness. They are almost a list of the man's faults, for it is rather these that I was seeking: with his virtues, with the heroic profile

of his life, I and the world were already sufficiently acquainted. I was besides a little suspicious of Catholic testimony; in no ill sense, but merely because Damien's admirers and disciples were the least likely to be critical. I know you will be more suspicious still; and the facts set down above were one and all collected from the lips of Protestants who had opposed the father in his life. Yet I am strangely deceived, or they build up the image of a man, with all his weaknesses, essentially heroic, and alive with rugged honesty, generosity, and mirth.

Take it for what it is, rough private jottings of the worst side of Damien's character, collected from the lips of those who had laboured with and (in your own phrase) 'knew the man';—though I question whether Damien would have said that he knew you. Take it, and observe with wonder how well you were served by your gossips, how ill by your intelligence and sympathy; in how many points of fact we are at one, and how widely our appreciations vary. There is something wrong here; either with you or me. It is possible, for instance, that

you, who seem to have so many ears in Kalawao, had heard of the affair of Mr. Chapman's money, and were singly struck by Damien's intended wrong-doing. I was struck with that also, and set it fairly down; but I was struck much more by the fact that he had the honesty of mind to be convinced. I may here tell you that it was a long business; that one of his colleagues sat with him late into the night, multiplying arguments and accusations: that the father listened as usual with 'perfect good-nature and perfect obstinacy'; but at the last, when he was persuaded—'Yes,' said he, 'I am very much obliged to you; you have done me a service; it would have been a theft.' There are many (not Catholics merely) who require their heroes and saints to be infallible; to these the story will be painful; not to the true lovers, patrons, and servants of mankind.

And I take it, this is a type of our division; that you are one of those who have an eye for faults and failures; that you take a pleasure to find and publish them; and that, having found them, you make haste to forget the overvailing virtues and the real success

which had alone introduced them to your knowledge. It is a dangerous frame of mind. That you may understand how dangerous, and into what a situation it has already brought you, we will (if you please) go hand-in-hand through the different phrases of your letter, and candidly examine each from the point of view of its truth, its appositeness, and its charity.

Damien was *coarse*.

It is very possible. You make us sorry for the lepers who had only a coarse old peasant for their friend and father. But you, who were so refined, why were you not there, to cheer them with the lights of culture? Or may I remind you that we have some reason to doubt if John the Baptist were genteel; and in the case of Peter, on whose career you doubtless dwell approvingly in the pulpit, no doubt at all he was a 'coarse, headstrong' fisherman! Yet even in our Protestant Bibles Peter is called Saint.

Damien was *dirty*.

He was. Think of the poor lepers annoyed with this dirty comrade! But the

clean Dr. Hyde was at his food in a fine house.

Damien was *headstrong*.

I believe you are right again; and I thank God for his strong head and heart.

Damien was *bigoted*.

I am not fond of bigots myself, because they are not fond of me. But what is meant by bigotry, that we should regard it as a blemish in a priest? Damien believed his own religion with the simplicity of a peasant or a child; as I would I could suppose that you do. For this I wonder at him some way off; and had that been his only character, should have avoided him in life. But the point of interest in Damien, which has caused him to be so much talked about and made him at last the subject of your pen and mine, was that, in him, his bigotry, his intense and narrow faith, wrought potently for good, and strengthened him to be one of the world's heroes and exemplars.

Damien *was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders*.

Is this a misreading? or do you really mean the words for blame? I have heard

Christ, in the pulpits of our Church, held up for imitation on the ground that His sacrifice was voluntary. Does Dr. Hyde think otherwise?

Damien *did not stay at the settlement, etc.*

It is true he was allowed many indulgences. Am I to understand that you blame the father for profiting by these, or the officers for granting them? In either case, it is a mighty Spartan standard to issue from the house on Beretania Street; and I am convinced you will find yourself with few supporters.

Damien *had no hand in the reforms, etc.*

I think even you will admit that I have already been frank in my description of the man I am defending; but before I take you up upon this head, I will be franker still, and tell you that perhaps nowhere in the world can a man taste a more pleasurable sense of contrast than when he passes from Damien's 'Chinatown' at Kalawao to the beautiful Bishop-Home at Kalaupapa. At this point, in my desire to make all fair for you, I will break my rule and adduce Catholic testimony. Here is a passage from my diary

about my visit to the Chinatown, from which you will see how it is (even now) regarded by its own officials: 'We went round all the dormitories, refectories, etc.—dark and dingy enough, with a superficial cleanliness, which he' [Mr. Dutton, the lay brother] 'did not seek to defend. "It is almost decent," said he; "the sisters will make that all right when we get them here."' And yet I gathered it was already better since Damien was dead, and far better than when he was there alone and had his own (not always excellent) way. I have now come far enough to meet you on a common ground of fact; and I tell you that, to a mind not prejudiced by jealousy, all the reforms of the lazaretto, and even those which he most vigorously opposed, are properly the work of Damien. They are the evidence of his success; they are what his heroism provoked from the reluctant and the careless. Many were before him in the field; Mr. Meyer, for instance, of whose faithful work we hear too little: there have been many since; and some had more worldly wisdom, though none had more devotion, than our saint. Before his day, even you will confess, they had effected little. It was

his part, by one striking act of martyrdom, to direct all men's eyes on that distressful country. At a blow, and with the price of his life, he made the place illustrious and public. And that, if you will consider largely, was the one reform needful; pregnant of all that should succeed. It brought money; it brought (best individual addition of them all) the sisters; it brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed with the man at Kalawao. If ever any man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he. There is not a clean cup or towel in the Bishop-Home, but dirty Damien washed it.

Damien *was not a pure man in his relations with women, etc.*

How do you know that? Is this the nature of the conversation in that house on Beretania Street which the cabman envied, driving past?—racy details of the misconduct of the poor peasant priest, toiling under the cliffs of Molokai?

Many have visited the station before me; they seem not to have heard the rumour. When I was there I heard many shocking tales, for my informants were men speaking

with the plainness of the laity; and I heard plenty of complaints of Damien. Why was this never mentioned? and how came it to you in the retirement of your clerical parlour?

But I must not even seem to deceive you. This scandal, when I read it in your letter, was not new to me. I had heard it once before; and I must tell you how. There came to Samoa a man from Honolulu; he, in a public-house on the beach, volunteered the statement that Damien had 'contracted the disease from having connection with the female lepers'; and I find a joy in telling you how the report was welcomed in a public-house. A man sprang to his feet; I am not at liberty to give his name, but from what I heard I doubt if you would care to have him to dinner in Beretania Street. 'You miserable little ——' (here is a word I dare not print, it would so shock your ears). 'You miserable little ——,' he cried, 'if the story were a thousand times true, can't you see you are a million times a lower ——— for daring to repeat it?' I wish it could be told of you that when the report reached you in your house, perhaps after family worship, you had found in your soul enough holy

anger to receive it with the same expressions: ay, even with that one which I dare not print; it would not need to have been blotted away, like Uncle Toby's oath, by the tears of the recording angel; it would have been counted to you for your brightest righteousness. But you have deliberately chosen the part of the man from Honolulu, and you have played it with improvements of your own. The man from Honolulu — miserable, leering creature — communicated the tale to a rude knot of beach-combing drinkers in a public-house, where (I will so far agree with your temperance opinions) man is not always at his noblest; and the man from Honolulu had himself been drinking — drinking, we may charitably fancy, to excess. It was to your 'Dear Brother, the Reverend H. B. Gage,' that you chose to communicate the sickening story; and the blue ribbon which adorns your portly bosom forbids me to allow you the extenuating plea that you were drunk when it was done. Your 'dear brother' — a brother indeed — made haste to deliver up your letter (as a means of grace, perhaps) to the religious papers; where, after many months, I found and read and

wondered at it; and whence I have now reproduced it for the wonder of others. And you and your dear brother have, by this cycle of operations, built up a contrast very edifying to examine in detail. The man whom you would not care to have to dinner, on the one side; on the other, the Reverend Dr. Hyde and the Reverend H. B. Gage: the Apia bar-room, the Honolulu manse.

But I fear you scarce appreciate how you appear to your fellow-men; and to bring it home to you, I will suppose your story to be true. I will suppose — and God forgive me for supposing it — that Damien faltered and stumbled in his narrow path of duty; I will suppose that, in the horror of his isolation, perhaps in the fever of incipient disease, he, who was doing so much more than he had sworn, failed in the letter of his priestly oath — he, who was so much a better man than either you or me, who did what we have never dreamed of daring — he too tasted of our common frailty. 'O, Iago, the pity of it!' The least tender should be moved to tears; the most incredulous to prayer. And all that you could do was to pen your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage!

Is it growing at all clear to you what a picture you have drawn of your own heart? I will try yet once again to make it clearer. You had a father: suppose this tale were about him, and some informant brought it to you, proof in hand: I am not making too high an estimate of your emotional nature when I suppose you would regret the circumstance? that you would feel the tale of frailty the more keenly since it shamed the author of your days? and that the last thing you would do would be to publish it in the religious press? Well, the man who tried to do what Damien did, is my father, and the father of the man in the Apia bar, and the father of all who love goodness; and he was your father too, if God had given you grace to see it.

The Bibelot

WHEN *the bibliography of William Morris is fully written out there is a body of inedited prose contributed by him to the now inaccessible* Oxford and Cambridge Magazine *not to be easily ignored or lightly set aside.*

William Morris was born in 1834. His first published book, The Defence of Guenevere and other Poems, *is dated 1858; but to rightly assign his earliest printed work we must go back two years. Of the nine romances or stories known to be his, and never re-issued, the tale of* The Hollow Land *is in some respects the finest. Not that it stands alone: they are all embryonic, so to speak, of what in later years will burgeon forth as* The Story of the Glittering Plain, A Tale of the House of the Wolfings, The Well at the World's End.

For to their fashioning went a youthful craftsmanship indeed,[1] *but a craftsmanship*

1. *Reminding one of the productions of a later youth of genius—Oliver Madox Brown; whose 'spoilt music with no perfect word' is all that remains of his marvellous incompletion.*

only ended last year, when the utterances of the poet,—artificer,—dreamer of happy dreams,—fell upon silence. Hence The Hollow Land *justly preludes any reprint one might choose out of the faded pages of this little known magazine. It contains no uncertain hint of things to come; nor may we refuse to see in it the creative mind which shaped* The Earthly Paradise,—*that splendid pageant-epic,—second only to the older epos of those*

> *"pilgrims that one morning rode*
> *Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,"*

and who live henceforth forever in the Acre of the Undying.

❧

FOR AUGUST:

THE HOLLOW LAND.
(CONCLUSION.)

FOR SEPTEMBER:

SANDRO BOTTICELLI,
LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.
TWO STUDIES BY WALTER PATER.

THE HOLLOW LAND.

A Tale.

Part I.

A little while before the Fall was done
A day came when the frail year paused and said:
"Behold! a little while and I am dead;
Wilt thou not choose, of all the old dreams, one?"
Then dwelt I in a garden, where the sun
Shone always, and the roses all were red.

. . . . .

And in this garden sloping to the sea
I dwelt (it seemed) to watch a pageant pass,—
Great Kings, their armour strong with iron and brass,
Young Queens, with yellow hair bound wonderfully.
For love's sake, and because of love's decree,
Most went, I knew; and so the flowers and grass
Knew my steps also: yet I wept Alas,
Deeming the garden, surely lost to me.
But as the days went over, and still our feet
Trod the warm, even places, I knew well

. . . . .

That here had Beauty built her citadel.

FRANCIS SHERMAN.

THE Oxford and Cambridge Magazine for 1856. Conducted by members of the two Universities. London: Bell and Daldy, Fleet Street, 1856. (*Octavo, pp. i–iv; 1–776.*)

The following list of William Morris's contributions to the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* (issued in twelve monthly numbers during 1856,) is given upon the authority of a note printed in *The Athenaeum* for October 17th, 1896, taken it is there stated from "a copy . . . now before us, and marked, we are informed, by his own hand."

ESSAYS.
1. The Churches of North France.
2. Ruskin and the Quarterly.
3. Death the Avenger, and Death the Friend.
4. Men and Women, by Robert Browning.

POEMS.
1. Winter Weather.
2. Riding Together.*
3. Hands.
4. The Chapel in Lyonesse.*
5. "Pray but one Prayer for Me."*

TALES.
1. The Story of the Unknown Church.
2. A Dream.
3. Frank's Sealed Letter. (The poem, afterwards entitled "In Prison," in the 1858 volume, first occurs in this tale.)
4. A Night in a Cathedral.
5. Gertha's Lovers. Parts I and II.
6. Svend and his Brethren.
7. The Hollow Land. Parts I and II.
8. Lindenborg Pool.
9. Golden Wings (a title afterwards bestowed upon the poem.)

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*Reprinted, with revisions, in *The Defence of Guenevere,* 1858.

THE HOLLOW LAND.

CHAPTER I.

STRUGGLING IN THE WORLD.

"We find in ancient story wonders many told,
Of heroes in great glory, with spirit free and bold;
Of joyances and high-tides, of weeping and of woe,
Of noble recken striving, mote ye now wonders know."

NIEBELUNGEN LIED (*See Carlyle's Miscellanies*).

DO you know where it is—the Hollow Land?

I have been looking for it now so long, trying to find it again—the Hollow Land—for there I saw my love first.

I wish to tell you how I found it first of all; but I am old, my memory fails me: you must wait and let me think if I perchance can tell you how it happened.

Yea, in my ears is a confused noise of trumpet-blasts singing over desolate moors, in my ears and eyes a clashing and clanging of horse-hoofs, a ringing and glittering of steel; drawn-back lips, set teeth, shouts, shrieks, and curses.

How was it that no one of us ever found it till that day? for it is near our country: but what time have we to look for it, or any other good thing; with such biting carking cares hemming us in on every side — cares about great things — mighty things: mighty things, O my brothers! or rather little things enough, if we only knew it.

Lives past in turmoil, in making one another unhappy; in bitterest misunderstanding of our brothers' hearts, making those sad whom God has not made sad,— alas! alas! what chance for any of us to find the Hollow Land? what time even to look for it?

Yet who has not dreamed of it? Who, half miserable yet the while, for that he knows it is but a dream, has not felt the cool waves round his feet, the roses crowning him, and through the leaves of beech and lime the many whispering winds of the Hollow Land?

Now, my name was Florian, and my house was the house of the Lilies; and of that house was my father Lord, and after him my eldest brother Arnald: and me they called Florian de Liliis.

Moreover, when my father was dead, there arose a feud between the Lilies' house and Red Harald; and this that follows is the history of it.

Lady Swanhilda, Red Harald's mother, was a widow, with one son, Red Harald; and when she had been in widowhood two years, being of princely blood, and besides comely and fierce, King Urraynes sent to demand her in marriage. And I remember seeing the procession leaving the town, when I was quite a child; and many young knights and squires attended the Lady Swanhilda as pages, and amongst them Arnald, my eldest brother.

And as I gazed out of the window, I saw him walking by the side of her horse, dressed in white and gold very delicately; but as he went it chanced that he stumbled. Now he was one of those that held a golden canopy over the lady's head, so that it now sunk into wrinkles, and the lady had to bow her head full low, and even then the gold brocade caught in one of the long, slim gold flowers that were wrought round about the crown she wore. She flushed up in her rage, and her smooth face went suddenly into the

carven wrinkles of a wooden water-spout, and she caught at the brocade with her left hand, and pulled it away furiously, so that the warp and woof were twisted out of their places, and many gold threads were left dangling about the crown; but Swanhilda stared about when she rose, then smote my brother across the mouth with her gilded sceptre, and the red blood flowed all about his garments; yet he only turned exceedingly pale, and dared say no word, though he was heir to the house of the Lilies: but my small heart swelled with rage, and I vowed revenge, and, as it seems, he did too.

So when Swanhilda had been queen three years, she suborned many of King Urrayne's knights and lords, and slew her husband as he slept, and reigned in his stead. And her son, Harald, grew up to manhood, and was counted a strong knight, and well spoken of, by then I first put on my armour.

Then, one night, as I lay dreaming, I felt a hand laid on my face, and starting up saw Arnald before me fully armed. He said, "Florian, rise and arm." I did so, all but my helm, as he was.

He kissed me on the forehead; his lips

felt hot and dry; and when they brought torches, and I could see his face plainly, I saw he was very pale. He said:

"Do you remember, Florian, this day sixteen years ago? It is a long time, but I shall never forget it unless this night blots out its memory."

I knew what he meant, and because my heart was wicked, I rejoiced exceedingly at the thought of vengeance, so that I could not speak, but only laid my palm across his lips.

"Good; you have a good memory, Florian. See now, I waited long and long: I said at first, I forgive her; but when the news came concerning the death of the king, and how that she was shameless, I said I will take it as a sign, if God does not punish her within certain years, that He means me to do so; and I have been watching and watching now these two years for an opportunity, and behold it has come at last; and I think God has certainly given her into our hands, for she rests this night, this very Christmas Eve, at a small walled town on the frontier, not two hours' gallop from this; they keep little ward there, and the night is wild: moreover,

the prior of a certain house of monks, just without the walls, is my fast friend in this matter, for she has done him some great injury. In the courtyard below, a hundred and fifty knights and squires, all faithful and true, are waiting for us: one moment and we shall be gone."

Then we both knelt down, and prayed God to give her into our hands: we put on our helms, and went down into the courtyard.

It was the first time I expected to use a sharp sword in anger, and I was full of joy as the muffled thunder of our horse-hoofs rolled through the bitter winter night.

In about an hour and a half we had crossed the frontier, and in half an hour more the greater part had halted in a wood near the Abbey, while I and a few others went up to the Abbey-gates, and knocked loudly four times with my sword-hilt, stamping on the ground meantime. A long, low whistle answered me from within, which I in my turn answered: then the wicket opened, and a monk came out, holding a lantern. He seemed yet in the prime of life, and was a tall, powerful man. He held the lantern to my face, then smiled and said, "The

banners hang low." I gave the countersign, "The crest is lopped off." "Good my son," said he; "the ladders are within here, I dare not trust any of the brethren to carry them for you, though they love not the witch either, but are timorsome."

"No matter," I said, "I have men here." So they entered and began to shoulder the tall ladders: the prior was very busy. "You will find them just the right length, my son, trust me for that." He seemed quite a jolly pleasant man, I could not understand him nursing furious revenge; but his face darkened strangely whenever he happened to mention her name.

As we were starting he came and stood outside the gate, and putting his lantern down that the light of it might not confuse his sight, looked earnestly into the night, then said: "The wind has fallen, the snow flakes get thinner and smaller every moment, in an hour it will be freezing hard, and will be quite clear; everything depends upon the surprise being complete; stop a few minutes yet, my son." He went away chuckling, and returned presently with two more sturdy monks carrying something: they threw their

burdens down before my feet, they consisted of all the white albs in the abbey:—"There, trust an old man, who has seen more than one stricken fight in his carnal days; let the men who scale the walls put these over their arms, and they will not be seen in the least. God make your sword sharp, my son."

So we departed, and when I met Arnald again, he said, that what the prior had done was well thought of; so we agreed that I should take thirty men, an old squire of our house, well skilled in war, along with them, scale the walls as quietly as possible, and open the gates to the rest.

I set off accordingly, after that with low laughing we had put the albs all over us, wrapping the ladders also in white. Then we crept very warily and slowly up to the wall; the moat was frozen over, and on the ice the snow lay quite thick; we all thought that the guards must be careless enough, when they did not even take the trouble to break the ice in the moat. So we listened——there was no sound at all, the Christmas midnight mass had long ago been over, it was nearly three o'clock, and the moon began to clear, there was scarce any

snow falling now, only a flake or two from some low hurrying cloud or other: the wind sighed gently about the round towers there, but it was bitter cold, for it had begun to freeze again: we listened for some minutes, about a quarter of an hour I think, then at a sign from me, they raised the ladders carefully, muffled as they were at the top with swathings of wool. I mounted first, old Squire Hugh followed last; noiselessly we ascended, and soon stood all together on the walls; then we carefully lowered the ladders again with long ropes; we got our swords and axes from out of the folds of our priests' raiments, and set forward, till we reached the first tower along the wall; the door was open, in the chamber at the top there was a fire slowly smouldering, nothing else; we passed through it, and began to go down the spiral staircase, I first, with my axe shortened in my hand.— "What if we were surprised there," I thought, and I longed to be out in the air again;— "What if the door were fast at the bottom."

As we passed the second chamber, we heard some one within snoring loudly: I

looked in quietly, and saw a big man with long black hair, that fell off his pillow and swept the ground, lying snoring, with his nose turned up and his mouth open, but he seemed so sound asleep that we did not stop to slay him.——Praise be!——the door was open, without even a whispered word, without a pause, we went on along the streets, on the side that the drift had been on, because our garments were white, for the wind being very strong all that day, the houses on that side had caught in their cornices and carvings, and on the rough stone and wood of them, so much snow, that except here and there where the black walls grinned out, they were quite white; no man saw us as we stole along, noiselessly because of the snow, till we stood within 100 yards of the gates and their house of guard. And we stood because we heard the voice of some one singing:

"Queen Mary's crown was gold,
King Joseph's crown was red,
But Jesus' crown was diamond
That lit up all the bed
Mariæ Virginis."

So they had some guards after all; this was clearly the sentinel that sung to keep

the ghosts off.— Now for a fight.— We drew nearer, a few yards nearer, then stopped to free ourselves from our monk's clothes.

> "Ships sail through the Heaven
> With red banners dress'd,
> Carrying the planets seven
> To see the white breast
> *Mariæ Virginis.*"

Thereat he must have seen the waving of some alb or other as it shivered down to the ground, for his spear fell with a thud, and he seemed to be standing open-mouthed, thinking something about ghosts; then, plucking up heart of grace, he roared out like ten bull-calves, and dashed into the guard-house.

We followed smartly, but without hurry, and came up to the door of it just as some dozen half-armed men came tumbling out under our axes: thereupon, while our men slew them, I blew a great blast upon my horn, and Hugh with some others drew bolt and bar and swung the gates wide open.

Then the men in the guard-house understood they were taken in a trap, and began to stir with great confusion; so lest they should get quite waked and armed, I left Hugh at the gates with ten men, and myself

led the rest into that house. There while we slew all those that yielded not, came Arnald with the others, bringing our horses with them: then all the enemy threw their arms down. And we counted our prisoners and found them over fourscore; therefore, not knowing what to do with them (for they were too many to guard, and it seemed unknightly to slay them all), we sent up some bowmen to the walls, and turning our prisoners out of gates, bid them run for their lives, which they did fast enough, not knowing our numbers, and our men sent a few flights of arrows among them that they might not be undeceived.

Then the one or two prisoners that we had left, told us, when we had crossed our axes over their heads, that the people of the good town would not willingly fight us, in that they hated the Queen; that she was guarded at the palace by some fifty knights, and that beside, there were no others to oppose us in the town: so we set out for the palace, spear in hand.

We had not gone far, before we heard some knights coming, and soon, in a turn of the long street, we saw them riding towards

us; when they caught sight of us they seemed astonished, drew rein, and stood in some confusion.

We did not slacken our pace for an instant, but rode right at them with a yell, to which I lent myself with all my heart.

After all they did not run away, but waited for us with their spears held out; I missed the man I had marked, or hit him rather just on the top of the helm; he bent back, and the spear slipped over his head, but my horse still kept on, and I felt presently such a crash that I reeled in my saddle and felt mad. He had lashed out at me with his sword as I came on, hitting me in the ribs (for my arm was raised), but only flatlings.

I was quite wild with rage, I turned, almost fell upon him, caught him by the neck with both hands, and threw him under the horse-hoofs, sighing with fury: I heard Arnald's voice close to me, "Well fought, Florian:" and I saw his great stern face bare among the iron, for he had made a vow in remembrance of that blow always to fight unhelmed; I saw his great sword swinging, in wide gyves, and hissing as it started up, just as if it were alive and liked it.

So joy filled all my soul, and I fought with my heart, till the big axe I swung felt like nothing but a little hammer in my hand, except for its bitterness: and as for the enemy, they went down like grass, so that we destroyed them utterly, for those knights would neither yield nor fly, but died as they stood, so that some fifteen of our men also died there.

Then at last we came to the palace, where some grooms and such like kept the gates armed, but some ran, and some we took prisoners, one of whom died for sheer terror in our hands, being stricken by no wound: for he thought we would eat him.

These prisoners we questioned concerning the queen, and so entered the great hall.

There Arnald sat down in the throne on the dais, and laid his naked sword before him on the table: and on each side of him sat such knights as there was room for, and the others stood round about, while I took ten men, and went to look for Swanhilda.

I found her soon, sitting by herself in a gorgeous chamber. I almost pitied her when I saw her looking so utterly desolate and despairing; her beauty too had faded,

deep lines cut through her face. But when I entered she knew who I was, and her look of intense hatred was so fiend-like, that it changed my pity into horror of her.

"Knight," she said, "who are you, and what do you want, thus discourteously entering my chamber?"

"I am Florian de Liliis, and I am to conduct you to judgment."

She sprung up, "Curse you and your whole house,—you I hate worse than any,—girl's face,—guards! guards!" and she stamped on the ground, her veins on the forehead swelled, her eyes grew round and flamed out, as she kept crying for her guards, stamping the while, for she seemed quite mad.

Then at last she remembered that she was in the power of her enemies, she sat down, and lay with her face between her hands, and wept passionately.

"Witch," I said, between my closed teeth, "will you come, or must we carry you down to the great hall?"

Neither would she come, but sat there, clutching at her dress and tearing her hair.

Then I said, "Bind her and carry her down." And they did so.

I watched Arnald as we came in, there was no triumph in his stern white face, but resolution enough, he had made up his mind.

They placed her on a seat in the midst of the hall over against the dais. He said, "Unbind her, Florian." They did so, she raised her face, and glared defiance at us all, as though she would die queenly after all.

Then rose up Arnald and said, "Queen Swanhilda, we judge you guilty of death, and because you are a queen and of a noble house, you shall be slain by my knightly sword, and I will even take the reproach of slaying a woman, for no other hand than mine shall deal the blow."

Then she said, "O false knight, shew your warrant from God, man, or devil."

"This warrant from God, Swanhilda," he said, holding up his sword, "listen! — fifteen years ago, when I was just winning my spurs, you struck me, disgracing me before all the people; you cursed me, and meant that curse well enough. Men of the house of the Lilies, what sentence for that?"

"Death!" they said.

"Listen! — afterwards you slew my cousin, your husband, treacherously, in the most cursed way, stabbing him in the throat, as the stars in the canopy above him looked down on the shut eyes of him. Men of the house of the Lily, what sentence for that?"

"Death!" they said.

"Do you hear them, Queen? There is warrant from man; for the devil, I do not reverence him enough to take warrant from him, but, as I look at that face of yours, I think that even he has left you."

And indeed just then all her pride seemed to leave her, she fell from the chair, and wallowed on the ground moaning, she wept like a child, so that the tears lay on the oak floor; she prayed for another month of life; she came to me and kneeled, and kissed my feet, and prayed piteously, so that water ran out of her mouth.

But I shuddered, and drew away; it was like having an adder about one; I could have pitied her had she died bravely, but for one like her to whine and whine! — pah! —

Then from the dais rang Arnald's voice

terrible, much changed. "Let there be an end of all this." And he took his sword and strode through the hall towards her; she rose from the ground and stood up, stooping a little, her head sunk between her shoulders, her black eyes turned up and gleaming, like a tigress about to spring. When he came within some six paces of her something in his eye daunted her, or perhaps the flashing of his terrible sword in the torch-light; she threw her arms up with a great shriek, and dashed screaming about the hall. Arnald's lip never once curled with any scorn, no line in his face changed: he said, "Bring her here and bind her."

But when one came up to her to lay hold on her she first of all ran at him, hitting him with her head in the belly. Then while he stood doubled up for want of breath, and staring with his head up, she caught his sword from the girdle, and cut him across the shoulders, and many others she wounded sorely before they took her.

Then Arnald stood by the chair to which she was bound, and poised his sword, and there was a great silence.

Then he said, "Men of the House of the

Lilies, do you justify me in this, shall she die?" Straightway rang a great shout through the hall, but before it died away the sword had swept round, and therewithal was there no such thing as Swanhilda left upon the earth, for in no battle-field had Arnald struck truer blow. Then he turned to the few servants of the palace and said, "Go now, bury this accursed woman, for she is a king's daughter." Then to us all, "Now knights, to horse and away, that we may reach the good town by about dawn." So we mounted and rode off.

What a strange Christmas-day that was, for there, about nine o'clock in the morning, rode Red Harald into the good town to demand vengeance; he went at once to the king, and the king promised that before nightfall that very day the matter should be judged; albeit the king feared somewhat, because every third man you met in the streets had a blue cross on his shoulder, and some likeness of a lily, cut out or painted, stuck in his hat; and this blue cross and lily were the bearings of our house, called "de Liliis." Now we had seen Red Harald pass through the streets, with a white banner

borne before him, to show that he came peaceably as for this time; but I trow he was thinking of other things but peace.

And he was called Red Harald first at this time, because over all his arms he wore a great scarlet cloth, that fell in heavy folds about his horse and all about him. Then, as he passed our house, some one pointed it out to him, rising there with its carving and its barred marble, but stronger than many a castle on the hill-tops, and its great overhanging battlement cast a mighty shadow down the wall and across the street; and above all rose the great tower, our banner floating proudly from the top, whereon was emblazoned on a white ground a blue cross, and on a blue ground four white lilies. And now faces were gazing from all the windows, and all the battlements were thronged; so Harald turned, and rising in his stirrups, shook his clenched fist at our house; natheless, as he did so, the east wind, coming down the street, caught up the corner of that scarlet cloth and drove it over his face, and therewithal disordering his long black hair, well nigh choked him, so that he bit both his hair and that cloth.

So from base to cope rose a mighty shout of triumph and defiance, and he passed on.

Then Arnald caused it to be cried, that all those who loved the good House of the Lilies should go to mass that morning in St. Mary's church, hard by our house. Now this church belonged to us, and the abbey that served it, and always we appointed the abbot of it on condition that our trumpets should sound altogether when on high masses they sing the "Gloria in Excelsis." It was the largest and most beautiful of all the churches in the town, and had two exceeding high towers, which you could see from far off, even when you saw not the town or any of its other towers: and in one of these towers were twelve great bells, named after the twelve Apostles, one name being written on each one of them; as Peter, Matthew, and so on; and in the other tower was one great bell only, much larger than any of the others, and which was called Mary. Now this bell was never rung but when our house was in great danger, and it had this legend on it, "When Mary rings the earth shakes;" and indeed from this we took our war cry, which was "Mary rings;" somewhat justi-

fiably indeed, for the last time that Mary rung, on that day before nightfall there were four thousand bodies to be buried, which bodies wore neither cross nor lily.

So Arnald gave me in charge to tell the abbot to cause Mary to be tolled for an hour before mass that day.

The abbot leaned on my shoulder as I stood within the tower and looked at the twelve monks laying their hands to the ropes. Far up in the dimness I saw the wheel before it began to swing round about; then it moved a little; the twelve men bent down to the earth and a roar rose that shook the tower from base to spire-vane: backwards and forwards swept the wheel, as Mary now looked downwards towards earth, now looked up at the shadowy cone of the spire, shot across by bars of light from the dormers.

And the thunder of Mary was caught up by the wind and carried through all the country; and when the good man heard it, he said goodbye to wife and child, slung his shield behind his back, and set forward with his spear sloped over his shoulder, and many a time, as he walked toward the good town,

he tightened the belt that went about his waist, that he might stride the faster, so long and furiously did Mary toll.

And before the great bell, Mary, had ceased ringing, all the ways were full of armed men.

But at each door of the church of St. Mary stood a row of men armed with axes, and when any came, meaning to go into the church, the two first of these would hold their axes (whose helves were about four feet long) over his head, and would ask him, "Who went over the moon last night?" then if he answered nothing or at random they would bid him turn back, which he for the more part would be ready enough to do; but some, striving to get through that row of men, were slain outright; but if he were one of those that were friends to the House of the Lilies he would answer to that question, "Mary and John."

By the time the mass began the whole church was full, and in the nave and transept thereof were three thousand men, all of our house and all armed. But Arnald and myself, and Squire Hugh, and some others sat under a gold-fringed canopy near the

choir; and the abbot said mass, having his mitre on his head. Yet, as I watched him, it seemed to me that he must have something on beneath his priest's vestments, for he looked much fatter than usual, being really a tall lithe man.

Now, as they sung the "Kyrie," some one shouted from the other end of the church, "My lord Arnald, they are slaying our people without;" for, indeed, all the square about the church was full of our people, who for the press had not been able to enter, and were standing there in no small dread of what might come to pass.

Then the abbot turned round from the altar, and began to fidget with the fastenings of his rich robes.

And they made a lane for us up to the west door; then I put on my helm and we began to go up the nave, then suddenly the singing of the monks and all stopped. I heard a clinking and a buzz of voices in the choir; I turned, and saw that the bright noon sun was shining on the gold of the priest's vestments, as they lay on the floor, and on the mail that the priests carried.

So we stopped, the choir gates swung

open, and the abbot marched out at the head of *his* men, all fully armed, and began to strike up the Psalm "Exsurgat Deus."

When we got to the west door, there was indeed a tumult, but as yet no slaying; the square was all a-flicker with steel, and we beheld a great body of knights, at the head of them Red Harald and the king, standing over against us; but our people, pressed against the houses, and into the corners of the square, were, some striving to enter the doors, some beside themselves with rage, shouting out to the others to charge; withal, some were pale and some were red with the blood that had gathered to the wrathful faces of them.

Then said Arnald to those about him, "Lift me up." So they laid a great shield on two lances, and these four men carried, and thereon stood Arnald, and gazed about him.

Now the king was unhelmed, and his white hair (for he was an old man) flowed down behind him on to his saddle; but Arnald's hair was cut short, and was red.

And all the bells rang.

Then the king said, "O Arnald of the

Lilies, will you settle this quarrel by the judgment of God?" And Arnald thrust up his chin, and said "Yea." "How then," said the king, "and where?" "Will it please you try now?" said Arnald.

Then the king understood what he meant, and took in his hand from behind tresses of his long white hair, twisting them round his hand in his wrath, but yet said no word, till I suppose his hair put him in mind of something, and he raised it in both his hands above his head, and shouted out aloud, "O knights, hearken to this traitor." Whereat, indeed, the lances began to move ominously. But Arnald spoke.

"O you king and lords, what have we to do with you? were we not free in the old time, up among the hills there? Wherefore give way, and we will go to the hills again; and if any man try to stop us, his blood be on his own head; wherefore now," (and he turned) "all you House of the Lily, both soldiers and monks, let us go forth together fearing nothing, for I think there is not bone enough or muscle enough in these fellows here that have a king that they should stop us withal, but only skin and fat."

And truly no man dared to stop us, and we went.

Chapter II.

FAILING IN THE WORLD.

Now at that time we drove cattle in Red Harald's land.

And we took no hoof but from the Lords and rich men, but of these we had a mighty drove, both oxen and sheep, and horses, and besides, even hawks and hounds, and a huntsman or two to take care of them.

And, about noon, we drew away from the corn-lands that lay beyond the pastures, and mingled with them, and reached a wide moor, which was called 'Goliah's Land.' I scarce know why, except that it belonged neither to Red Harald or us, but was debateable.

And the cattle began to go slowly, and our horses were tired, and the sun struck down very hot upon us, for there was no shadow, and the day was cloudless.

All about the edge of the moor, except on the side from which we had come was a rim of hills, not very high, but very rocky and steep, otherwise the moor itself was flat; and through these hills was one pass, guarded by our men, which pass led to the Hill castle of the lilies.

It was not wonderful, that of this moor

many wild stories were told, being such a strange lonely place, some of them one knew, alas! to be over true. In the old time, before we went to the good town, this moor had been the mustering place of our people, and our house had done deeds enough of blood and horror to turn our white lilies red, and our blue cross to a fiery one. But some of those wild tales I never believed; they had to do mostly with men losing their way without any apparent cause, (for there were plenty of land-marks,) finding some well-known spot, and then, just beyond it, a place they had never even dreamed of.

"Florian! Florian!" said Arnald, "For God's sake stop! as every one else is stopping to look at the hills yonder; I always thought there was a curse upon us. What does God mean by shutting us up here? Look at the cattle; O Christ, they have found it out too! See, some of them are turning to run back again towards Harald's land. Oh! unhappy, unhappy, from that day forward!"

He leaned forward, rested his head on his horse's neck, and wept like a child.

I felt so irritated with him, that I could

almost have slain him then and there. Was he mad? Had these wild doings of ours turned his strong wise head?

"Are you my brother Arnald, that I used to think such a grand man when I was a boy?" I said, "or are you changed too, like everybody, and everything else? What do *you* mean?"

"Look! look!" he said, grinding his teeth in agony.

I raised my eyes: where was the one pass between the rim of stern rocks? Nothing: the enemy behind us—that grim wall in front: what wonder that each man looked in his fellow's face for help, and found it not. Yet I refused to believe that there was any truth either in the wild stories that I had heard when I was a boy, or in this story told me so clearly by my eyes now.

I called out cheerily, "Hugh, come here!" He came. "What do you think of this? Some mere dodge on Harald's part? Are we cut off?"

"Think! Sir Florian? God forgive me for ever thinking at all; I have given up that long and long ago, because thirty years ago I thought this, that the House of Lilies

would deserve anything in the way of bad fortune that God would send them: so I gave up thinking, and took to fighting. But if you think that Harald had anything to do with this, why — why — in God's name, I wish *I* could think so!"

I felt a dull weight on my heart. Had our house been the devil's servants all along? I thought we were God's servants.

The day was very still, but what little wind there was, was at our backs. I watched Hugh's face, not being able to answer him. He was the cleverest man at war that I have known, either before or since that day: sharper than any hound in ear and scent, clearer sighted than any eagle; he was listening now intently. I saw a slight smile cross his face; heard him mutter, "Yes! I think so: verily that is better, a great deal better." Then he stood up in his stirrups, and shouted, "Hurrah for the Lilies! Mary rings!" "Mary rings!" I shouted, though I did not know the reason for his exultation: my brother lifted his head, and smiled too, grimly. Then as I listened I heard clearly the sound of a trumpet, and enemy's trumpet too.

"After all, it was only mist, or some such thing," I said, for the pass between the hills was clear enough now.

"Hurrah! only mist," said Arnald, quite elated; "Mary rings!" and we all began to think of fighting: for after all, what joy is equal to that?

There were five hundred of us; two hundred spears, the rest archers; and both archers and men at arms were picked men.

"How many of them are we to expect?" said I.

"Not under a thousand, certainly, probably more, Sir Florian." (My brother Arnald, by the way, had knighted me before we left the good town, and Hugh liked to give me the handle to my name. How was it, by the way, that no one had ever made *him* a knight?)

"Let every one look to his arms and horse, and come away from these silly cows' sons!" shouted Arnald.

Hugh said, "They will be here in an hour, fair Sir."

So we got clear of the cattle, and dismounted, and both ourselves took food and drink, and our horses; afterwards we

tightened our saddle-girths, shook our great pots of helmets on, except Arnald, whose rusty-red hair had been his only head-piece in battle for years and years, and stood with our spears close by our horses, leaving room for the archers to retreat between our ranks; and they got their arrows ready, and planted their stakes before a little peat moss: and there we waited, and saw their pennons at last floating high above the corn of the fertile land, then heard their many horse-hoofs ring upon the hard-parched moor, and the archers began to shoot.

* * * *

It had been a strange battle; we had never fought better, and yet withal it had ended in a retreat; indeed all along every man but Arnald and myself, even Hugh, had been trying at least to get the enemy between him and the way toward the pass; and now we were all drifting that way, the enemy trying to cut us off, but never able to stop us, because he could only throw small bodies of men in our way, whom we scattered and put to flight in their turn.

I never cared less for my life than then; indeed, in spite of all my boasting and hard-

ness of belief. I should have been happy to have died, such a strange weight of apprehension was on me; and yet I got no scratch even. I had soon put off my great helm, and was fighting in my mail-coif only; and here I swear that three knights together charged me, aiming at my bare face, yet never touched me; for, as for one, I put his lance aside with my sword, and the other two in some most wonderful manner got their spears locked in each other's armour, and so had to submit to be knocked off their horses.

And we still neared the pass, and began to see distinctly the ferns that grew on the rocks, and the fair country between the rift in them, spreading out there, blue-shadowed.

Whereupon came a great rush of men of both sides, striking side blows at each other, spitting, cursing, and shrieking, as they tore away like a herd of wild hogs. So, being careless of life, as I said, I drew rein, and turning my horse, waited quietly for them; and I knotted the reins, and lay them on the horse's neck, and stroked him, that he whinnied; then got both my hands to my sword.

Then, as they came on, I noted hurriedly that the first man was one of Arnald's men, and one of our men behind him leaned forward to prod him with his spear, but could not reach so far, till he himself was run through the eye with a spear, and throwing his arms up fell dead with a shriek. Also I noted concerning this first man that the laces of his helmet were loose, and when he saw me he lifted his *left* hand to his head, took off his helm and cast it at me, and still tore on; the helmet flew over my head, and I sitting still there, swung out, hitting him on the neck; his head flew right off, for the mail no more held than a piece of silk.

"Mary rings," and my horse whinnied again, and we both of us went at it, and fairly stopped that rout, so that there was a knot of quite close and desperate fighting, wherein we had the best of that fight and slew most of them, albeit my horse was slain and my mail-coif cut through. Then I bade a squire fetch me another horse, and began meanwhile to upbraid those knights for running in such a strange disorderly race, instead of standing and fighting cleverly.

Moreover we had drifted even in this

successful fight still nearer to the pass, so that the conies who dwelt there were beginning to consider whether they should not run into their holes.

But one of those knights said: "Be not angry with me, Sir Florian, but do you think you will go to Heaven?"

"The saints! I hope so," I said, but one who stood near him whispered to him to hold his peace, so I cried out:

"O friend! I hold this world and all therein so cheap now, that I see not anything in it but shame which can any longer anger me; wherefore speak out."

"Then, Sir Florian, men say that at your christening some fiend took on him the likeness of a priest and strove to baptize you in the Devil's name, but God had mercy on you so that the fiend could not choose but baptize you in the name of the most holy Trinity: and yet men say that you hardly believe any doctrine such as other men do, and will at the end only go to Heaven round about as it were, not at all by the intercession of our Lady; they say too that you can see no ghosts or other wonders, whatever happens to other Christian men."

I smiled — "Well, friend, I scarcely call this a disadvantage, moreover what has it to do with the matter in hand?"

How was this in Heaven's name? we had been quite still, resting, while this talk was going on, but we could hear the hawks chattering from the rocks, we were so close now.

And my heart sunk within me, there was no reason why this should not be true; there was no reason why anything should not be true.

"This, Sir Florian," said the knight again, "how would you feel inclined to fight if you thought that everything about you was mere glamour; this earth here, the rocks, the sun, the sky? I do not know where I am for certain, I do not know that it is not midnight instead of undern: I do not know if I have been fighting men or only *simulacra* — but I think, we all think, that we have been led into some devil's trap or other, and — and — may God forgive me my sins! — I wish I had never been born."

There now! he was weeping — they all wept — how strange it was to see those rough, bearded men blubbering there, and

snivelling till the tears ran over their armour and mingled with the blood, so that it dropped down to the earth in a dim, dull, red rain.

My eyes indeed were dry, but then so was my heart; I felt far worse than weeping came to, but nevertheless I spoke cheerily.

"Dear friends, where are your old men's hearts gone to now? See now! this is a punishment for our sins, is it? well, for our forefathers' sins, or our own? if the first, O brothers, be very sure that if we bear it manfully God will have something very good in store for us hereafter; but if for our sins, is it not certain that He cares for us yet, for note that He suffers the wicked to go their own ways, pretty much; moreover brave men, brothers, ought to be the masters of *simulacra* — come, is it so hard to die once for all?"

Still no answer came from them, they sighed heavily only. I heard the sound of more than one or two swords as they rattled back to their scabbards: nay, one knight, stripping himself of surcoat and hauberk, and drawing his dagger, looked at me with a grim smile, and said, "Sir Florian, do so!"

then he drew the dagger across his throat and he fell back dead.

They shuddered, those brave men, and crossed themselves. And I had no heart to say a word more, but mounted the horse which had been brought to me and rode away slowly for a few yards; then I became aware that there was a great silence over the whole field.

So I lifted my eyes and looked, and behold no man struck at another.

Then from out of a band of horsemen came Harald, and he was covered all over with a great scarlet cloth as before, put on over the head, and flowing all about his horse, but rent with the fight. He put off his helm and drew back his mail-coif, then took a trumpet from the hand of a herald and blew strongly.

And in the midst of this blast I heard a voice call out: "O Florian! come and speak to me for the last time!"

So when I turned I beheld Arnald standing by himself, but near him stood Hugh and ten others with drawn swords.

Then I wept, and so went to him, weeping; and he said, "Thou seest, brother, that

we must die, and I think by some horrible and unheard-of death, and the House of the Lilies is just dying too; and now I repent me of Swanhilda's death; now I know that it was a poor cowardly piece of revenge, instead of a brave act of justice; thus has God shown us the right.

"O Florian! curse me! So will it be straighter; truly thy mother when she bore thee did not think of this; rather saw thee in the tourney at this time, in her fond hopes, glittering with gold and doing knighty; or else mingling thy brown locks with the golden hair of some maiden weeping for the love of thee. God forgive me! God forgive me!"

"What harm, brother?" I said, "this is only failing in the world; what if we had not failed, in a little while it would have made no difference; truly just now I felt very miserable, but now it has past away, and I am happy."

"O brave heart!" he said, "yet we shall part just now, Florian, farewell."

"The road is long," I said, "farewell."

Then we kissed each other, and Hugh and the others wept.

Now all this time the trumpets had been ringing, ringing, great doleful peals, then it ceased, and above all sounded Red Harald's voice.

(So I looked round towards that pass, and when I looked I no longer doubted any of those wild tales of glamour concerning Goliah's Land; for though the rocks were the same, and though the conies still stood gazing at the doors of their dwellings, though the hawks still cried out shrilly, though the fern still shook in the wind, yet beyond, oh such a land! not to be described by any because of its great beauty, lying, a great *hollow* land, the rocks going down on this side in precipices, then reaches and reaches of loveliest country, trees and flowers, and corn, then the hills, green and blue, and purple, till their ledges reached the white snowy mountains at last. Then with all manner of strange feelings, "my heart in the midst of my "body was even like melting wax.")

"O you House of the Lily! you are conquered — yet I will take vengeance only on a few, therefore let all those who wish to live come and pile their swords, and shields,

and helms behind me in three great heaps, and swear fealty afterwards to me; yes, all but the false Knights Arnald and Florian."

We were holding each other's hands and gazing, and we saw all our knights, yea, all but Squire Hugh and his ten heroes, pass over the field singly, or in groups of three or four, with their heads hanging down in shame, and they cast down their notched swords and dinted, lilied shields, and brave-crested helms into three great heaps, behind Red Harald, then stood behind, no man speaking to his fellow or touching him.

Then dolefully the great trumpets sang over the dying House of the Lily, and Red Harald led his men forward, but slowly: on they came, spear and mail glittering in the sunlight; and I turned and looked at that good land, and a shuddering delight seized my soul.

But I felt my brother's hand leave mine, and saw him turn his horse's head and ride swiftly toward the pass; that was a strange pass now.

And at the edge he stopped, turned round and called out aloud, "I pray thee, Harald, forgive me! now farewell all."

Then the horse gave one bound forward, and we heard the poor creature's scream when he felt that he must die, and we heard afterwards (for we were near enough for that even) a clang and a crash.

So I turned me about to Hugh, and he understood me though I could not speak.

We shouted all together, "Mary rings," then laid our bridles on the necks of our horses, spurred forward, and — in five minutes they were all slain, and I was down among the horse-hoofs.

Not slain though, not wounded. Red Harald smiled grimly when he saw me rise and lash out again; he and some ten others dismounted, and holding their long spears out, I went back — back, back,— I saw what it meant, and sheathed my sword, and their laughter rolled all about, and I too smiled.

Presently they all stopped, and I felt the last foot of turf giving under my feet; I looked down and saw the crack there widening; then in a moment I fell, and a cloud of dust and earth rolled after me; then again their mirth rose into thunder-peals of laughter. But through it all I heard Red Harald shout, "Silence! evil dogs!"

For as I fell I stretched out my arms, and caught a tuft of yellow broom some three feet from the brow, and hung there by the hands, my feet being loose in the air.

Then Red Harald came and stood on the precipice above me, his great axe over his shoulder; and he looked down on me not ferociously, almost kindly, while the wind from the Hollow Land blew about his red raiment, tattered and dusty now.

And I felt happy, though it pained me to hold straining by the broom, yet I said, "I will hold out to the last."

It was not long, the plant itself gave way and I fell, and as I fell I fainted.

THE HOLLOW LAND.

A Tale.

Part II.

Chapter III.

LEAVING THE WORLD.

Fytte the First.

I had thought when I fell that I should never wake again; but I woke at last: for a long time I was quite dizzied and could see nothing at all: horrible doubts came creeping over me; I half expected to see presently great half-formed shapes come rolling up to me to crush me; some thing fiery, not strange, too utterly horrible to be strange, but utterly vile and ugly, the sight of which would have killed me when I was upon the earth, come rolling up to torment me. In fact I doubted if I were in hell.

I knew I deserved to be, but I prayed, and then it came into my mind that I could not pray if I were in hell.

Also there seemed to be a cool green light all about me, which was sweet.

Then presently I heard a glorious voice ring out clear, close to me—

> Christ keep the Hollow Land
> Through the sweet spring-tide,
> When the apple-blossoms bless
> The lowly bent hill side.

Thereat my eyes were slowly unsealed, and I saw the blessedest sight I have ever seen before or since: for I saw my Love.

She sat about five yards from me on a great grey stone that had much moss on it, one of the many scattered along the side of the stream by which I lay; she was clad in loose white raiment close to her hands and throat; her feet were bare, her hair hung loose a long way down, but some of it lay on her knees: I said 'white' raiment, but long spikes of light scarlet went down from the throat, lost here and there in the shadows of the folds, and, growing smaller and smaller, died before they reached her feet.

I was lying with my head resting on soft moss that some one had gathered and placed under me. She, when she saw me moving and awake, came and stood over me with a gracious smile.— She was so lovely and tender to look at, and so kind, yet withal no one, man or woman, had ever frightened me half so much.

She was not fair in white and red, like many beautiful women are, being rather pale, but like ivory for smoothness, and her hair was quite golden, not light yellow, but dusky golden.

I tried to get up on my feet, but was too

weak, and sunk back again. She said:

"No, not just yet, do not trouble your-self or try to remember anything just at present."

There withal she kneeled down, and hung over me closer.

"To-morrow you may, perhaps, have something hard to do or bear, I know, but now you must be as happy as you can be, quietly happy. Why did you start and turn pale when I came to you? Do you not know who I am? Nay, but you do, I see; and I have been waiting here so long for you; so you must have expected to see me.— You cannot be frightened of me, are you?"

But I could not answer a word, but all the time strange knowledge, strange feelings were filling my brain and my heart, she said:

"You are tired; rest, and dream happily."

So she sat by me, and sung to lull me to sleep, while I turned on my elbow, and watched the waving of her throat: and the singing of all the poets I had ever heard, and of many others too, not born till years long after I was dead, floated all about me as she sung, and I did indeed dream happily.

When I awoke it was the time of the

cold dawn, and the colours were gathering themselves together, whereat in fatherly approving fashion the sun sent all across the east long bars of scarlet and orange that after faded through yellow to green and blue.

And she sat by me still; I think she had been sitting there and singing all the time; all through hot yesterday, for I had been sleeping day-long and night-long, all through the falling evening under moonlight and starlight the night through.

And now it was dawn, and I think too that neither of us had moved at all; for the last thing I remembered before I went to sleep was the tips of her fingers brushing my cheek, as she knelt over me with down-drooping arm, and still now I felt them there. Moreover she was just finishing some fainting measure that died before it had time to get painful in its passion.

Dear Lord! how I loved her! yet did I not dare to touch her, or even speak to her. She smiled with delight when she saw I was awake again, and slid down her hand on to mine, but some shuddering dread made me draw it away again hurriedly; then I saw

the smile leave her face: what would I not have given for courage to hold her body quite tight to mine? but I was so weak. She said:

"Have you been very happy?"

"Yea," I said.

It was the first word I had spoken there, and my voice sounded strange.

"Ah!" she said, "you will talk more when you get used to the air of the Hollow Land. Have you been thinking of your past life at all? if not, try to think of it. What thing in Heaven or Earth do you wish for most?"

Still I said no word; but she said in a wearied way:

"Well now, I think you will be strong enough to get to your feet and walk; take my hand and try."

Therewith she held it out: I strove hard to be brave enough to take it, but could not; I only turned away shuddering, sick, and grieved to the heart's core of me; then struggling hard with hand and knee and elbow, I scarce rose, and stood up totteringly; while she watched me sadly, still holding out her hand.

But as I rose, in my swinging to and fro the steel sheath of my sword struck her on the hand so that the blood flowed from it, which she stood looking at for a while, then dropped it downwards, and turned to look at me, for I was going.

Then as I walked she followed me, so I stopped and turned and said almost fiercely:

"I am going alone to look for my brother."

The vehemence with which I spoke, or something else, burst some blood-vessel within my throat, and we both stood there with the blood running from us on to the grass and summer flowers.

She said: "If you find him, wait with him till I come."

"Yea," and I turned and left her, following the course of the stream upwards, and as I went I heard her low singing that almost broke my heart for its sadness.

And I went painfully because of my weakness, and because also of the great stones; and sometimes I went along a spot of earth where the river had been used to flow in flood-time, and which was now bare of everything but stones; and the sun, now risen high, poured down on everything a

great flood of fierce light and scorching heat, and burnt me sorely, so that I almost fainted.

But about noontide I entered a wood close by the stream, a beech-wood, intending to rest myself; the herbage was thin and scattered there, sprouting up from amid the leaf-sheaths and nuts of the beeches, which had fallen year after year on that same spot; the outside boughs swept low down, the air itself seemed green when you entered within the shadow of the branches, they over-roofed the place so with tender green, only here and there showing spots of blue.

But what lay at the foot of a great beech tree but some dead knight in armour, only the helmet off? A wolf was prowling round about it, who ran away snarling when he saw me coming.

So I went up to that dead knight, and fell on my knees before him, laying my head on his breast, for it was Arnald.

He was quite cold but had not been dead for very long; I would not believe him dead, but went down to the stream and brought him water, tried to make him drink — what would you? he was as dead as Swanhilda:

neither came there any answer to my cries that afternoon but the moaning of the wood-doves in the beeches.

So then I sat down and took his head on my knees, and closed the eyes, and wept quietly while the sun sunk lower.

But a little after sunset I heard a rustle through the leaves, that was not the wind, and looking up my eyes met the pitying eyes of that maiden.

Something stirred rebelliously within me; I ceased weeping, and said:

"It is unjust, unfair: What right had Swanhilda to live? did not God give her up to us? How much better was he than ten Swanhildas? and look you — See! — he is DEAD."

Now this I shrieked out, being mad; and though I trembled when I saw some stormy wrath that vexed her very heart and loving lips, gathering on her face, I yet sat there looking at her and screaming, screaming, till all the place rung.

But when growing hoarse and breathless I ceased; she said, with straightened brow and scornful mouth:

"So! bravely done! must I then, though

I am a woman, call you a liar, for saying God is unjust? You to punish her, had not God then punished her already? How many times when she woke in the dead night do you suppose she missed seeing King Urrayne's pale face and hacked head lying on the pillow by her side? Whether by night or day, what things but screams did she hear when the wind blew loud round about the Palace corners? and did not that face too, often come before her, pale and bleeding as it was long ago, and gaze at her from unhappy eyes! poor eyes! with changed purpose in them — no more hope of converting the world when that blow was once struck, truly it was very wicked — no more dreams, but only fierce struggles with the Devil for very life, no more dreams but failure at last, and death, happier so in the Hollow Land."

She grew so pitying as she gazed at his dead face that I began to weep again unreasonably, while she saw not that I was weeping, but looked only on Arnald's face, but after turned on me frowning.

"Unjust! yes truly unjust enough to take away life and all hope from her; you have

done a base cowardly act, you and your brother here, disguise it as you may; you deserve all God's judgments — you — "

But I turned my eyes and wet face to her, and said:

"Do not curse me — there — do not look like Swanhilda: for see now, you said at first that you had been waiting long for me, give me your hand now, for I love you so."

Then she came and knelt by where I sat, and I caught her in my arms, and she prayed to be forgiven.

"O, Florian! I have indeed waited long for you, and when I saw you my heart was filled with joy, but you would neither touch me or speak to me, so that I became almost mad,—forgive me, we will be so happy now. O! do you know this is what I have been waiting for all these years; it made me glad I know, when I was a little baby in my mother's arms to think I was born for this; and afterwards, as I grew up, I used to watch every breath of wind through the beech-boughs, every turn of the silver poplar leaves, thinking it might be you or some news of you."

Then I rose and drew her up with me;

but she knelt again by my brother's side, and kissed him, and said:

"O brother! the Hollow Land is only second best of the places God has made, for Heaven also is the work of His hand."

Afterwards we dug a deep grave among the beech-roots and there we buried Arnald de Liliis.

And I have never seen him since, scarcely even in dreams; surely God has had mercy on him, for he was very leal and true and brave; he loved many men, and was kind and gentle to his friends, neither did he hate any but Swanhilda.

But as for us two, Margaret and me, I cannot tell you concerning our happiness, such things cannot be told; only this I know, that we abode continually in the Hollow Land until I lost it.

Moreover this I can tell you. Margaret was walking with me, as she often walked near the place where I had first seen her; presently we came upon a woman sitting, dressed in scarlet and gold raiment, with her head laid down on her knees; likewise we heard her sobbing.

"Margaret, who is she?" I said: "I

knew not that any dwelt in the Hollow Land but us two only."

She said, "I know not who she is, only sometimes, these many years, I have seen her scarlet robe flaming from far away, amid the quiet green grass: but I was never so near her as this. Florian, I am afraid: let us come away."

Fytte the Second.

Such a horrible grey November day it was, the fog-smell all about, the fog creeping into our very bones.

And I sat there, trying to recollect, at any rate something, under those fir-trees that I ought to have known so well.

Just think now; I had lost my best years somewhere; for I was past the prime of life, my hair and beard were scattered with white, my body was growing weaker, my memory of all things was very faint.

My raiment, purple and scarlet and blue once, was so stained that you could scarce call it any colour, was so tattered that it scarce covered my body, though it seemed once to have fallen in heavy folds to my feet, and still, when I rose to walk, though

the miserable November mist lay in great drops upon my bare breast, yet was I obliged to wind my raiment over my arm, it draggled so (wretched, slimy, textureless thing!) in the brown mud.

On my head was a light morion, which pressed on my brow and pained me; so I put my hand up to take it off; but when I touched it I stood still in my walk shuddering; I nearly fell to the earth with shame and sick horror; for I laid my hand on a lump of slimy earth with worms coiled up in it. I could scarce forbear from shrieking, but breathing such a prayer as I could think of, I raised my hand again and seized it firmly. Worse horror still! the rust had eaten it into holes, and I gripped my own hair as well as the rotting steel, the sharp edge of which cut into my fingers; but setting my teeth, gave a great wrench, for I knew that if I let go of it then, no power on the earth or under it could make me touch it again. God be praised! I tore it off and cast it far from me; I saw the earth, and the worms and green weeds and sun-begotten slime, whirling out from it radiatingly, as it spun round about.

I was girt with a sword too, the leathern belt of which had shrunk and squeezed my waist: dead leaves had gathered in knots about the buckles of it, the gilded handle was encrusted with clay in many parts, the velvet sheath miserably worn.

But, verily, when I took hold of the hilt, and dreaded lest instead of a sword I should find a serpent in my hand; lo! then, I drew out my own true blade and shook it flawless from hilt to point, gleaming white in that mist.

Therefore it sent a thrill of joy to my heart, to know that there was one friend left me yet: I sheathed it again carefully, and undoing it from my waist, hung it about my neck.

Then catching up my rags in my arms, I drew them up till my legs and feet were altogether clear from them, afterwards folded my arms over my breast, gave a long leap and ran, looking downward, but not giving heed to my way.

Once or twice I fell over stumps of trees, and such-like, for it was a cut-down wood that I was in, but I rose always, though bleeding and confused, and went on still;

sometimes tearing madly through briars and forse bushes, so that my blood dropped on the dead leaves as I went.

I ran in this way for about an hour; then I heard a gurgling and splashing of waters; I gave a great shout and leapt strongly, with shut eyes, and the black water closed over me.

When I rose again, I saw near me a boat with a man in it; but the shore was far off; I struck out toward the boat, but my clothes which I had knotted and folded about me, weighed me down terribly.

The man looked at me, and began to paddle toward me with the oar he held in his left hand, having in his right a long, slender spear, barbed like a fish hook; perhaps, I thought, it is some fishing spear; moreover his raiment was of scarlet, with upright stripes of yellow and black all over it.

When my eye caught his, a smile widened his mouth as if some one had made a joke; but I was beginning to sink, and indeed my head was almost under water just as he came and stood above me, but before it went quite under, I saw his spear gleam,

then *felt* it in my shoulder, and for the present, felt nothing else.

When I woke I was on the bank of that river; the flooded waters went hurrying past me; no boat on them now; from the river the ground went up in gentle slopes till it grew a great hill, and there, on that hill top,— Yes, I might forget many things, almost everything, but not that, not the old castle of my fathers up among the hills, its towers blackened now and shattered, yet still no enemy's banner waved from it.

So I said I would go and die there; and at this thought I drew my sword, which yet hung about my neck, and shook it in the air till the true steel quivered; then began to pace toward the castle. I was quite naked, no rag about me; I took no heed of that, only thanking God that my sword was left, and so toiled up the hill. I entered the castle soon by the outer court; I knew the way so well, that I did not lift my eyes from the ground, but walked on over the lowered draw-bridge through the unguarded gates, and stood in the great hall at last — my father's hall — as bare of everything but my sword as when I came into the world fifty

years before: I had as little clothes, as little wealth, less memory and thought, I verily believe, than then.

So I lifted up my eyes and gazed; no glass in the windows, no hangings on the walls; the vaulting yet held good throughout, but seemed to be going; the mortar had fallen out from between the stones, and grass and fern grew in the joints; the marble pavement was in some places gone, and water stood about in puddles, though one scarce knew how it had got there.

No hangings on the walls — no; yet, strange to say, instead of them, the walls blazed from end to end with scarlet paintings, only striped across with green dampmarks in many places, some falling bodily from the wall, the plaster hanging down with the fading colour on it.

In all of them, except for the shadows and the faces of the figures, there was scarce any colour but scarlet and yellow; here and there it seemed the painter, whoever it was, had tried to make his trees or his grass green, but it would not do; some ghastly thoughts must have filled his head, for all the green went presently into yellow, out-

sweeping through the picture dismally. But the faces were painted to the very life, or it seemed so; — there were only five of them, however, that were very marked or came much in the foreground; and four of these I knew well, though I did not then remember the names of those that had borne them. They were Red Harald, Swanhilda, Arnald, and myself. The fifth I did not know; it was a woman's, and very beautiful.

Then I saw that in some parts a small penthouse roof had been built over the paintings, to keep them from the weather. Near one of these stood a man painting, clothed in red, with stripes of yellow and black: then I knew that it was the same man who had saved me from drowning by spearing me through the shoulder; so I went up to him, and saw furthermore that he was girt with a heavy sword.

He turned round when he saw me coming, and asked me fiercely what I did there.

I asked why he was painting in my castle.

Thereupon, with that same grim smile widening his mouth as heretofore, he said, "I paint God's judgments."

And as he spoke, he rattled the sword in his scabbard; but I said,

"Well, then, you paint them very badly. Listen; I know God's judgments much better than you do. See now; I will teach you God's judgments, and you shall teach me painting."

While I spoke he still rattled his sword, and when I had done, shut his right eye tight, screwing his nose on one side; then said,

"You have got no clothes on, and may go to the devil! what do *you* know about God's judgments?"

"Well, they are not all yellow and red, at all events; you ought to know better."

He screamed out, "O you fool! yellow and red! Gold and blood, what do they make?"

"Well," I said; "what?"

"HELL!" And, coming close up to me, he struck me with his open hand in the face, so that the colour with which his hand was smeared was dabbed about my face. The blow almost threw me down; and, while I staggered, he rushed at me furiously with his sword. Perhaps it was good for me that

I had got no clothes on; for, being utterly unencumbered, I leapt this way and that, and avoided his fierce, eager strokes till I could collect myself somewhat; while he had a heavy scarlet cloak on that trailed on the ground, and which he often trod on, so that he stumbled.

He very nearly slew me during the first few minutes, for it was not strange that, together with other matters, I should have forgotten the art of fence: but yet, as I went on, and sometimes bounded about the hall under the whizzing of his sword, as he rested sometimes, leaning on it, as the point sometimes touched my bare flesh, nay, once as the whole sword fell flatlings on my head and made my eyes start out, I remembered the old joy that I used to have, and the *swy*, *swy*, of the sharp edge, as one gazed between one's horse's ears; moreover, at last, one fierce swift stroke, just touching me below the throat, tore up the skin all down my body, and fell heavy on my thigh, so that I drew my breath in and turned white; then first, as I swung my sword round my head, our blades met, oh! to hear that *tchink* again! and I felt the notch my

sword made in his, and swung out at him; but he guarded it and returned on me; I guarded right and left, and grew warm, and opened my mouth to shout, but knew not what to say; and our sword points fell on the floor together: then, when we had panted awhile, I wiped from my face the blood that had been dashed over it, shook my sword and cut at him, then we spun round and round in a mad waltz to the measured music of our meeting swords, and sometimes either wounded the other somewhat, but not much, till I beat down his sword on to his head, that he fell grovelling, but not cut through. Verily, thereupon my lips opened mightily with "Mary rings."

Then, when he had gotten to his feet, I went at him again, he staggering back, guarding wildly; I cut at his head; he put his sword up confusedly, so I fitted both hands to my hilt, and smote him mightily under the arm: then his shriek mingled with my shout, made a strange sound together; he rolled over and over, dead, as I thought.

I walked about the hall in great exultation at first, striking my sword point on the floor every now and then, till I grew faint with

loss of blood; then I went to my enemy and stripped off some of his clothes to bind up my wounds withal; afterwards I found in a corner bread and wine, and I eat and drank thereof.

Then I went back to him and looked, and a thought struck me, and I took some of his paints and brushes, and, kneeling down, painted his face thus, with stripes of yellow and red, crossing each other at right angles; and in each of the squares so made I put a spot of black, after the manner of the painted letters in the prayer-books and romances when they are ornamented.

So I stood back as painters use, folded my arms, and admired my own handiwork. Yet there struck me as being something so utterly doleful in the man's white face, and the blood running all about him, and washing off the stains of paint from his face and hands, and splashed clothes, that my heart misgave me, and I hoped that he was not dead; I took some water from a vessel he had been using for his painting, and, kneeling, washed his face.

Was it some resemblance to my father's dead face, which I had seen when I was

young, that made me pity him? I laid my hand upon his heart, and felt it beating feebly; so I lifted him up gently, and carried him towards a heap of straw that he seemed used to lie upon; there I stripped him and looked to his wounds, and used leech-craft, the memory of which God gave me for this purpose, I suppose, and within seven days I found that he would not die.

Afterwards, as I wandered about the castle, I came to a room in one of the upper stories, that had still the roof on, and windows in it with painted glass, and there I found green raiment and swords and armour, and I clothed myself.

So when he got well I asked him what his name was, and he me, and we both of us said, "truly I know not." Then said I, "but we must call each other some name, even as men call days."

"Call me Swerker," he said, "some priest I knew once had that name."

"And me Wulf," said I, "though wherefore I know not."

Then he said:

"Wulf, I will teach you painting now, come and learn."

Then I tried to learn painting till I thought I should die, but at last learned it through very much pain and grief.

And, as the years went on and we grew old and grey, we painted purple pictures and green ones instead of the scarlet and yellow, so that the walls looked altered, and always we painted God's judgments.

And we would sit in the sunset and watch them with the golden light changing them, as we yet hoped God would change both us and our works.

Often too we would sit outside the walls and look at the trees and sky, and the ways of the few men and women we saw; therefrom sometimes befell adventures.

Once there went past a great funeral of some king going to his own country, not as he had hoped to go, but stiff and colourless, spices filling up the place of his heart.

And first went by very many knights, with long bright hauberks on, that fell down before their knees as they rode, and they all had tilting-helms on with the same crest, so that their faces were quite hidden: and this crest was two hands clasped together tightly as though they were the hands of

one praying forgiveness from the one he loves best; and the crest was wrought in gold.

Moreover, they had on over their hauberks surcoats which were half scarlet and half purple, strewn about with golden stars.

Also long lances, that had forked knights'-pennons, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

And these went by with no sound but the fall of their horse-hoofs.

And they went slowly, so slowly that we counted them all, five thousand five hundred and fifty-five.

There went by many fair maidens whose hair was loose and yellow, and who were all clad in green raiment ungirded, and shod with golden shoes.

These also we counted, being five hundred; moreover some of the outermost of them, viz. one maiden to every twenty, had long silver trumpets, which they swung out to right and left, blowing them, and their sound was very sad.

Then many priests, and bishops, and abbots, who wore white albes and golden copes over them; and they all sung together

mournfully, "*Propter amnem Babylonis;*" and these were three hundred.

After that came a great knot of the Lords, who wore tilting helmets and surcoats emblazoned with each one his own device; only each had in his hand a small staff two feet long whereon was a pennon of scarlet and purple. These also were three hundred.

And in the midst of these was a great car hung down to the ground with purple, drawn by grey horses whose trappings were half scarlet, half purple.

And on this car lay the King, whose head and hands were bare; and he had on him a surcoat, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

And his head rested on a tilting helmet, whose crest was the hands of one praying passionately for forgiveness.

But his own hands lay by his side as if he had just fallen asleep.

And all about the car were little banners, half purple and half scarlet, strewn with golden stars.

Then the King, who counted but as one, went by also.

And after him came again many maidens

clad in ungirt white raiment strewn with scarlet flowers, and their hair was loose and yellow and their feet bare: and, except for the falling of their feet and the rustle of the wind through their raiment, they went past quite silently. These also were five hundred.

Then lastly came many young knights with long bright hauberks falling over their knees as they rode, and surcoats, half scarlet and half purple, strewn with golden stars; they bore long lances with forked pennons which were half purple, half scarlet, strewn with golden stars; their heads and their hands were bare, but they bore shields, each one of them, which were of bright steel wrought cunningly in the midst with that bearing of the two hands of one who prays for forgiveness; which was done in gold. These were but five hundred.

Then they all went by winding up and up the hill roads, and, when the last of them had departed out of our sight, we put down our heads and wept, and I said, "Sing us one of the songs of the Hollow Land."

Then he whom I had called Swerker put his hand into his bosom, and slowly drew out a long, long tress of black hair, and laid

on his knee and smoothed it, weeping on it: So then I left him there and went and armed myself, and brought armour for him.

And then came back to him and threw the armour down so that it clanged, and said:

"O! Harald, let us go!"

He did not seem surprised that I called him by the right name, but rose and armed himself, and then he looked a good knight; so we set forth.

And in a turn of the long road we came suddenly upon a most fair woman, clothed in scarlet, who sat and sobbed, holding her face between her hands, and her hair was very black.

And when Harald saw her, he stood and gazed at her for long through the bars of his helmet, then suddenly turned, and said:

"Florian, I must stop here; do you go on to the Hollow Land. Farewell."

"Farewell." And then I went on, never turning back, and him I never saw more.

And so I went on, quite lonely, but happy, till I had reached the Hollow Land.

Into which I let myself down most carefully, by the jutting rocks and bushes and

strange trailing flowers, and there lay down and fell asleep.

Fytte the Third.

And I was waked by some one singing: I felt very happy; I felt young again; I had fair delicate raiment on, my sword was gone, and my armour; I tried to think where I was, and could not for my happiness; I tried to listen to the words of the song. Nothing, only an old echo in my ears, only all manner of strange scenes from my wretched past life before my eyes in a dim, far-off manner: then at last, slowly, without effort, I heard what she sang.

"Christ keep the Hollow Land
All the summer-tide;
Still we cannot understand
Where the waters glide;

"Only dimly seeing them
Coldly slipping through
Many green-lipp'd cavern mouths,
Where the hills are blue.

"Then," she said, "come now and look for it, love, a hollow city in the Hollow Land."

I kissed Margaret, and we went.

* * * * *

Through the golden streets under the purple shadows of the houses we went, and the slow fanning backward and forward of the many-coloured banners cooled us: we two alone; there was no one with us, no soul will ever be able to tell what we said, how we looked.

At last we came to a fair palace, cloistered off in the old time, before the city grew golden from the din and hubbub of traffic; those who dwelt there in the old ungolden times had had their own joys, their own sorrows, apart from the joys and sorrows of the multitude: so, in like manner, was it now cloistered off from the eager leaning and brotherhood of the golden dwellings: so now it had its own gaiety, its own solemnity, apart from theirs; unchanged, unchangeable, were its marble walls, whatever else changed about it.

We stopped before the gates and trembled, and clasped each other closer; for there among the marble leafage and tendrils that were round and under and over the archway that held the golden valves were wrought two figures of a man and woman, winged and garlanded, whose raiment flashed with

stars; and their faces were like faces we had seen or half seen in some dream long and long and long ago, so that we trembled with awe and delight; and I turned, and seeing Margaret, saw that her face was that face seen or half seen long and long and long ago; and in the shining of her eyes I saw that other face seen in that way and no other long and long and long ago — my face.

And then we walked together toward the golden gates, and opened them, and no man gainsaid us.

And before us lay a great space of flowers.

The Bibelot

"THE man in the street knows nothing of the STUDIES IN THE RENAISSANCE, MARIUS THE EPICUREAN, or the IMAGINARY PORTRAITS, yet in subtle indirect fashion these books will influence his children's children."

There is indeed, no other book quite akin to the STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE RENAISSANCE.[1] It came at a time when to say the best no one was overburdened with a knowledge of that wondrous awakening of Greek art and literature in Italy in the fifteenth century, since become the common heritage of the race.

It is, moreover, a book evocative of the deepest imaginative moods. Walter Pater, we cannot too often insist, had a clairvoyant sense of the Past; a mesmeric influence which found, and will continue to find, responsive acolytes. Who can ever forget: —'She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the

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1. The first edition was issued in 1873. The second edition with a change in the title to The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry, came out in 1877; the third, and final edition, as far as the text is concerned, appeared in 1888.

grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands."

And the two renaissance studies, now reprinted, would possess a charm for us even if Botticelli and Luca della Robbia were names and nothing more.

Yes, it is *something to turn from the passionate tumult of our days to the still living and ever widening inspiration of undying Art.*

"All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust out-lasts the throne,—
The Coin, Tiberias;

Even the gods must go;
Only the lofty Rhyme
Not countless years o'er throw,—
Not long array of Time.

FOR OCTOBER:

THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY:
THYRSIS, A MONODY:
BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Sandro Botticelli.
Luca della Robbia.
Two Renaissance Studies by Walter Pater.

"Well! we are all condamnés, *as Victor Hugo says: we are all under sentence of death but with a sort of indefinite reprieve* — les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indefinis: *we have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest, at least among 'the children of this world,' in art and song. For our one chance lies in expanding that interval, in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time . . . Of this wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake, has most; for art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake."*

THE RENAISSANCE: CONCLUSION (1868).

"It is in Italy, in the fifteenth century, that the interest of the Renaissance mainly lies, in that solemn fifteenth century which can hardly be studied too much, not merely for its positive results in the things of the intellect and the imagination, its concrete works of art, its special and prominent personalities, with their profound æsthetic charm, but for its general spirit and character, for the ethical qualities of which it is a consummate type.

The various forms of intellectual activity which together make up the culture of an age, move for the most part from different starting-points, and by unconnected roads. As products of the same generation they partake indeed of a common character, and unconsciously illustrate each other; but of the producers themselves, each group is solitary, gaining what advantage or disadvantage there may be in intellectual isolation. Art and poetry, philosophy and the religious life, and that other life of refined pleasure and action in the open places of the world, are each of them confined to its own circle of ideas, and those who prosecute either of them are generally little curious of the thoughts of others. There come, however, from time to time, eras of more favorable conditions, in which the thoughts of men draw nearer together than is their wont, and the many interests of the intellectual world combine in one complete type of general culture. The fifteenth century in Italy is one of these happier eras; and what is sometimes said of the age of Pericles is true of that of Lorenzo:—it is an age productive in personalities, many-sided centralised, complete."

PREFACE TO THE RENAISSANCE: STUDIES IN ART AND POETRY. 1873.

SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

In Leonardo's treatise on painting only one contemporary is mentioned by name — Sandro Botticelli. This pre-eminence may be due to chance only, but to some will rather appear a result of deliberate judgment; for people have begun to find out the charm of Botticelli's work, and his name, little known in the last century, is quietly becoming important. In the middle of the fifteenth century he had already anticipated much of that meditative subtlety, which is sometimes supposed peculiar to the great imaginative workmen of its close. Leaving the simple religion which had occupied the followers of Giotto for a century, and the simple naturalism which had grown out of it, a thing of birds and flowers only, he sought inspiration in what to him were works of the modern world, the writings of Dante and Boccaccio, and in new readings of his own of classical stories: or, if he painted religious incidents, painted them with an under-current of original sentiment, which touches you as the real matter of the picture through the veil of its ostensible subject.

What is the peculiar sensation, what is the peculiar quality of pleasure, which his work has the property of exciting in us, and which we cannot get elsewhere? For this, especially when he has to speak of a comparatively unknown artist, is always the chief question which a critic has to answer.

In an age when the lives of artists were full of adventure, his life is almost colourless. Criticism indeed has cleared away much of the gossip which Vasari accumulated, has touched the legend of Lippo and Lucrezia, and rehabilitated the character of Andrea del Castegno; but in Botticelli's case there is no legend to dissipate. He did not even go by his true name: Sandro is a nickname, and his true name is Filipepi, Botticelli being only the name of the goldsmith who first taught him art. Only two things happened to him, two things which he shared with other artists:—he was invited to Rome to paint in the Sistine Chapel, and he fell in later life under the influence of Savonarola, passing apparently almost out of men's sight in a sort of religious melancholy, which lasted till his death in 1515, according to the received date. Vasari

says that he plunged into the study of Dante, and even wrote a comment on the *Divine Comedy*. But it seems strange that he should have lived on inactive so long; and one almost wishes that some document might come to light, which, fixing the date of his death earlier, might relieve one, in thinking of him, of his dejected old age.

He is before all things a poetical painter, blending the charm of story and sentiment, the medium of the art of poetry, with the charm of line and colour, the medium of abstract painting. So he becomes the illustrator of Dante.[1] In a few rare examples of the edition of 1481, the blank spaces, left at the beginning of every canto for the hand of the illuminator, have been filled, as far as the nineteenth canto of the *Inferno*, with impressions of engraved plates, seemingly by way of experiment, for in the copy in the Bodleian Library, one of the three impressions it contains has been printed upside down, and much awry, in the midst of the luxurious printed page. Giotto, and the followers of Giotto, with their almost childish

1 Just issued in London — 1896.

religious aim, had not learned to put that weight of meaning into outward things, light, colour, every-day gesture, which the poetry of the *Divine Comedy* involves, and before the fifteenth century Dante could hardly have found an illustrator. Botticelli's illustrations are crowded with incident, blending, with a naïve carelessness of pictorial propriety, three phases of the same scene into one plate. The grotesques, so often a stumbling-block to painters who forget that the words of a poet, which only feebly present an image to the mind, must be lowered in key when translated into form, make one regret that he has not rather chosen for illustration the more subdued imagery of the *Purgatorio*. Yet in the scene of those who "go down quick into hell," there is an invention about the fire taking hold on the upturned soles of the feet, which proves that the design is no mere translation of Dante's words, but a true painter's vision; while the scene of the Centaurs wins one at once, for, forgetful of the actual circumstances of their appearance, Botticelli has gone off with delight on the thought of the Centaurs themselves,

bright, small creatures of the woodland, with arch baby faces and mignon forms, drawing tiny bows.

Botticelli lived in a generation of naturalists, and he might have been a mere naturalist among them. There are traces enough in his work of that alert sense of outward things, which, in the pictures of that period, fills the lawns with delicate living creatures, and the hillsides with pools of water, and the pools of water with flowering reeds. But this was not enough for him; he is a visionary painter, and in his visionariness he resembles Dante. Giotto, the tried companion of Dante, Masaccio, Ghirlandajo even, do but transcribe, with more or less refining, the outward image; they are dramatic, not visionary painters; they are almost impassive spectators of the action before them. But the genius of which Botticelli is the type usurps the data before it as the exponent of ideas, moods, visions of its own; in this interest it plays fast and loose with those data, rejecting some and isolating others, and always combining them anew. To him, as to Dante, the scene, the colour, the outward image or gesture, comes

with all its incisive and importunate reality; but awakes in him, moreover, by some subtle law of his own structure, a mood which it awakes in no one else, of which it is the double or repetition, and which it clothes, that all may share it, with sensuous circumstance.

But he is far enough from accepting the conventional orthodoxy of Dante which referring all human action to the simple formula of purgatory, heaven and hell, leaves an insoluble element of prose in the depths of Dante's poetry. One picture of his, with the portrait of the donor, Matteo Palmieri, below, had the credit or discredit of attracting some shadow of ecclesiastical censure. This Matteo Palmieri — two dim figures move under that name in contemporary history — was the reputed author of a poem, still unedited, *La Città Divina*, which represented the human race as an incarnation of those angels who, in the revolt of Lucifer, were neither for Jehovah nor for His enemies, a fantasy of that earlier Alexandrian philosophy about which the Florentine intellect in that century was so curious. Botticelli's picture may have been

only one of those familiar compositions in in which religious reverie has recorded its impressions of the various forms of beatified existence — *Glorias*, as they were called, like that in which Giotto painted the portrait of Dante; but somehow it was suspected of embodying in a picture the wayward dream of Palmieri, and the chapel where it hung was closed. Artists so entire as Botticelli are usually careless about philosophical theories, even when the philosopher is a Florentine of the fifteenth century, and his work a poem in *terza rima*. But Botticelli, who wrote a commentary on Dante, and became the disciple of Savonarola, may well have let such theories come and go across him. True or false, the story interprets much of the peculiar sentiment with which he infuses his profane and sacred persons, comely, and in a certain sense like angels, but with a sense of displacement or loss about them — the wistfulness of exiles, conscious of a passion and energy greater than any known issue of them explains, which runs through all his varied work with a sentiment of ineffable melancholy.

So just what Dante scorns as unworthy

alike of heaven and hell. Botticelli accepts, that middle world in which men take no side in great conflicts, and decide no great causes, and make great refusals. He thus sets for himself the limits within which art, undisturbed by any moral ambition, does its most sincere and surest work. His interest is neither in the untempered goodness of Angelico's saints, nor the untempered evil of Orcagna's *Inferno;* but with men and women, in their mixed and uncertain condition, always attractive, clothed sometimes by passion with a character of loveliness and energy, but saddened perpetually by the shadow upon them of the great things from which they shrink. His morality is all sympathy; and it is this sympathy, conveying into his work somewhat more than is usual of the true complexion of humanity, which makes him, visionary as he is, so forcible a realist.

It is this which gives to his Madonnas their unique expression and charm. He has worked out in them a distinct and peculiar type, definite enough in his own mind, for he has painted it over and over again, sometimes one might think almost

mechanically, as a pastime during that dark period when his thoughts were so heavy upon him. Hardly any collection of note is without one of these circular pictures, into which the attendant angels depress their heads so naïvely. Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why those peevish-looking Madonnas, conformed to no acknowledged or obvious type of beauty, attract you more and more, and often come back to you when the Sistine Madonna and the Virgins of Fra Angelico are forgotten. At first, contrasting them with those, you may have thought that there was something in them mean or abject even, for the abstract lines of the face have little nobleness, and the colour is wan. For with Botticelli she too, though she holds in her hands the "Desire of all nations," is one of those who are neither for Jehovah nor for His enemies; and her choice is on her face. The white light on it is cast up hard and cheerless from below, as when snow lies upon the ground, and the children look up with surprise at the strange whiteness of the ceiling. Her trouble is in the very caress of the mysterious child, whose gaze

is always far from her, and who has already that sweet look of devotion which men have never been able altogether to love, and which still makes the born saint an object almost of suspicion to his earthly brethren. Once, indeed, he guides her hand to transcribe in a book the words of her exaltation, the *Ave*, and the *Magnificat*, and the *Gaude Maria*, and the young angels, glad to rouse her for a moment from her dejection, are eager to hold the inkhorn and to support the book; but the pen almost drops from her hand, and the high cold words have no meaning for her, and her true children are those others, among whom, in her rude home, the intolerable honour came to her, with that look of wistful inquiry on their irregular faces which you see in startled animals — gipsy children, such as those who, in Apennine villages, still hold out their long brown arms to beg of you, but on Sundays become *enfants du chœur*, with their thick black hair nicely combed, and fair white linen on their sunburnt throats.

What is strangest is that he carries this sentiment into classical subjects, its most complete expression being a picture in the

Uffizii, of Venus rising from the sea, in which the grotesque emblems of the middle age, and a landscape full of its peculiar feeling, and even its strange draperies, powdered all over in the Gothic manner with a quaint conceit of daisies, frame a figure that reminds you of the faultless nude studies of Ingres. At first, perhaps, you are attracted only by a quaintness of design, which seems to recall all at once whatever you have read of Florence in the fifteenth century; afterwards you may think that this quaintness must be incongruous with the subject, and that the colour is cadaverous or at least cold. And yet, the more you come to understand what imaginative colouring really is, that all colour is no mere delightful quality of natural things, but a spirit upon them by which they become expressive to the spirit, the better you will like this peculiar quality of colour; and you will find that quaint design of Botticelli's a more direct inlet into the Greek temper than the works of the Greeks themselves even of the finest period. Of the Greeks as they really were, of their difference from ourselves, of the

aspects of their outward life, we know far more than Botticelli, or his most learned contemporaries; but for us long familiarity has taken off the edge of the lesson, and we are hardly conscious of what we owe to the Hellenic spirit. But in pictures like this of Botticelli's you have a record of the first impression made by it on minds turned back towards it, in almost painful aspiration, from a world in which it had been ignored so long; and in the passion, the energy, the industry of realisation, with which Botticelli carries out his intention, is the exact measure of the legitimate influence over the human mind of the imaginative system of which this is the central myth. The light is indeed cold—mere sunless dawn; but a later painter would have cloyed you with sunshine; and you can see the better for that quietness in the morning air each long promontory, as it slopes down to the water's edge. Men go forth to their labours until the evening; but she is awake before them, and you might think that the sorrow in her face was at the thought of the whole long day of love yet to come. An emblematical

figure of the wind blows hard across the grey water, moving forward the dainty-lipped shell on which she sails, the sea "showing his teeth" as it moves in thin lines of foam, and sucking in, one by one, the falling roses, each severe in outline, plucked off short at the stalk, but embrowned a little, as Botticelli's flowers always are. Botticelli meant all that imagery to be altogether pleasurable; and it was partly an incompleteness of resources, inseparable from the art of that time, that subdued and chilled it; but his predilection for minor tones counts also; and what is unmistakable is the sadness with which he has conceived the goddess of pleasure, as the depositary of a great power over the lives of men.

I have said that the peculiar character of Botticelli is the result of a blending in him of a sympathy for humanity in its uncertain condition, its attractiveness, its investiture at rarer moments in a character of loveliness and energy, with his consciousness of the shadow upon it of the great things from which it shrinks, and that this conveys into his work somewhat more than

painting usually attains of the true complexion of humanity. He paints the story of the goddess of pleasure in other episodes besides that of her birth from the sea, but never without some shadow of death in the grey flesh and wan flowers. He paints Madonnas, but they shrink from the pressure of the divine child, and plead in unmistakable undertones for a warmer, lower humanity. The same figure — tradition connects it with Simonetta, the mistress of Giuliano de' Medici — appears again as Judith, returning home across the hill country, when the great deed is over, and the moment of revulsion come, and the olive branch in her hand is becoming a burthen; as *Justice*, sitting on a throne, but with a fixed look of self-hatred which makes the sword in her hand seem that of a suicide; and again as *Veritas*, in the allegorical picture of *Calumnia*, where one may note in passing the suggestiveness of an accident which identifies the image of Truth with the person of Venus. We might trace the same sentiment through his engravings; but his share in them is doubtful, and the object of this brief study

has been attained, if I have defined aright the temper in which he worked.

But, after all, it may be asked, is a painter like Botticelli — a secondary painter, a proper subject for general criticism? There are a few great painters, like Michelangelo or Leonardo, whose work has become a force in general culture, partly for this very reason that they have absorbed into themselves all such workmen as Sandro Botticelli; and, over and above mere technical or antiquarian criticism, general criticism may be very well employed in that sort of interpretation which adjusts the position of these men to general culture, whereas smaller men can be the proper subjects only of technical or antiquarian treatment. But, besides those great men, there is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere; and these, too, have their place in general culture, and must be interpreted to it by those who have felt their charm strongly, and are often the objects of a special diligence and a consideration wholly affectionate, just because there is not about

them the stress of a great name and authority. Of this select number Botticelli is one; he has the freshness, the uncertain and diffident promise which belongs to the earlier Renaissance itself, and makes it perhaps the most interesting period in the history of the mind: in studying his work one begins to understand to how great a place in human culture the art of Italy had been called.

1870.

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

THE Italian sculptors of the earlier half of the fifteenth century are more than mere forerunners of the great masters of its close, and often reach perfection, within the narrow limits which they chose to impose on their work. Their sculpture shares with the paintings of Botticelli and the churches of Brunelleschi that profound expressiveness, that intimate impress of an indwelling soul, which is the peculiar fascination of the art of Italy in that century. Their works have been much neglected, and often almost hidden away amid the frippery of modern decoration, and we come with some surprise on the places where their fire still smoulders. One longs to penetrate into the lives of the men who have given expression to so much power and sweetness; but it is part of the reserve, the austere dignity and simplicity of their existence, that their histories are for the most part lost, or told but briefly. From their lives, as from their work, all tumult of sound and colour has passed away. Mino, the Raffaelle of sculpture, Maso del Rodario, whose works add a new grace to the church of Como, Donatello

even — one asks in vain for more than a shadowy outline of their actual days.

Something more remains of Luca della Robbia; something more of a history, of outward changes and fortunes, is expressed through his work. I suppose nothing brings the real air of a Tuscan town so vividly to mind as those pieces of pale blue and white earthenware, by which he is best known, like fragments of the milky sky itself, fallen into the cool streets, and breaking into the darkened churches. And no work is less imitable: like Tuscan wine, it loses its savour when moved from its birthplace, from the crumbling walls where it was first placed. Part of the charm of this work, its grace and purity and finish of expression, is common to all the Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century; for Luca was first of all a worker in marble, and his works in earthenware only transfer to a different material the principles of his sculpture.

These Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century worked for the most part in low relief, giving even to their monumental effigies something of its depression of surface, getting into them by this means

a pathetic suggestion of the wasting and etherealisation of death. They are haters of all heaviness and emphasis, of strongly-opposed light and shade, and seek their means of expression among those last refinements of shadow, which are almost invisible except in a strong light, and which the finest pencil can hardly follow. The whole essence of their work is *expression*, the passing of a smile over the face of a child, the ripple of the air on a still day over the curtain of a window ajar.

What is the precise value of this system of sculpture, this low relief? Luca della Robbia, and the other sculptors of the school to which he belongs, have before them the universal problem of their art; and this system of low relief is the means by which they meet and overcome the special limitation of sculpture — a limitation resulting from the material and the essential conditions of all sculptured work, and which consists in the tendency of this work to a hard realism, a one-sided presentment of mere form, that solid material frame which only motion can relieve, a thing of heavy shadows, and an individuality of expression

pushed to caricature. Against this tendency to the hard presentment of mere form trying vainly to compete with the reality of nature itself, all noble sculpture constantly struggles: each great system of sculpture resisting it in its own way, etherealising, spiritualising, relieving its hardness, its heaviness, and death. The use of colour in sculpture is but an unskilful contrivance to effect, by borrowing from another art, what the nobler sculpture effects by strictly appropriate means. To get not colour, but the equivalent of colour; to secure the expression and the play of life; to expand the too fixed individuality of pure, unrelieved, uncoloured form — this is the problem which the three great styles in sculpture have solved in three different ways.

Allgemeinheit — breadth, generality, universality — is the word chosen by Winckelmann, and after him by Gœthe and many German critics, to express that law of the most excellent Greek sculptors, of Pheidias and his pupils, which prompted them constantly to seek the type in the individual, to abstract and express only what

is structural and permanent, to purge from the individual all that belongs only to him, all the accidents, the feelings and actions of the special moment, all that (because in its own nature it endures but for a moment) is apt to look like a frozen thing if one arrests it.

In this way their works came to be like some subtle extract or essence, or almost like pure thoughts or ideas: and hence the breadth of humanity in them, that detachment from the conditions of a particular place or people, which has carried their influence far beyond the age which produced them, and insured them universal acceptance.

That was the Greek way of relieving the hardness and unspirituality of pure form. But it involved to a certain degree the sacrifice of what we call *expression;* and a system of abstraction which aimed always at the broad and general type, at the purging away from the individual of what belonged only to him, and of the mere accidents of a particular time and place, imposed upon the range of effects open to the Greek sculptor limits somewhat

narrowly defined; and when Michelangelo came, with a genius spiritualised by the reverie of the middle age, penetrated by its spirit of inwardness and introspection, living not a mere outward life like the Greek, but a life full of inward experiences, sorrows, consolations, a system which sacrificed so much of what was inward and unseen could not satisfy him. To him, lover and student of Greek sculpture as he was, work which did not bring what was inward to the surface, which was not concerned with individual expression, with individual character and feeling, the special history of the special soul, was not worth doing at all.

And so, in a way quite personal and peculiar to himself, which often is, and always seems, the effect of accident, he secured for his work individuality and intensity of expression, while he avoided a too hard realism, that tendency to harden into caricature which the representation of feeling in sculpture must always have. What time and accident, its centuries of darkness under the furrows of the "little Melian farm," have done with singular

felicity of touch for the Venus of Melos, fraying its surface and softening its lines, so that some spirit in the thing seems always on the point of breaking out, as though in it classical sculpture had advanced already one step into the mystical Christian age, its expression being in the whole range of ancient work most like that of Michelangelo's own:—this effect Michelangelo gains by leaving nearly all his sculpture in a puzzling sort of incompleteness, which suggests rather than realises actual form. Something of the wasting of that snow-image which he moulded at the command of Piero de' Medici, when the snow lay one night in the court of the *Pitti* palace, almost always lurks about it, as if he had determined to make the quality of a task, exacted from him half in derision, the pride of all his work. Many have wondered at that incompleteness, suspecting, however, that Michelangelo himself loved and was loath to change it, and feeling at the same time that they too would lose something if the half-realised form ever quite emerged from the stone, so rough hewn here, so delicately finished there; and they have wished to fathom the charm of this

incompleteness. Well! that incompleteness is Michelangelo's equivalent for colour in sculpture; it is his way of etherealising pure form, of relieving its hard realism, and communicating to it breath, pulsation, the effect of life. It was a characteristic too which fell in with his peculiar temper and mode of life, his disappointments and hesitations. And it was in reality perfect finish. In this way he combines the utmost amount of passion and intensity with the sense of a yielding and flexible life: he gets not vitality merely, but a wonderful force of expression.

Midway between these two systems — the system of the Greek sculptors and the system of Michelangelo — comes the system of Luca della Robbia and the other Tuscan sculptors of the fifteenth century, partaking both of the *Allgemeinheit* of the Greeks, their way of extracting certain select elements only of pure form and sacrificing all the rest, and the studied incompleteness of Michelangelo, relieving that expression of intensity, passion, energy, which would otherwise have hardened into caricature. Like Michelangelo, these sculptors fill their

works with intense and individualised expression: their noblest works are the studied sepulchral portraits of particular persons — the monument of Conte Ugo in the *Badía* of Florence, of the youthful Medea Colleoni, with the wonderful, long throat, in the chapel on the cool north side of the Church of *Santa Maria Maggiore* at Bergamo — monuments which abound in the churches of Rome, inexhaustible in suggestions of repose, of a subdued Sabbatic joy, a kind of sacred grace and refinement: — and they unite these elements of tranquility, of repose, to that intense and individual expression by a system of conventionalism as skilful and subtle as that of the Greeks, subduing all such curves as indicate solid form, and throwing the whole into lower relief.

The life of Luca, a life of labour and frugality, with no adventure and no excitement except what belongs to the trial of new artistic processes, the struggle with new artistic difficulties, the solution of purely artistic problems, fills the first seventy years of the fifteenth century. After producing many works in marble for the *Duomo* and the *Campanile* of Florence, which place

him among the foremost sculptors of that age, he became desirous to realise the spirit and manner of that sculpture, in a humbler material, to unite its science, its exquisite and expressive system of low relief, to the homely art of pottery, to introduce those high qualities into common things, to adorn and cultivate daily household life. In this he is profoundly characteristic of the Florence of that century, of that in it which lay below its superficial vanity and caprice, a certain old-world modesty and seriousness and simplicity. People had not yet begun to think that what was good art for churches was not so good, or less fitted, for their own houses. Luca's new work was in plain white earthenware at first, a mere rough imitation of the costly, laboriously wrought marble, finished in a few hours. But on this humble path he found his way to a fresh success, to another artistic grace. The fame of the oriental pottery, with its strange, bright colours — colours of art, colours not to be attained in the natural stone — mingled with the tradition of the old Roman pottery of the neighbourhood. The little red, coral-like jars of Arezzo,

dug up in that district from time to time, are still famous. These colours haunted Luca's fancy. "He still continued seeking something more," his biographer says of him; "and instead of making his figures of baked earth simply white, he added the further invention of giving them colour, to the astonishment and delight of all who beheld them"—*Cosa singolare, e multo utile per la state!*—a curious thing, and very useful for summer-time, full of coolness and repose for hand and eye. Luca loved the forms of various fruits, and wrought them into all sorts of marvellous frames and garlands, giving them their natural colours, only subdued a little, a little paler than nature. But in his nobler *terra-cotta* work he never introduces colour into the flesh, keeping mostly to blue and white, the colours of the Virgin Mary.

I said that the work of Luca della Robbia possessed in an unusual measure that special characteristic which belongs to all the workmen of his school, a characteristic which, even in the absence of much positive information about their actual history, seems to bring those workmen themselves very near

to us — the impress of a personal quality, a profound expressiveness, what the French call *intimité*, by which is meant some subtler sense of originality — the seal on a man's work of what is most inward and peculiar in his moods and manner of apprehension: it is what we call *expression*, carried to its highest intensity of degree. That characteristic is rare in poetry, rarer still in art, rarest of all in the abstract art of sculpture; yet essentially, perhaps, it is the quality which alone makes works in the imaginative and moral order really worth having at all. It is because the works of the artists of the fifteenth century possess this quality in an unmistakable way that one is anxious to know all that can be known about them, and explain to oneself the secret of their charm.

1872.

The Bibelot

"THERE *are in the English language three elegiac poems so great that they eclipse and efface all the elegiac poetry we know; all of Italian, all of Greek. . . The* Thyrsis[1] *. . . makes a third with* Lycidas *and* Adonis. *Here, as in the* Scholar-Gipsy,[2] *the beauty, the delicacy and affluence of colour, the fragrance and the freedom as of wide wings of winds in summer over meadow and moor, the freshness and expansion of the light and lucid air, the spring and the stream as of flowing and welling water, enlarge and exalt the pleasure and power of the whole poem. . . No poem in any language can be more perfect as a model of style,*

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1 Thyrsis *came out in* Macmillan's Magazine *April 1866, and was included in* New Poems *(1867).*

2 *The* Scholar-Gipsy *appeared in Matthew Arnold's first acknowledged volume,* Poems *(1853).* The Strayed Reveller, *(1849), and* Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems, *(1852), his two preceding volumes, are now become almost literally priceless.*

unsurpassable certainly, it may be unattainable." [3]

Than this all other praise is void and vain. It was uttered thirty years ago, and at once became the keynote of all later criticism. Yet a little and Swinburne's own superb Ave Atque Vale *will add a fourth to these three great elegiac poems. Beyond this the forces of English literature have not gone, and indeed, may never go.*

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3 Essays and Studies *by Algernon Charles Swinburne, 1875.* (*The essay on 'Matthew Arnold's New Poems,' was originally printed in Fortnightly Review, October, 1867.*)

FOR NOVEMBER:

ODYSSEUS IN PHAEACIA
BY J. W. MACKAIL.

"There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford, who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there; and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he had been a pretty while well exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. They quickly spied out their old friend among the gipsies; and he gave them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, and told them that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others: that himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended, he said, to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned."
—GLANVIL's Vanity of Dogmatizing, 1661.

THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY.

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill;
Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes!
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,
Nor the cropp'd herbage shoot another head.
But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green,
Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest!

Here, where the reaper was at work of late —
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use —
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn —
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sun-down, shepherd! will I be.
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale pink convolvulus in tendrils creep;
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book —
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again!
The story of the Oxford scholar poor,
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,
One summer-morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy-lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,
Met him, and of his way of life enquired;
Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy-crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired

The workings of men's brains,
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will
"And I," he said, "the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart;
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill."

This said, he left them, and return'd no more.—
But rumours hung about the country-side,
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
The same the gipsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly.
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
And put the shepherds, wanderer! on thy trace;
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place;
Or in my boat I lie
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer-heats,
'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
And watch the warm, green-muffled Cumner hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground!
Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer-nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the punt's rope chops round;
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream.

And then they land, and thou art seen no more!—
Maidens, who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
Or cross a stile into the public way.
Oft thou hast given them store
Of flowers — the frail-leaf'd, white anemony,
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves —
But none hath words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,

Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown;
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air —
But, when they came from bathing, thou wast gone!

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee eying, all an April-day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood —
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see
With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey,
Above the forest-ground called Thessaly —
The blackbird, picking food,
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all;
So often has he known thee past him stray,
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge,
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow
Thy face tow'rd Hinksey and its wintry ridge?
And thou hast climb'd the hill,
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range;
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy-tribe;
And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid—
Some country-nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave,
Under a dark, red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours!
For what wears out the life of mortal men?
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls;
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls

And numb the elastic powers.
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our worn-out life, and are — what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish, so?
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire;
Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead!
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire!
The generations of thy peers are fled,
And we ourselves shall go;
But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou hadst — what we, alas! have not.

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.
O life unlike to ours!
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,
And each half lives a hundred different lives;
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from heaven! and we,
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd;
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah! do not we, wanderer! await it too?

Yes, we await it!—but it still delays,
And then we suffer! and amongst us one,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest! and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear;
With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,
Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair—

But none has hope like thine!
Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,
Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,
And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife —
Fly hence, our contact fear!
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude!

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free, onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade —
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales
Freshen thy flowers as in former years
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales!

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made;
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!
— As some grave Tyrian trader from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Ægæan isles;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine —
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves —
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail;
And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,

To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits; and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

"Even the mallows—alas! alas! when once in the garden
They, or the pale-green parsley and crisp-growing anise, have perished,
Afterwards they will live and flourish again at their season;
We, the great and the brave, and the wise, when death has benumbed us,
Deaf in the hollow ground a silent, infinite slumber
Sleep: forever we lie in the trance that knoweth no waking."

E. C. STEDMAN
(*Moschus, Idyl III.*)

NOTE.

YOUNG Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing. Arnold's note upon this line is as follows: "Daphnis, the ideal Sicilian shepherd of Greek pastoral poetry, was said to have followed into Phrygia his mistress Piplea, who had been carried off by robbers, and to have found her in the power of the king of Phrygia, Lityerses. Lityerses used to make strangers try a contest with him in reaping corn, and to put them to death if he overcame them. Hercules arrived in time to save Daphnis, took upon him the reaping-contest with Lityerses, overcame him, and slew him. The Lityerses-song connected with this tradition was, like the Linus-song, one of the early plaintive strains of Greek popular poetry, and used to be sung by corn-reapers. Other traditions represented Daphnis as beloved by a nymph, who exacted from him an oath to love no one else. He fell in love with a princess, and was struck blind by the jealous nymph. Mercury, who was his father, raised him to Heaven, and made a fountain spring up in the place from which he ascended. At this fountain the Sicilians offered yearly sacrifices." See Servius, *Comment, in Virgil, Bucol.*, v, 20, and viii, 68.

The so-called Lityerses-song in Idyl X of Theocritus does not mention this legend; it is indeed only an ordinary reaping-song.

THYRSIS.

A Monody, to commemorate the author's friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, who died at Florence, 1861.

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!
In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks —
Are ye too changed, ye hills?
See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays!
Here came I often, often, in old days —
Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames? —
This winter-eve is warm,
Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
The tender purple spray on copse and briers!
And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

Throughout this poem there is reference to the preceding piece, *The Scholar-Gipsy*.

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!—
Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.
Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour;
Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
That single elm-tree bright
Against the west — I miss it! is it gone?
We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick;
And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd pipes we first assay'd.
Ah me! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.

Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day —
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut-flowers are strewn —
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vast garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
And stocks in fragrant blow;
Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!
What matters it? next year he will return,
And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
And the blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
And scent of hay new-mown.
But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see;
See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
And blow a strain the world at last shall heed —
For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee!

Alack, for Corydon no rival now! —
But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
Some good survivor with his flute would go,
Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate;
And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
And relax Pluto's brow,
And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair
Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,
And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,

Each rose with blushing face;
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd;
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain!

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power?
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
I know the Fyfield tree,
I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?—
But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,
With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd trees,
Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,
Hath since our day put by
The coronals of that forgotten time;
Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's team,
And only in the hidden brookside gleam
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoor'd our skiff when through the Wytham flats,
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among
And darting swallows and light water-gnats,
We track'd the shy Thames shore?
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well!

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with grey;
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;—
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare!

Unbreachable the fort
Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall;
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
And near and real the charm of thy repose,
And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss
Of quiet! — Look, adown the dusk hill-side,
A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
As in old days, jovial and talking, ride!
From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they come.
Quick! let me fly, and cross
Into yon farther field! — 'Tis done; and see,
Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify
The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,
The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,
The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,
And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.
I cannot reach the signal-tree to-night,
Yet, happy omen, hail!
Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno-vale
(For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
The morningless and unawakening sleep
Under the flowery oleanders pale),

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is there! —
Ah, vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him;
To a boon southern country he is fled,
And now in happier air,
Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
(And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)
Within a folding of the Appenine,

Thou hearest the immortal chants of old! —
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,
For thee the Lityerses-song again
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;
Sings his Sicilian fold,
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes —
And how a call celestial round him rang,
And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,
And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
Sole in these fields! yet will I not despair.
Despair I will not, while I yet descry
Neath the mild canopy of English air
That lonely tree against the western sky.

Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,
Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee!
Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,
Woods with anemonies in flower till May,
Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.
This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold —
But the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Then too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound;
Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour!
Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest,
If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,
If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.
And this rude Cumner ground,
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,
Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime!
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy, country tone;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat —
It fail'd, and thou wast mute!
Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,
And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!
'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells, is my home.
—Then through the great town's harsh heart-wearying roar,
Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear:
Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.

The Bibelot

ODYSSEUS IN PHAEACIA[1] *is a charming version of the Odyssey Book VI, rendered in quatrains now inseparable from our first and last thought of Omar Khayyám. Twelve years ago Mr. Edmund Gosse in a note to his* Firdausi in Exile *said: "I permit myself the indiscretion of saying that the delicate romance called 'In Scheria' is the work of Mr. F. W. Mackail." Briefly, his name is associated with a considerable body of exquisite translation, besides some original poetry presently assured of wider recognition.*[2]

For ourself there is never-ending delight in this sixth book of the Odyssey. In it we come upon that old Phaeacian land,

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1. *Issued in pamphlet form, (grey wrapper). Crown 8vo., pp. 26. London.* (D. Nutt, *1896.*)

2. *"In Scheria" was first printed in an anonymous volume by three friends entitled* Love in Idleness (*London, 1883*). *This title was altered to "Nausicaa" and "The Return of Ulysses" in a later collection* (Love's Looking Glass and other poems, *London, 1891.*)

Mr. Mackail edited and translated Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology (*London, 1890*) *with an introduction of rare excellence; unfortunately the book is too expensive to be widely known. His prose translation of Virgil, and later still his* Latin Literature *in the University Series, should be upon every library shelf.*

which next to the abode of the blessed gods is itself thrice blest. Its verdure fades not away: pear, and pomegranate, and the apple-tree are of 'undying bloom star-eyed.' In words no days can darken, no night of years dislimn, we are bid take note:

> *"The fruit they bear*
> *Falls not, nor ever fails in winter time*
> *Nor summer, but is yielded all the year.*
> *. . . . . pear succeeds*
> *To pear, to apple apple, grape to grape,*
> *Fig ripens after fig."*

Therein dwells Nausicaa, daughter of kings, loveliest of all the Homeric women. Centuries have come and gone, great cities are lost in desert sands, yet, such is the divine artlessness of Art, she remains and does not go! Her last words, our last glimpse of her are alike never to be forgotten:

> *"Nausicaa, goddess-like in beauty, stood*
> *Beside a pillar of that noble roof,*
> *And looking on Ulysses as he passed,*
> *Admired, and said to him in winged words:—*
> *Stranger, farewell, and in thy native land*
> *Remember thou hast owed thy life to me."*

FOR DECEMBER:

THE DEATH OF MARLOWE,
A Tragedy,
BY RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.

ODYSSEUS IN PHAEACIA

UT FLOS IN SEPTIS SECRETUM NASCITUR HORTIS,
IGNOTUS PECORI, NULLO CONTUSUS ARATRO,
QUEM MULCENT AURAE, FIRMAT SOL, EDUCAT IMBER.

" As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
When that Æœan isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours,
They hear like ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey."

ANDREW LANG.

"One more female figure from the *Odyssey* remains as yet untouched; and this is the most beautiful of all. Nausicaa has no legendary charm; she is neither mystic goddess nor weird woman, nor is hers the dignity of wifehood. She is simply the most perfect maiden, the purest, freshest, lightest-hearted girl of Greek romance. Odysseus passes straight from the solitary island of Ogygia, . . into the company of this real woman.

"The girlish simplicity of Nausicaa is all the more attractive because the Phaeacians are the most luxurious race described by Homer . . . From this soft, luxurious, comely, pleasure-loving folk Nausicaa springs up like a pure blossom—anemone or lily of the mountains. . . . The maidenly reserve which she displays in her first reception of Odysseus, her prudent avoidance of being seen with him in the streets of the town while he is yet a stranger, and the care she takes that he shall suffer nothing by not coming with her to the palace, complete the portrait of a girl who is as free from coquetry as she is from prudishness. Perhaps she strikes our fancy with most clearness when, after bathing and dressing, Odysseus passes her on his way through the hall to the banquet. She leaned against the pillar of the roof and gazed upon Odysseus, and said: "Hail, guest, and be thou mindful of me when perchance thou art in thine own land again, for to me the first thou dost owe the price of life." This is the last word spoken by Nausicaa in the *Odyssey*."

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS
(*Studies of the Greek Poets.*)

ODYSSEUS IN PHAEACIA

(ODYSSEY VI.)

So slept he there, with toil and slumber spent,
Weary Odysseus. But Athena went
To the Phaeacian people's land and town,
Who dwelt of old beside the turbulent

Cyclopes, where the upland lawns lie spread
In Hypereia, and were hard bestead
Before their overmastering might; till thence
Divine Nausithoüs drew them forth and led,

And set in Scheria, far off the rout
Of merchant-venturers, and walled about
A town, and built houses and temples there,
And ploughlands to the people parcelled out.

But he to the Dark Realm, laid low by doom,
Was gone, and wise Alcinoüs in his room
Reigned by the grace of God: and counselling
That brave Odysseus might find convoy home,

Grey-eyed Athena sought his house that day,
And to the carven chamber took her way,
Wherein a maiden fair as Goddesses,
Nausicaa, daughter of Alcinoüs, lay.

Two comely maids lay by her on the floor
Across the doorway; and the glittering door
Was shut; but through it, like a puff of wind,
She passed, and to the bed right on she bore;

And standing at her head, the guise put on
Of the girl's best-loved girl-companion,
Daughter of Dymas, the famed sea-captain:
Even in her likeness spoke the Grey-eyed One:

'Nausicaa, you idle child! here lie
Your bright clothes, all unheeded: yet is nigh
Your wedding-day, when fair attire you need
Both for yourself and those who lead you by.

'For thence comes praise of men to be your meed,
And makes my lord and lady glad indeed.
Let us go washing with the peep of dawn;
And I will be your workmate for good speed.

'Not long shall you be maiden. Even to-day
The princeliest in your own Phaeacia
From all the land come wooing you. Arise!
Speak to your father, while the dawn is grey,

'To yoke a mule-cart that may carry down
Bright-coloured coverlet and sash and gown.
Nay, even yourself could scarce go well afoot;
So far the washing-pools are off the town.'

So saying, grey-eyed Athena went her way
Up to Olympus; where the Gods, they say,
Dwell in an ageless seat inviolable,
That no wind shakes and no rain wets for aye,

Nor snowflake touches it: but very bright
It stretches, all unclouded, and a white
Splendour swims over it; and all their days
The blessed Gods therein take their delight.

Thither, her word said to the girl, was gone
The Grey-eyed One: and on her shining throne
Dawn clomb, and woke fair-gowned Nausicaa;
And at her dream she mused awhile alone.

Then hastily she sought the palace round,
To tell her parents. Both within she found.
By the hall-hearth among her handmaidens
Her mother sat, and off her spindle wound

The twisted threads, dim-coloured like the sea.
But him she met as to the council he
Passed forth, whereto his lords were calling him;
And, standing close, she spoke thus lovingly:

'Papa dear, would you let me have the high
Wheeled cart, to take my dainty clothes, that lie
Soiled in the house, down to the watermead,
And wash them where the running stream goes by?

'And even for you yourself it is most fit
That when the councillors in council sit,
Among the princes with clean raiment on
You go. And in the palace, born in it,

'Five sons are yours: two wedded now, but three
Are lusty bachelors, who endlessly
Want clothes fresh from the wash that they may go
To dances: all this charge is laid on me.'

So spoke she; for the word of marriage wrought
So strangely in her, she could not speak her thought
To her own father. But he understood,
And answered, 'Go, my child; I grudge you nought,

'Mules or what else you need your will to do.
The thralls shall yoke the high wheeled cart for you,
And fix the tilt on it.' He spoke, and called
The thralls, and bade them. Forthwith out they drew

The easy-running mule-cart as he bade,
And yoked the mules thereunder: then the maid
Forth of the inner room the shining clothes
Carried, and in the smooth-planed wagon laid.

And in the box good food and dainties fine
Her mother laid, and filled a skin with wine,
And gave her a gold flask of liquid oil
For bathing when her maids and she would dine.

Then the girl, climbing to the wagon-seat,
Took whip and reins in hand. With clattering feet
The mules went as she lashed them to a run;
And clothes and girl went swinging up the street,

Her handmaidens behind her following fast;
Till to the lovely riverside at last
They came, where all the year abundantly
Bright water bubbled in and fleeted past

From pool to pool, all soil to wash away.
Then they unyoked, and turned the mules to stray
Loose by the eddying river, there at will
To graze the couchgrass honeysweet: but they

Carried the clothes by armfuls where the unlit
Water lay dark, and trod them down in it,
Along the conduits, in contending haste,
Till of their soilure was not left a whit;

And on the seashore spread them each by each,
Where the waves cleanest washed the pebble-beach.
Then bathing and anointing them with oil,
In the strong sun they left the clothes to bleach,

And took their dinner by the riverside.
But when the girls with food were satisfied,
Their kerchiefs they undid and cast away,
To play at ball; and in the song they plied

White-armed Nausicaa led them: even so
Artemis the Archer down the steep might go
Of Erymanthus, or Taÿgetus'
Long ridge, rejoicing, while before her bow

Wild boars and fleet-foot deer flee fast away,
And round her path the nymphs of the wildwood play,
Daughters of Zeus, the Lord of thunderclouds,
And Leto joys at heart: for fair are they,

Yet fairest her own child where all are fair;
And over all her brows and crown of hair
Rise, easily known among them: so among
Her maidens shone the mateless maiden there.

But when the time drew nigh that she was fain
To fold the fair clothes up, and yoke the wain,
And turn her homeward, then the Grey-eyed One,
Divine Athena, counselled yet again

To wake Odysseus, so that he might see
The lovely maiden who his guide should be
To the Phaeacian city. Thereupon
The princess at a maid flung suddenly

The ball, but missed her. In the pool hard by
It fell; and all cried out; and at the cry
He woke, and sat up, thinking inwardly,
'O me! whose land is this, and where am I?

'Are these fierce lawless men of savage blood,
Or hospitable and of godly mood?
And the shrill voices as of womenkind
That echo round me now, are these the brood

'Of the nymph-maidens who by river-well
And mountain-peak and grassy meadow dwell?
Or am I among folk of human speech?
Well, I must take the risk, that I may tell.'

So saying, Lord Odysseus from his lair
In the bushes crept, and from the forest fair
A leafy bough to hide his nakedness
Broke off, and like a mountain-lion there

Strode forth, that through the raining blowing night,
Fearless in strength, with eyeballs fiery-bright,
Goes after the wild woodland deer, or sheep,
Or oxen, hunting; for his hunger's might

Even the barred homestead where the flocks are pent
Bids him adventure: so Odysseus went
Among the fair-tressed girls to cast himself,
Though naked; for his need was imminent.

Dreadful to them the sea-stained form drew nigh;
And up and down they ran dispersedly
Along the sandspits, terror-struck: alone
The daughter of Alcinoüs did not fly;

Such courage put Athena in her mood;
But with unfaltering limbs straight up she stood.
Whereat Odysseus hung in doubt awhile
Whether to clasp her knees in prayer were good,

Or from afar with supplicating speech
Even where he stood her mercy to beseech.
Yet to his thinking with soft words it seemed
Best from afar the lovely maid to reach;

Lest, if he touched her knees, she wrathfully
Might turn away: then subtle and soft spoke he:
'I kneel to you, Protectress! God are you
Or mortal? if a God indeed you be,

'Such as wide heaven inhabit, then I wis
He who should deem you very Artemis,
The daughter of high Zeus, so fair you are
And tall and beautiful, were least amiss.

'But if a mortal, such as dwell on earth,
Thrice fortunate are they who gave you birth,
Father and mother, and thrice-fortunate
Your brothers: surely evermore great mirth

'They all make over you, with hearts elate
To see a thing so lovely-delicate
Treading a measure in the dance. But yet
Far and away is he most fortunate

'Beyond the rest, who one day, wooing well,
Laden with gifts shall take you home to dwell:
For never mortal man nor woman yet
My eyes have looked on so adorable.

'In Delos thus indeed a young palm-tree
Once it befell me growing up to see
Beside Apollo's altar — for there too
I voyaged, and much people followed me,

'When upon that ill-omened road I went,
That brought me woe — and in astonishment
I gazed upon it long; for from no tree
A shaft so stately up from earth is sent.

'So wondering, so admiring now once more
I stand, afraid to clasp your knees, though sore
My grief is, lady; for but yesternight
Out of the purple deep I reached the shore,

'The twentieth day: so long across the sea
From the Far Isle the sharp squalls hurried me
Incessant; and now heaven has flung me here,
Doubtless for more misfortunes yet to be:

'For not yet can I deem my labour done,
Till the Gods perfect what they have begun.
Pity me then, Protectress! for to you
Out of woes manifold I first have won;

'And beside you nought else I understand
Nor know what folk possess this city and land.
Then guide me to the town, and give to me,
From such clothes-wrappings as you have at hand,

'A rag for covering: so what you require
May the Gods grant you to your heart's desire;
Husband and house, and in your household ways
Fair concord: since no height of bliss is higher

'Than when in concord man and wife repose,
Holding the house between them: to their foes
Great grief it gives, and to their well-wishers
Joy: but their own heart best its happiness knows.'

Thereat white-armed Nausicaa, in his face
Looking, made answer, 'Stranger, nowise base
Nor witless seem you: but Olympian Zeus
Himself allots weal to the human race,

'After his pleasure, be they good or ill.
This lot is yours, and you must bear it still.
Yet now, since to our city and land you come,
You shall not lack for clothes or what you will,

'Such as a suppliant in his need might claim
From far-off people to whose hands he came.
And I myself will guide you to the town,
And tell you what the people have for name.

'Phaeacians are the dwellers in this land
And city; and I, who here before you stand,
Am daughter of Alcinoüs, who holds
Phaeacia's might and force within his hand.'

She spoke, and to her fair-tressed maidens thus
Cried out, 'Stand still, girls! why so timorous
At sight of a strange face? you do not think
This man is here with ill intent to us?

'That living mortal is not, nor shall be,
Who to Phaeacia bearing enmity
May come: for very dear to heaven we are,
And dwell apart amid the surging sea,

'At the world's end, where never foot draws near
Of other mortals. But this wanderer here
We must treat kindly in his misery.
Strangers and beggars all to God are dear.

'How small soe'er, the grace to these we show
Is precious. With this stranger be it so.
Give him to eat and drink, and make him bathe
Down in the sheltered stream, where no winds blow.'

So spoke Nausicaa; and from hand to hand
Her women passed along the sign to stand,
And set Odysseus in a sheltered place,
As great Alcinoüs daughter gave command.

And there beside the running river they
Laid down a shirt and cloak for his array,
And gave him a gold flask of liquid oil,
And bade him wash the soil of the sea away.

Then to the girls Odysseus made reply,
'Stand apart yonder, women, until I
Wash the brine off my shoulders, and rub oil
All over me: the day is long gone by

'Since last oil of anointing touched my skin.
But in your presence I will not begin
To bathe; for shame it were in any place
To strip, if fair-tressed maids I found therein.'

But they drew backward as Odysseus said,
And told the girl: then in the river-bed
He wiped away the brine that caked his back
And shoulders broad, and rubbed from out his head

The barren salt-sea scurf, and every limb
Washed clean, and with the oil-flask made him trim.
And when thereafter he did on the clothes
The mateless maiden had bestowed on him,

The child of Zeus, Athena, in their sight
Gave to his form an ampler breadth and height,
And made the long hair cluster on his head
Tight-curling, as a hyacinth-flower curls tight.

Even as a cunning craftsman, in his trade
By Pallas or Hephaestus perfect made,
With manifold device of workmanship,
Lays gold-leaf upon silver: so she laid

Grace on his head and shoulders. On the beach,
Shining in splendour, just within their reach
He sat; and gazing upon him, the girl
Thus to her fair-tressed maidens uttered speech:

'Listen, O white-armed girls, to what I say.
Not surely against the will of them whose sway
Is over wide Olympus, does this man
Reach the divine Phaeacian land to-day.

'Uncomely at first he seemed; but now I see
The heavenly gods are not more fair than he.
Would that even such an one were called my lord,
Mine, and it pleased him alway thus to be,

'Abiding with us here — ah women! yet
Give him such meat and drink as strangers get.'
So spoke she; and they heard her and obeyed,
And by Odysseus meat and drink they set.

Then ravenously he ate of what they brought
And drank; for long his fast had been, since aught
Weary Odysseus' lips had passed. But now
White-armed Nausicaa yet again took thought.

Folding the clothes, she laid them on the wain,
And harnessed up the strong-hoofed mules again;
Then climbing to her seat, she turned to him
With counselling words, and spoke out straight and plain:

'Rise now, O guest, and hasten to the town,
That I may be your guide, and speed you down
To my sage father's house, where you shall see,
I promise, all Phaeacia's flower and crown.

'Then — for I think you wise — do even so:
While by the fields and works of men we go,
Follow apace behind the mules and cart,
Beside the maids; and I the way will show.

'But when we reach the city, round it stand
High battlements, and upon either hand
Lies a fair haven, and between the two
You enter by a narrow spit of land.

'Along the road the curving galleys fair,
Each in a separate yard, lie beached; and there,
On both sides of the beautifully built
Shrine of Poseidon, is the market-square;

'With massy and deep-sunken stones fenced in
All round; and busily the folk therein
Work at the rigging of their black-hulled ships,
Cables and cordage, and cut oarblades thin.

'Since not with bow nor quiver here do we
Deem in Phaeacia our concern to be;
But masts and oars, and balanced ships, wherein
Rejoicingly we cross the foam-flecked sea.

'And bitter speech from them I fain would shun,
Hereafter flung in scorn at this I have done.
Proud are the common folk: and meeting us
Together, thus might say some baser one:

'*And who is this, the stranger tall and gay*
That our Nausicaa brings behind her, pray?
And where may she have found him? Ay, no doubt
She leads a husband back with her to-day!

'*Is he some wanderer from across the foam—*
Since no men near our island have their home—
Lured hither from his ship? or has some God,
Long prayed for, heard her prayer at last and come,

'*Out of the skies descending amorous,*
To have her all her life-days? Better thus:
Though she must go herself to fetch him in,
This outland lord! for she despises us,

'*The people of her own Phaeacian name,*
Where many men and good to woo her came.
So will they say; and this will bring on me
Shame, even as I myself would think it shame

'If any other girl in suchlike way,
With parents of her own alive, should stray,
Heedless of them, in company with men,
Nor wait for marriage in the face of day.

'Now, guest, mark well my words; and they are these:
So at my father's hands you may with ease
Find convoy and home-coming. You will note
Athena's goodly grove of poplar-trees,

'By the roadside: therein a spring wells out;
And the king's close and croft lie round about,
In the rich meadow, as far off the town
As a man's voice will carry if he shout.

'There, while the rest pass on, sit down and wait
Some while, till we have reached the palace gate.
But when you reckon we are there, go on
Into the town, and ask where holds his state

'My father, great Alcinoüs: and this
Is known most easily; even a child I wis
Might be your guide; for no Phaeacian house
Is built as prince Alcinoüs' palace is.

'But when you cross the forecourt, and the tall
House covers you, pass swiftly up the hall,
Straight to my mother. In the firelight she
Sits by the hearth, and off her spindle fall

'The twisted threads, dim-coloured like the sea,
Marvellous: leaning on the hall-pillar she
Sits there, her slaves behind her; and by hers
My father's seat is set, where drinking he

'Sits like a deathless god. Yet do not stay
By him, but clasp our mother's knees, and pray:
So shall the day of glad return for you
Dawn swiftly, though your home be far away.'

Even on the word her shining whip she plied;
And the mules quickly left the riverside,
And trotted well, and well swung out and in
Their feet, while wisely she, their pace to guide,

Laid on the lash, so that but little space
Behind, Odysseus and the maids kept pace.
And the sun sank as to the stately grove
They drew anigh, Athena's holy place.

There lord Odysseus stayed, and turned to bow
To great Zeus' daughter, praying, 'Hearken thou!
Daughter of Zeus, the Lord of thunderclouds,
Maiden Unweariable, hear me now;

'Though once before thou heardst me not, when he,
The mighty Shaker of Earth, was breaking me,
And I was broken: grant me here to find
Friendship and pity!' So he prayed; and she

Heard, but as yet apparent vision none
Vouchsafed him: for she feared her father's son;
And he against divine Odysseus raged
In furious wise, ere yet his land he won.

The Bibelot

BETWIXT the tragic lives of François Villon and Christopher Marlowe there is something more than fanciful resemblance. Behind both, lovers and poets of dead ladies, we recognize the same persistent shadow dogging them down the dark stair. Concerning Marlowe few facts are known,—facts, however, all pointing in one sinister direction:

"In the spring of 1593 the plague raged in London. The actors went into the provinces; many authors sought refuge in the country. In May we know that Marlowe was at the little village of Deptford, not many miles from London. There was turbulent blood there, and wine; there were courtesans and daggers. Here Marlowe was slain, killed by a serving-man, a rival in a quarrel over bought kisses—"a bawdy serving-man."[1] *They buried him in an unknown spot, beneath the grey towers of St. Nicholas, and they wrote in the*

1. *"As the poet Lycophron was shot to death by a certain rival of his, so Christopher Marlowe was stabd to death by a bawdy serving-man, a riual of his in his lewde love."* Francis Meres (Palladis Tamia, *1598*.)

parish-book: "Christopher Marlow, slain by ffrancis Archer, the 1 of June 1593."[2]

"For us, who cannot penetrate through the foul mists which obscured the career of this fiery genius, it remains only to lament the loss to our literature of the fruits of a promise without a parallel among our earlier — indeed with one exception among all our Elisabethan dramatists. A living poet has met a challenge once thrown out by Hartley Coleridge, and has sought to give a poetic picture of the tragedy of Marlowe's death." . . . It "is an effort not less generous in spirit than powerful in effect; and closes worthily of itself with the beautiful lines from Marlowe's Faustus:

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And wither'd is Apollo's laurel bough."[3]

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2. Havelock Ellis: *Introduction to the Mermaid Series of Dramatists:* Marlowe.

3. A. W. Ward: *A History of English Dramatic Literature.* (*London, 1875.*) *R. H. Horne, at this date, (1875) was still living. He was born in 1803, and died in 1884. His* Death of Marlowe *was first published in 1837.*

FOR JANUARY:

SAINT AGNES OF INTERCESSION.
A Tale by
D. G. ROSSETTI.

THE DEATH OF MARLOWE,

A Tragedy.

BY RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.

"Marlowe, bathèd in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunáry things
That the first poets had; his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

"MUCH has been written of Marlowe in glowing verse and eloquent prose by writers of our own time; but not even Mr. Swinburne's impassioned praise is finer than the pathetic *Death of Marlowe*, published nearly half a century ago by the poet who passed so recently, full of years, from the ingratitude of a forgetful generation.

"Mr. J. A. Symonds has defined the leading motive of Marlowe's work as *L'Amour de l' Impossible*—'the love or lust of unattainable things.' Never was a poet fired with a more intense aspiration for ideal beauty and ideal power. As some adventurous Greek of old might have sailed away, with warning voices in his ears, past the pillars of Hercules in quest of fabled islands beyond the sun, so Marlowe started on his lonely course, careless of tradition and restraint, resolved to seek and find 'some world far from ours' where the secret springs of Knowledge should be opened and he should touch the lips of Beauty."

A. H. BULLEN (*The Works of Christopher Marlowe*, 1885.)

"The most impassioned singer of our own day, Algernon Charles Swinburne, has scattered the roses and lilies of high-sounding verse and luminous prose upon that poet's tomb. One of the noblest . . . of our poets, Richard (Hengist) Horne, has digested the romance of his untimely death into a worthy tragedy. Yet why should we use the language of the grave in speaking about Marlowe?

"'He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.'"

J. A. SYMONDS (*Shakspere's Predecessors in the English Drama*, 1884.)

THE DEATH OF MARLOWE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, THOMAS HEYWOOD,	*Dramatists and Actors.*
THOMAS MIDDLETON,	*Dramatist.*
CECILIA,	*Runaway Wife of the drunkard, Bengough.*
JACCONOT, *alias* JACK-O'-NIGHT,	*A Tavern Pander and Swashbuckler.*

Gentlemen, Officers, Servants, &c.

SCENE I.

Public Gardens — Liberty of the Clink, Southwark.

Enter MARLOWE *and* HEYWOOD.

Heywood. Be sure of it.

Marlowe. I am; but not by your light.

Heywood. I speak it not in malice, nor in envy
Of your good fortune with so bright a beauty;
But I have heard such things!

Marlowe. Good Master Heywood,
I prithee plague me not with what thou'st heard;
I've seen, and I do love her — and, for hearing,
The music of her voice is in my soul,
And holds a rapturous jubilee 'midst dreams
That melt the day and night into one bliss.

Heywood. Beware the waking hour!

Marlowe. In lovely radiance,
Like all that's fabled of Olympus' queen,
She moves — as if the earth were undulant clouds,
And all its flowers her subject stars.

Heywood. Proceed.

Marlowe. Smile not; for 'tis most true: the very air
With her sweet presence is impregnate richly.
As in a mead, that's fresh with youngest green,
Some fragrant shrub, some secret herb, exhales
Ambrosial odours; or in lonely bower,
Where one may find the musk plant, heliotrope,
Geranium, or grape hyacinth, confers
A ruling influence, charming present sense
And sure of memory; so, her person bears
A natural balm, obedient to the rays
Of heaven — or to her own, which glow within,
Distilling incense by their own sweet power.
The dew at sunrise on a ripened peach
Was never more delicious than her neck.
Such forms are Nature's favourites.

Heywood. Come, come —
Pygmalion and Prometheus dwell within you!
You poetise her rarely, and exalt
With goddess-attributes, and chastity
Beyond most goddesses: be not thus serious!

If for a passing paramour thou'dst love her,
Why, so, so it may be well; but never place
Thy full heart in her hand.

Marlowe. I have — I do —
And I will lay it bleeding at her feet.
Reason no more, for I do love this woman:
To me she's chaste, whatever thou hast heard.
Whatever I may know, hear, find, or fancy,
I must possess her constantly, or die.

Heywood. Nay, if't be thus, I'll fret thine ear no more
With raven voice; but aid thee all I can.

Marlowe. Cecilia! — Go, dear friend — Good Master Heywood,
Leave me alone — I see her coming thither!

Heywood. Bliss wait thy wooing; peace of mind its end!
(*aside*) His knees shake, and his face and hands are wet,
As with a sudden fall of dew — God speed him!
This is a desperate fancy! *Exit.*

Enter CECILIA.

Cecilia. Thoughtful sir,
How fare you? Thou'st been reading much of late,
By the moon's light, I fear me?

Marlowe. Why so, lady?

Cecilia. The reflex of the page is on thy face.

Marlowe. But in my heart the spirit of a shrine
Burns, with immortal radiation crown'd.

Cecilia. Nay, primrose gentleman, think'st me a saint?

Marlowe. I feel thy power.

Cecilia. I exercise no arts —
Whence is my influence?

Marlowe. From heaven, I think.
Madam, I love you — ere to-day you've seen it,
Although my lips ne'er breathed the word before;
And seldom as we've met and briefly spoken,
There are such spiritual passings to and fro
'Twixt thee and me — though I alone may suffer —
As make me know this love blends with my life;
Must branch with it, bud, blossom, put forth fruit,
Nor end e'en when its last husks strew the grave,
Whence we together shall ascend to bliss.

Cecilia. Continued from this world?

Marlowe. Thy hand, both hands;
I kiss them from my soul!

Cecilia. Nay, sir, you burn me —
Let loose my hands!

Marlowe. I loose them — half my life has thus gone from me! —
That which is left can scarce contain my heart,
Now grown too full with the high tide of joy,

Whose ebb, retiring, fills the caves of sorrow,
Where Syrens sing beneath their dripping hair,
And raise the mirror'd fate.

Cecilia. Then, gaze not in it,
Lest thou should'st see thy passing funeral.
I would not — I might chance to see far worse.

Marlowe. Thou art too beautiful ever to die!
I look upon thee, and can ne'er believe it.

Cecilia. O, sir — but passion, circumstance, and fate,
Can do far worse than kill: they can dig graves,
And make the future owners dance above them,
Well knowing how 'twill end. Why look you sad?
'Tis not your case; you are a man in love —
At least, you say so — and should therefore feel
A constant sunshine, wheresoe'er you tread,
Nor think of what's beneath. But speak no more:
I see a volume gathering in your eye
Which you would fain have printed in my heart;
But you were better cast it in the fire.
Enough you've said, and I enough have listened.

Marlowe. I have said naught.

Cecilia. You have spoken very plain —
So, Master Marlowe, please you, break we off;
And, since your mind is now relieved — good day!

Marlowe. Leave me not thus! — forgive me!

Cecilia. For what offence?

Marlowe. The expression of my love.

Cecilia. Tut! that's a trifle.
Think'st thou I ne'er saw men in love before?
Unto the summer of beauty they are common
As grasshoppers.

Marlowe. And to its winter, lady?

Cecilia. There is no winter in my thoughts — adieu!
Exit.

Marlowe. She's gone! — How leafless is my life! —
My strength
Seems melted — my breast vacant — and in my brain
I hear the sound of a retiring sea.
Exit.

SCENE II.

Gravel Lane; Bankside.

Enter HEYWOOD *and* MIDDLETON.

Middleton. And yet it may end well, after his fit is over.

Heywood. But he is earnest in it.

Middleton. 'Tis his habit; a little thunder clears the atmosphere. At present he is spell-bound, and smouldereth in a hot cloud of passion; but when he once makes his way, he will soon disperse his free spirit abroad over the inspired heavens.

Heywood. I fear me she will sow quick seed of feverish fancies in his mind that may go near to drive him mad.

Middleton. How so? He knoweth her for what she is, as well as for what she was;—the high-spirited and once virtuous wife of the drunkard Bengough. You remember him?

Heywood. I have seen him i' the mire. 'Twas his accustomed bed o' nights—and morning, too—many a time. He preferred *that* to the angel he left at home. Some men do. 'Tis a sorrow to think upon.

Middleton. And one that tears cannot wash! Master Marlowe hath too deep a reading i' the books of nature to nail his heart upon a gilded weathercock. He is

only desperate after the fashion of a pearl diver. When he hath enough he will desist — breathe freely, polish the shells, and build grottoes.

Heywood. Nay, he persisteth in *not* knowing her for a courtesan — talks of her purity in burning words, that seem to glow and enhance his love from his convictions of her virtue; then suddenly falls into silent abstraction, looking like a man whose eyes are filled with visions of Paradise. No pains takes she to deceive him; for he supersedes the chance by deceiving himself beyond measure. He either listens not at all to intimation, or insists the contrary.

Middleton. This is his passionate aggravation or self will: he *must* know it.

Heywood. 'Tis my belief; but her beauty blinds him with its beams, and drives his exiled reason into darkness.

Middleton. Here comes one that could enlighten his perception, methinks.

Heywood. Who's he? Jack-o'-night, the tavern pander and swashbuckler.

Enter JACCONOT.

Jacconot. Save ye, my masters; lusty thoughts go with ye, and a jovial full cup wait on your steps: so shall your blood rise, and honest women pledge ye in their dreams!

Middleton. Your weighty-pursed knowledge of women, balanced against your squinting knowledge of honesty, Master Jack-o'-night, would come down to earth, methinks, as rapid as a fall from a gallows-tree.

Jacconot. Well said, Master Middleton — a merry devil and a long-lived one run monkey-wise up your back-bone! May your days be as happy as they're sober, and your nights full of applause! May no brawling mob pelt you, or your friends, when throned, nor hoot down your plays when your soul's pinned like a cockchafer on public opinion! May no learned or unlearned calf write against your knowledge and wit, and no brother paper-stainer pilfer your pages, and then call you a general thief! Am I the only rogue and vagabond in the world?

Middleton. I' faith, not: nay, an' thou wert, there would be no lack of them i' the next generation. Thou might'st be the father of the race, being now the bodily type of it. The phases of thy villany are so numerous that, were they embodied they would break down the fatal tree which is thine inheritance, and cause a lack of cords for the Thames shipping!

Jacconot. Don't choke me with compliments!

Heywood (*to Middleton*). He seems right proud of this multiplied idea of his latter end.

Jacconot. Ay; hanging's of high antiquity, and, thereto, of broad modern repute. The flag, the sign,

the fruit, the felon, and other high and mighty game, all hang; though the sons of ink and sawdust try to stand apart, smelling civet, as one should say,—faugh! Jewelled caps, ermined cloaks, powdered wigs, church bells, *bona-roba* bed-gowns, gilded bridles, spurs, shields, swords, harness, holy relics, and salted hogs, all hang in glory! Pictures, too, of rare value! Also music's ministrants,—the lute, the horn, the fiddle, the pipe, the gong, the viol, the salt-box, the tambourine and the triangle, make a dead-wall dream of festive harmonies!

Middleton. Infernal discords, thou would'st say!

Jacconot (*rapidly*). These are but few things among many! for 'scutcheons, scarecrows, proclamations, the bird in a cage, the target for fools' wit, *hic jacet* tablets (that is, lying ones), the King's Head and the Queen's Arms, ropes of onions, dried herbs, smoked fish, holly boughs, hall lanthorns, framed piety texts, and adored frights of family portraits, all hang! Likewise cork-screws, cat-skins, glittering trophies, sausage links, shining icicles, the crucifix, and the skeleton in chains. There, we all swing, my masters! Tut! hanging's a high Act of Parliament privilege!—a Star-Chamber Garter-right!

Middleton (*to Heywood laughingly*). The devil's seed germinates with reptile rapidity, and blossoms and fructifies in the vinous fallows of this bully's brain!

Jacconot. I tell thee what —— (*looking off*) another time!

Exit JACCONOT *hastily.*

Heywood. I breathe fresh air!

Middleton. Look!—said I not so? See whom 'tis he meets;
And with a lounging, loose, familiar air,
Cocking his cap and setting his hand on's hip,
Salutes with such free language as his action
And attitude explain!

Heywood. I grieve for Marlowe:
The more, since 'tis as certain he must have
Full course of passion, as that its object's full
Of most unworthy elements.

Middleton. Unworthy,
Indeed, of such a form, if all be base.
But Nature, methinks, doth seldom so belie
The inward by the outward; seldom frame
A cheat so finish'd to ensnare the senses,
And break our faith in all substantial truth.

Exeunt.

Enter CECILIA, *followed by* JACCONOT.

Jacconot. Well, well, Mistress St. Cecil; the money is all well enough — I object nothing to the money.

Cecilia. Then, go your ways.

Jacconot. My ways are your ways — a murrain on

your beauties!—has your brain shot forth skylarks as your eyes do sparks?

Cecilia. Go!—here is my purse.

Jacconot. I'll no more of't!—I have a mind to fling back what thou'st already given me for my services.

Cecilia. Master Jacconot, I would have no further services from thee. If thou art not yet satisfied, fetch the weight and scales, and I will cast my gold into it, and my dross besides—so shall I be doubly relieved.

Jacconot. I say again—and the devil bear me fierce witness!—it is not gold I want, but rightful favour; not silver, but sweet civility; not dross, but the due respect to my nonpareil value! Bethink thee, Cecil—bethink thee of many things! Ay! am not I the true gallant of my time? the great Glow-worm and Will-o'-the-wisp—the life, the fortune, and the favourite of the brightest among ye!

Cecilia. Away!

Jacconot. Whither?

Cecilia. Anywhere, so it be distant.

Jacconot. What mean'st by discarding me, and why is it? 'Slud! is this the right sort of return for all my skilful activities, my adroit fascinations of young lords in drink, my tricks at dice, cards, and dagger-play, not to speak too loudly of bets on bear-baits, soap-bubbles, and Shrovetide cocks; or my lies about your beauty

and temper? Have I not brought dukes and earls and reverend seniors, on tip-toe, and softly whispering for fear of "the world," right under the balcony of your window? — O, don't beat the dust with your fine foot! These be good services, I think!

Cecilia (*half aside*). Alas! alas! — the world sees us only as bright, though baleful stars, little knowing our painful punishments in the dark — our anguish in secret.

Jacconot. Are you thinking of me?

Cecilia. Go!

Jacconot. Go! — a death's-head crown your pillow! May you dream of love, and wake and see that!

Cecilia. I had rather see't than you.

Jacconot. What's i' the wind,— nobleman, or gentleman, or a brain fancy — am not I at hand? Are you mad?

Cecilia (*overcome*). I'd gladly believe I have been so.

Jacconot. Good. I'm content you see me aright once more, and acknowledge yourself wrong.

Cecilia (*half aside, and tearfully*). O, wrong indeed — very wrong — to my better nature — my better nature.

Jacconot. And to me, too! Bethink thee, I say, when last year, after the dance at Hampton, thou wert enraged against the noble that slighted thee; and,

flushed with wine, thou took'st me by the ear, and mad'st me hand thee into thy coach, and get in beside thee, with a drawn sword in my hand and a dripping trencher on my head, singing such songs, until ——

Cecilia. Earthworms and stone walls!

Jacconot. Hey! what of them?

Cecilia. I would that as the corporal Past they cover,
They would, at earnest bidding of the will,
Entomb in walls of darkness and devour
The hated retrospections of the mind.

Jacconot (*aside*). Oho! — the lamps and saw-dust! —
Here's foul play
And mischief in the market. Preaching varlet!
I'll find him out — I'll dog him! *Exit.*

Cecilia. Self disgust
Gnaws at the root of being, and doth hang
A heavy sickness on the beams of day,
Making the atmosphere, which should exalt
Our contemplations, press us down to earth,
As though our breath had made it thick with plague.
Cursed! accursed be the freaks of Nature,
That mar us from ourselves, and make our acts
The scorn and loathing of our afterthoughts —
The finger mark of Conscience, who, most treacherous,
Wakes to accuse, but slumber'd o'er the sin.
Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Triple Tun, Blackfriars.

MARLOWE, MIDDLETON, *and* GENTLEMEN.

Gentleman. I do rejoice to find myself among
The choicest spirits of the age: health, sirs!
I would commend your fame to future years,
But that I know ere this ye must be old
In the conviction, and that ye full oft
With sure posterity have shaken hands
Over the unstable bridge of present time.

Marlowe. Not so: we write from the full heart within,
And leave posterity to find her own.
Health, sir! — your good deeds laurel you in heaven.

Middleton. 'Twere best men left their fame to chance and fashion,
As birds bequeath their eggs to the sun's hatching,
Since Genius can make no will.

Marlowe. Troth, can it!
But for the consequences of the deed,
What fires of blind fatality may catch them!
Say, you do love a woman — do adore her —
You may embalm the memory of her worth
And chronicle her beauty to all time,
In words whereat great Jove himself might flush,

And feel Olympus tremble at his thoughts;
Yet where is your security? Some clerk
Wanting a foolscap, or some boy a kite,
Some housewife fuel, or some sportsman wadding
To wrap a ball (which hits the poet's brain
By merest accident) seizes your record,
And to the wind thus scatters all your will,
Or, rather, your will's object. Thus, our pride
Swings like a planet by a single hair,
Obedient to God's breath. More wine! more wine!
I preach — and I grow melancholy — wine!

Enter DRAWER *with a tankard.*

A Gentleman (*rising*). We're wending homeward — gentlemen, good night!

Marlowe. Not yet — not yet — the night has scarce begun —
Nay, Master Heywood — Middleton, you'll stay!
Bright skies to those who go — high thoughts go with ye,
And constant youth!

Gentlemen. We thank you, sir — good night!
Exeunt GENTLEMEN.

Heywood. Let's follow — 'tis near morning.

Marlowe. Do not go.
I'm ill at ease touching a certain matter
I've taken to heart — don't speak of't — and besides
I have a sort of horror of my bed.

Last night a squadron charged me in a dream,
With Isis and Osiris at the flanks,
Towering and waving their colossal arms,
While in the van a fiery chariot roll'd,
Wherein a woman stood — I knew her well —
Who seem'd but newly risen from the grave!
She whirl'd a javelin at me, and methought
I woke; when, slowly at the foot o' the bed
The mist-like curtains parted, and upon me
Did learned Faustus look! He shook his head
With grave reproof, but more of sympathy
As though his past humanity came o'er him —
Then went away with a low, gushing sigh,
That startled his own death-cold breast, and seem'd
As from a marble urn where passion's ashes
Their sleepless vigil keep. Well — perhaps they do.

(*after a pause*)

Lived he not greatly? Think what was his power!
All knowledge at his beck — the very Devil
His common slave. And, O, brought he not back,
Through the thick-million'd catacombs of ages,
Helen's unsullied loveliness to his arms?

Middleton. So — let us have more wine, then!

Heywood. Spirit enough
Springs from thee, Master Marlowe — what need more.

Marlowe. Drawer! lift up thy leaden poppy-head!
Up man! — where art? The night seems wondrous hot!

(MARLOWE *throws open a side window that reaches down to the floor, and stands there, looking out.*)

Heywood (*to Middleton*). The air flows in upon his heated face,
And he grows pale with looking at the stars;
Thinking the while of many things in heaven.

Middleton. And some one on the earth — as fair to him —
For, lo you! — is't not she?
(*Pointing towards the open window.*)

Heywood. The lady, folded
In the long mantle, coming down the street?

Middleton. Let be; we cannot help him.
(HEYWOOD *and* MIDDLETON *retire apart* — CECILIA *is passing by the open window.*)

Marlowe. Stay awhile! —
One moment stay!

Cecilia (*pausing*). That is not much to ask.
(*She steps in through the window.*)

Marlowe. Nor much for you to grant; but O, to me
That moment is a circle without bounds, —
Because I see no end to my delight!

Cecilia. O, sir, you make me very sad at heart;
Let's speak no more of this. I am on my way
To walk beside the river.

Marlowe. May I come?

Cecilia. Ah, no; I'll go alone.

Marlowe. 'Tis dark and dismal;
Nor do I deem it safe!

Cecilia. What can harm *me?*
If not above, at least I am beyond
All common dangers. No, you shall not come.
I have some questions I would ask myself;
And in the sullen, melancholy flow
O' the unromantic Thames, that has been witness
Of many tragical realities,
Bare of adornment as its cold stone stairs,
I may find sympathy, if not response.

Marlowe. You find both here. I know thy real life;
We do not see the truth — or, O, how little!
Pure light sometimes through painted windows streams;
And, when all's dark around thee, thou art fair!
Thou bear'st within an ever-burning lamp,
To me more sacred than a vestal's shrine;
For she may be of heartless chastity,
False in all else, and proud of her poor ice,
As though 'twere fire suppress'd; but thou art good
For goodness' sake; — true-hearted, lovable,
For truth and honour's sake; and such a woman,
That man who wins, the gods themselves may envy.

Cecilia (going). Considering all things, this is bitter sweet.

Marlowe. And I may come? (*following her*)

Cecilia (*firmly*). You shall not.

Marlowe. I obey you.

Cecilia (*tenderly*). Ah! Kit Marlowe,—
You think too much of me—and of yourself
Too little!

Marlowe. Then I may—— (*advancing*)

Cecilia (*firmly*). No—no!

Marlowe. Wilt promise
To see me for one "good night" ere you sleep?

Cecilia. On my way home I will.

(*She turns to look at him—then steps through the window—Exit.*)

Marlowe. Be sure—be sure!

(HEYWOOD *and* MIDDLETON *approach.*)

Heywood. Now, Marlowe!—you desert us!

Marlowe. Say not so;—
Or, saying so, add—that I have lost myself!
Nay, but I *have;* yonder I go in the dark!
(*pointing after* CECILIA)

Street Music.—JACCONOT, *singing outside.*

Ram out the link, boys; ho, boys! [1]
There's daylight in the sky!
While the trenchers strew the floor,
And the worn-out grey beards snore,
Jolly throats continue dry!
Ram out the link, boys, &c.

Middleton. What voice is that?

Marlowe (*through his teeth*). From one of the hells.

Heywood. The roystering singer approaches.

Enter JACCONOT, *with a full tankard.*

Jacconot. Ever awake and shining, my masters! and here am I, your twin lustre, always ready to herald and anoint your pleasures, like a true Master of the Revels. I ha' just stepped over the drawer's body, laid nose and heels together on the door-mat, asleep, and here's wherewith to continue the glory!

Middleton. We need not your help.

Heywood. We thank you, Jack-o'-night: we would be alone.

Jacconot. What say *you*, Master Marlowe? you look as grim as a sign-painter's first sketch on a tavern bill, after his ninth tankard.

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1 The inverted iron horns or tubes, a few of which still remain on lamp-posts and gates, were formerly used as extinguishers to the torches which were thrust into them.

Middleton. Cease your death-rattle, night-hawk!

Marlowe. That's well said.

Jacconot. Is it? So 'tis my gallants — a night-bird like yourselves, am I.

Marlowe. Beast! — we know you.

Jacconot. Your merry health, Master Kit Marlowe! I'll bring a loud pair of palms to cheer your soul the next time you strut in red paint with a wooden weapon at your thigh.

Marlowe. Who sent for *you*, dorr-hawk? — go!

Jacconot. Go! Aha! — I remember the word — same tone, same gesture — or as like as the two profiles of a monkey, or as two squeaks for one pinch. Go! — not I — here's to all your healths! One pull more! There, I've done — take it, Master Marlowe; and pledge me as the true knight of London's rarest beauties!

Marlowe. I will! (*Dashes the tankard at his head.*)

Jacconot (*stooping quickly*). A miss, 'fore-gad! — the wall has got it! See where it trickles down like the long robe of some dainty fair one! And look you here — and there again, look you! — what make you of the picture he hath presented?

Marlowe (*staggers as he stares at the wall*). O subtle Nature! who hath so compounded
Our senses, playing into each other's wheels,

That feeling oft acts substitute for sight,
As sight becomes obedient to the thought —
How canst thou place such wonders at the mercy
Of every wretch that crawls? I feel — I see!

(*Street Music as before, but farther off.*)

JACCONOT (*singing*).

Ram out the link, boys: ho, boys!
The blear-eyed morning's here;
Let us wander through the streets,
And kiss whoe'er one meets;
St. Cecil is my dear!
Ram out the link, boys, &c.

Marlowe (*drawing*). Lightning come up from hell and strangle thee!

Middleton and Heywood. Nay, Marlowe! Marlowe! (*they hold him back*).

Middleton (*to Jacconot.*) Away, thou bestial villain!

JACCONOT (*singing at* MARLOWE).

St. Cecil is my dear!

Marlowe (*furiously*). Blast! blast and scatter
Thy body to ashes! Off! I'll have his ghost!

(*rushes at* JACCONOT — *they fight* — MARLOWE *disarms him; but* JACCONOT *wrests* MARLOWE'S *own sword from his hand, and stabs him* — MARLOWE *falls*)

Middleton. See! see!

Marlowe (*clasping his forehead*). Who's down?—
answer me, friends—is't I?—

Or in the maze of some delirious trance,
Some realm unknown, or passion newly born—
Ne'er felt before—am I transported thus?
My fingers paddle, too, in blood—is't mine?

Jacconot. O, content you, Master Marplot—it's you that's down, drunk or sober; and that's your own blood on your fingers, running from a three-inch groove in your ribs for the devil's imps to slide into you. Ugh! cry gramercy! for it's all over with your rhyming!

Heywood. O, heartless mischief!

Middleton. Hence, thou rabid cur!

Marlowe. What demon in the air with unseen arm
Hath turn'd my unchain'd fury against myself?
Recoiling dragon! thy resistless force
Scatters thy mortal master in his pride,
To teach him, with self-knowledge, to fear thee.
Forgetful of all corporal conditions,
My passion hath destroy'd me!

Jacconot. No such matter; it was *my* doing. You shouldn't ha' ran at me in that fashion with a real sword—I thought it had been one o' your sham ones.

Middleton. Away!

Heywood. See! his face changes — lift him up!
(*they raise and support him*)
Here — place your hand upon his side — here, here —
Close over mine, and staunch the flowing wound!

Marlowe (*delirious.*) Bright is the day — the air with glory teems —
And eagles wanton in the smile of Jove:
Can these things be, and Marlowe live no more!
O Heywood! Heywood! I had a world of hopes
About that woman — now in my heart they rise
Confused, as flames from my life's coloured map,
That burns until with wrinkling agony
Its ashes flatten, separate, and drift
Through gusty darkness. Hold me fast by the arm!
A little aid will save me: — See! she's here!
I clasp thy form — I feel thy breath, my love —
And know thee for a sweet saint come to save me!
Save! — is it death I feel — it cannot be death?

Jacconot (*half aside.*) Marry, but it can! — or else your sword's a foolish dog that dar'n't bite his owner.

Marlowe. O friends — dear friends — this is a sorry end —
A most unworthy end! To think — O God! —
To think that I should fall by the hand of one
Whose office, like his nature, is all baseness,
Gives Death ten thousand stings, and to the Grave
A damning victory! Fame sinks with life!

A galling — shameful — ignominious end! (*sinks down*).
O mighty heart! O full and orbed heart,
Flee to thy kindred sun, rolling on high!
Or let the hoary and eternal sea
Sweep me away, and swallow body and soul!

Jacconot. There'll be no "encore" to either, I wot; for thou'st led an ill life, Master Marlowe; and so the sweet Saint thou spok'st of, will remain my fair game — behind the scenes.

Marlowe. Liar! slave! sla —— Kind Master Heywood,
You will not see me die thus! — thus by the hand
And maddening tongue of such a beast as that!
Haste, if you love me — fetch a leech to help me —
Here — Middleton — sweet friend — a bandage here —
I cannot die by such a hand — I will not —
I say I will not die by that vile hand!
Go bring Cecilia to me — bring the leech —
Close — close this wound — you know I did it myself —
Bring sweet Cecilia — haste — haste — instantly —
Bring life and time — bring heaven! — Oh, I am dying! —
Some water — stay beside me — maddening death,
By such a hand! O villain! from the grave
I constantly will rise — to curse! curse! curse thee!
(*Rises — and falls dead.*)

Middleton. Terrible end!

Heywood. O God! — he is quite gone!

Jacconot (*aghast.*) 'Twas dreadful — 'twas! Christ help us! and lull him to sleep in's grave. I stand up for mine own nature none the less. (*Voices without*) What noise is that?

Enter OFFICERS.

Chief Officer. This is our man — ha! murder has been here! You are our prisoner — the gallows waits you!

Jacconot. What have I done to be hung up like a miracle? The hemp's not sown nor the ladder-wood grown, that shall help fools to finish me! He did it himself! He said so with his last words! — there stands his friends and brother players — put them to their Testament if he said not he did it himself?

Chief Officer. Who is it lies here? — methinks that
I should know him,
But for the fierce distortion of his face!

Middleton. He who erewhile wrote with a brand of
fire,
Now, in his passionate blood, floats tow'rds the grave!
The present time is ever ignorant —
We lack clear vision in our self-love's maze;
But Marlowe in the future will stand great,
Whom this — the lowest caitiff in the world —
A nothing, save in grossness, hath destroy'd.

Jacconot. "Caitiff" back again in your throat! and "gross nothing" to boot — may you have it to live

upon for a month, and die mad and starving! Would'st swear my life away so lightly? Tut! who was he? I could always find the soundings of a quart tankard, or empty a pasty in half his time, and swear as rare oaths between whiles — who was he? I too ha' write my odes an Pindar jigs with the twinkling of a bedpost, to the sound of the harp and hurdygurdy, while Capricornus wagged his fiery beard; I ha' sung songs to the faint moon's echoes at daybreak and danced here away and there away, like the lightning through a forest! As to your sword and dagger play, I've got the trick o' the eye and wrist — who was he? What's all his gods — his goddesses and lies? — the first a'nt worth a word; and for the two last, I was always a prince of both! "Caitiff!" and "beast!" and "nothing!" — who was he?

Chief Officer. You're ours, for sundry villanies committed,
Sufficient each to bring your vice to an end;
The law hath got you safely in its grasp!

Jacconot (*after a pause*). Then may Vice and I sit crown'd in heaven, while Law and Honesty stalk damned through hell! Now do I see the thing very plain! — treachery — treachery, my masters! I know the jade that hath betrayed me — I know her. 'Slud! who cares? She was a fine woman, too — a rare person — and a good spirit; but there's an end of all now — she's turned foolish and virtuous, and a tell-

tale, and I am to be turned to dust through it — long, long before my time: and these princely limbs must go make a dirt-pie — build up a mud hut — or fatten an alderman's garden! There! calf-heads — there's a lemon for your mouths! Heard'st ever such a last dying speech and confession! Write it in red ochre on a sheet of Irish, and send it to Mistress Cecily for a death-winder. I know what you've got against me — and I know you all deserve just the same yourselves — but lead on, my masters!

Exeunt JACCONOT *and* OFFICERS.

Middleton. O Marlowe! canst thou rise with power no more?
Can greatness die thus?

Heywood (*bending over the body.*) Miserable sight!

(*A shriek outside the house*).

Middleton. That cry! — what may that mean?

Heywood (*as if awaking*). I hear no cry.

Middleton. What is't comes hither, like a gust of wind?

CECILIA *rushes in.*

Cecilia. Where — where? O, then, 'tis true — and he is dead!
All's over now — there's nothing in the world —
For he who raised my heart up from the dust,
And show'd me noble lights in mine own soul,

Has fled my gratitude and growing love —
I never knew how deep it was till now!
Through me, too! — do not curse me! — I was the cause —
Yet do not curse me — No! no! not the cause,
But that it happen'd so. This is the reward
Of Marlowe's love! — why, why did I delay?
O, gentlemen, pray for me! I have been
Lifted in heavenly air — and suddenly
The arm that placed me, and with strength sustain'd me,
Is snatch'd up, starward: I can neither follow,
Nor can I touch the gross earth any more!
Pray for me, gentlemen! — but breathe no blessings —
Let not a blessing sweeten your dread prayers —
I wish no blessings — nor could bear their weight;
For I am left, I know not where or how:
But, pray for me — my soul is buried here.

(*Sinks down upon the body.*)

Middleton. "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough!"

(*Solemn music.*)

Dark Curtain.

THERE ends THE BIBELOT Volume Three. Printed by Smith & Sale for Thomas B. Mosher and published by him at XLV Exchange Street Portland, Maine. MDCCCXCVII.

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